

# HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

Translated according to ſ<sup>e</sup> Greeke.

By Geo: Chapman

At mili q̄ viuo detraxerit fniuidā Turba  
Post obitum duplici ſcenore reddet Honor.





TO THE MOST  
WORTHILY HONO-  
RED, MY SINGVLR  
GOOD L ORD, ROBERT,  
Earle of SOMERSET,  
Lord Chamber-  
laine, &c.

**H**auē aduentured (Right Noble Earle) out of  
my remoſt, and euer-vowed ſervice to your  
Vertues, to entitle their Merits to the Patro-  
nage of Homers English life: whose wiſt  
natūrall life, the great Macedon woule  
hauē protected, as the ſpirit of his Em-  
pire,

That he to his vndeauor'd mightie Acts,  
Might adde a Fame as vast; and their extracts,  
In fires as bright, and endleſſe as the Starres,  
His breast might bi carthe; and thunder out his warres.  
But that great Monarks loue of fame and praise,  
Receiuēs an eniuous Cloud in our foule daies:  
For ſince our Great ones, ceaſe themſelues to do  
Deeds worth their praise; they hold it folly too,  
To feed their praise in others. But what can  
(Of all the gifts that are) be giuen to man,  
More preciuſe then Eternitie and Glorie,  
Singing their praises, in vnsilenc't ſtorie?  
Which No blacke Day, No Nation, nor no Age;  
No change of Time or Fortune, Force, nor Rage,

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## THE EPISTLE

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Shall euer race? All which, the Monarch knew,  
Where Homer liu'dentl'd, would ensewe:

*Cuius de gurgite viuo*

*Combibit arcanos vatum omnis turbafurores, &c.*

From whose deepe Fount of life, the thristie rout  
Of Thespian Prophets, haue lien sucking out  
Their sacred rages. And as th'influent stone  
Of Father Ioue great and laborious Sonne,  
Lifts high the heauie Iron; and farre imples  
The wide Orbs; that the Needle rectifies,  
In vertuous guide of euery sea-driuen course,  
To all aspiring, his one boundlesse force:

So from one Homer, all the holy fire,  
That euer did the hidden heate inspire  
In each true Muse, came cleerly sparkling downe,  
And must for him, compose one flaming Crowne.

He, at Ioues Table set, fils out to vs,  
Cups that repaire Age, fad and ruinous;  
And giues it Built, of an eternall stand,  
With his all-snewie Odysslean hand.

Shifts Time, and Fate; puts Death in Lifes free state;  
And Life doth into Ages propagate.  
He doth in Men, the Gods affects inflame;  
His fuell Vertue, blowne by Praise and Fame:  
And with the high soules, first impulsiones driuen,  
Breakes through rude Chaos, Earth, the Seas, and Heauen.

The Nerves of all things hid in Nature, lie  
Naked before him; all their Harmonie  
Tun'd to his Accents; that in Beasts breathe Minds.  
What Fowles, what Floods, what Earth, what Aire, what Winds,  
What fires Æthereall; what the Gods conclude  
In all their Counsels, his Muse makes indeue  
With varied voices, that euen rockes haue mou'd.  
And yet for all this, (naked Vertue lou'd)  
Honors without her, he, as abie&t, prises;  
And foolish Fame, deriu'd from thence, despises.  
When from the vulgar, taking glorious bound,  
Vpto the Mountaine, where the Muse is crownd;

*Ex Angli Po-  
litiana Ambra.*

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## DEDICATORIE.

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He sits and laughs, to see the iaded Rabble,  
Toile to his hard heights, tall acceſſe vnable. &c.

*Thus far Angel  
Politiana, for  
the most part  
translated.*

And that your Lordship may in his Face, take view of his Mind: the first word of his Iliads, is *muu*, wrath: the first word of his Odyses, *and*, Man: contracting in either word, his each workes Proposition. In one, Predominant Perturbation; in the other, ouer-ruling Wisedome: in one, the Bodies seruour and fashion of outward Fortitude, to all possible height of Heroicall Action; in the other, the Minds inward, constant, and unconquerd Empire; unbroken, vnalterd, with any most insolente, and tyrannous infliction. To many most souaigne praises is this Poeme entitld; but to that Grace in chife, which sets on the Crowne, both of Poets and Orators; *to te uirga, ueravos; cui et uox rauis*: that is, Parua magna dicere; peruulgata noue; ieiuna plene: To speake things little, greatly; things commune, rarely; things barren and empie, fruitfully and fully. The returne of a man into his Countrey, is his whole scope and obiect; which, in it selfe, your Lordship may well say, is ieiune and fruitleſſe enough; affording nothing feaſtfull, nothing magnificent. And yet even this, doth the diuine inspiration, render vaſt, illustrious, and of miraculouſe compoſure. And for this (my Lord) is this Poeme referred to his Iliads: for therein much magnificencie, both of person and action, giues great aide to his industrie; but in this, are theſe helpeſ, exceeding ſparing, or nothing; and yet is the ſtructure ſo elaborate, and pompoſe, that the poore plaine Groundworke (conſidered together) may ſeme the naturally rich wombē to it, and produce it needfuly. Much won-der at therefore, is the Censure of Dionysius Longimus (a man o-therwife affirmed, graue, and of elegant iudgement) comparing Homer in his Iliads, to the Sunne rising; in his Odyses, to his deſcent or ſetting. Or to the Ocean robd of his aſture; many tributorie ſloudes and riuers of excellent ornament, withheld from their obſeruance. When this his worke ſo ferre exceeds the Ocean, with all his Court and concurſe; that all his Sea, is onely a ſerviceable ſtreame to it. Nor can it be compared to any One power to be named in nature; being an entirely wel-forde and digeſted Confluence of all. Where the moſt folide and graue, is made as nimble and fluent, as the moſt arie and firie; the nimble and fluent, as firme and well bounded as the moſt graue and ſolid. And (taking all together) of ſo tender impreſſion, and of ſuch Command to the voice of the Mute; that they knocke heauen with her breath, and diſcouer their foundations as low as hell. Nor is this all-comprizing Poetic, phantaſtique,

## THE EPISTLE

or mere fictions; but the most material, and doctrinal illussions of Truth; both for all manly information of Manners in the song; all prescripion of Justice, and even Christian pietie, in the most grave and high-gouern'd. To illustrate both which, in both kinds, with all height of expression, the Poet creates both a Bodie and a Soule in them. Wherein, if the Bodie (being the letter, or historie) seemes fictiue, and beyond Possibilitie to bring into Act: the sense then and Allegorie (which is the Soule) is to be sought: which intends a more eminent expresse of Virtue, for her louelijesse; and of Vice for her vnglynesse, in their severall effects; going beyond the life, then any Art within life, can possibly delinease. Why then is Fiction, to this end, so barefull to our true Ignorants? Or why shoulde a poore Chronicler of a Lord Maiors naked Truth, (that peraduencure will last his yeare) include more worth with our moderne wizards, then Homer for his naked Vlysses, clad in eternall Fiction? But this Prozer Dionyius, and the rest of these grave, and reputatiuely learned, (that dare undertake for their grauities, the headstrong conjur'e of all things; and challenge the understanding of these Toys in their childhoods: when even thesee childish vanities, retaine deepe and most necessarie learning enough in them, to make them children in their ages, and teach them while they live) are not in thesee absolutely divine Infusions, allow'd either voice or relijb: for, Qui Poeticas ad fores accedit, &c. (lays the Diuine Philo, opher) he that knocks at the Gates of the Mutes; sine Musarum furore, is neither to be admitted entrie, nor a touch at their Thresholds: his opinion of entrie, ridiculous, and his presumption impious. Nor must Poets themselves (might I a little infisj on thesee contempts, not tempting too farre your Lordships Vlysslean patience) presume to thesee doores, without the truly genuine, and peculiar induction. There being in Poescie a twofold rapture, (or alienation of soule, as the abovesaid Teacher termes it) one Insania, a disease of the mind, and a meere madnesse, by which the infected is thrift beneath all the degrees of humanitie: & ex homine, Brutum quodammodo redditur. (for which, poore Poescie, in this diseased and impostorous age, is so barbarously vilified) the other is, Diuinus furor; by which the sound and diuinely healthfull, supra hominis naturam erigitur, & in Deum transit. One a perfection directly infused from God: the other an infection, obliquely and degenerately proceeding from man. Of the diuin Furie (my Lord) your Homer hath ever beene, both first, and last Instance; being pronounced absolutely, ~~by conjecturor, easer for surmiser, than for authoritatior, or authoritatissimor, or authoritatissimum;~~ the most wise and most diuin Poet.

## DEDICATORIE.

Poet. Against whom, who soever shall open his prophane mouth, may worthily receive answer, with this of his divine defensor; (Empedocles, Heraclitus, Protagoras, Epichar: &c. being of Homers part) ~~in w.~~  
&c. who against such an Armie, and the Generall Homer dares attempte the assault, but he must be reputed ridiculous! And yet against this boast, and this invincible Commander, shall we haue every Besogne and foole a Leader. The common herd (I assure my self) readie to receive it on their bornes. Their infected Leaders,  
Such men, as sideling ride the ambling Muse;  
Whose saddle is as frequent as the stule.  
Whose Raptures are in euery Pageant scene;  
In euery Wassall rime, and Dancing greene:  
When he that writes by any beame of Truth,  
Must die as deepe as he; past shallow youth.  
Truth dwels in Gulphs, whose Deepes hide shades so rich,  
That Night sits muzzl'd there, in clouds of pitch:  
More Darke then Nature made her; and requires  
(To cleare her tough mists) Heauens great fire of fires;  
To whom, the Sunne it selfe is but a Beame.  
For sickle soules then (but rapt in foolish Dreame)  
To wrestle with thesee Heau'n-strong mysteries;  
What madnesse is it? when their light, serues cies  
That are not worldly, in their least aspect;  
But truly pure; and aime at Heauen, dire&t.  
Yet thesee, none like; but what the brazen head  
Blatters abroad; no sooner borne, but dead.  
Holding then in eternal contempt (my Lord) those short-liued Bubbles;  
eternize your vertue and iudgement with the Grecian Monark; esteeming, not as the least of your New-yeares Presents,  
Homer (three thousand yeares dead) now reuiu'd,  
Euen from that dull Death, that in life he liu'd;  
When none conceited him; none vnderstood,  
That so much life, in so much death as blood  
Conueys about it, could mixe. But when Death  
Drunke vp the bloudie Mist, that humane breath  
Pour'd round about him (Pouertie and Spight,  
Thickning the haplesse vapor) then Truths light  
Glimmerd about his Poeme: the pincht soule,

(Amidst

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### THE EPISTLE

(Amidst the *Mysteries* it did encoule)  
Brake powrefully abroad. And as we see  
The Sunne all hid in clouds, at length got free,  
Through some forc't couert, ouer all the wayes,  
Neare and beneath him, shoothes his vented rayes  
Farre off, and stickeſ them in ſome little Glade;  
All woods, fields, riuers, left beſides in ſhade:  
So your *Apollo*, from that world of light,  
Closde in his Poems bodie, ſhot to fight  
Some few forc't Beames; which neare him, were not ſene,  
(As in his life or countrie) Fate and Spleene,  
Clouding their radiance; which when Death had cleard;  
To farre off Regions, his free beames appear'd:  
In which, all stood and wonderd; ſtriuing which,  
His Birth and Rapture, ſhould iſt right enrich.  
Twelue *Labours* of your *Theſſian Hercules*,  
I now preſent your Lordſhip: Do but pleafe  
To lend Life meaneſ, till th'other Twelue receaue  
E quall atchievement; and let Death then reaue  
My life now lost in our Patriarke Loues,  
That knocke heads with the herd: in whom there moues  
One blood, one ſoule: both drownd in one ſet height  
Of ſtupid Enui, and meere popular Spight,  
Whose loues, with no good, did my leaſt veine fill;  
And from their hates, I feare as little ill.  
Their Boundties nouriſh not, when moſt they feed,  
But where there is no Merit, or no Need:  
Raine into riuers ſtill; and are ſuch Thowres,  
As bubbles ſpring, and overflow the flowres.  
Their worse parts, and worſt men, their Beſt ſubornes,  
Like winter Cowes, whose milke runnes to their hornes.  
And as litigious Clients bookeſ of Law,  
Cost infinitely; taste of all the Awe,  
Bencht in our kingdomes Policie, Pietie, State;  
Earne all their deepe explorings; ſatiate  
All ſorts there thrust together by the heart,  
With thirt of wiſedome, ſpent on either part:

Horrid

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### DEDICATORIE.

Horrid examples made of Life and Death,  
From their fine ſtuſe wouen: yet when once the breath  
Of ſentence leaues them, all their worth is drawne  
As drie as duft; and weares like Cobweb Lawne:  
So theſe men ſet a price vpon their worth,  
That no man giues, but thoſe that trot it forth,  
Through Needs foule wayes; feed *Humors*, with all cost,  
Though *Judgement* ſterues in them: *Rout*: *State* engrōſt  
(At all Tabacco benches, ſolemne Tables,  
Where all that croſſe their Enuies, are their fables)  
In their ranke faction: Shame, and Death approu'd  
Fit Penance for their Oppoſites: none lou'd  
But thoſe that rub them: nor a Reaſon heard,  
That doth not ſooth and gloriſe their preferd  
Bitter Opinions. When, would *Truth* refume  
The caufe to his hands; all would flie in fume  
Before his ſentence; ſince the innocent mind,  
Iuft God makes good; to whom their worſt is wind.  
For, that I freely all my Thoughts expreſſe,  
My Conſcience is my Thouſand witneſſes:  
And to this stay, my conſtant Comforts vow;  
*You for the world I haue, or God for you.*



## Certaine ancient Greeke Epigrammes Translated.

All starres are drunke up by the fire Sunne;  
And in so much flame, lies shrunke the Moone:  
Homers all-liv'd Name, all Names leavens in Death;  
whose splendor onely, Muses Boomes breath.

Another.

Heau'ns fires shall first fall dark'd from his Sph'rez;  
Graw' Night, the light weed of the Day shall weare:  
Fr'st breames shall chase the Sea; tongh Plowes shall teare  
Her fish'e bottomes: Men in long late dead,  
Shall rise, and live, before Oblition sbed  
Thos' still-greene leaves that crown great Homers head.

Another.

The great Maonides doth onely write;  
And to him dictateth the great God of Light.

Another.

Seven kingdomes strove, in which shoulde swell the wombe  
That bore great Homer; whom Fame freed from Tombe:  
Argos, Chius, Pylos, Smyrna, Colopone;  
The learn'd Athenian, and Vlysscan Throne.

Another.

Art thou of Chius? No. of Salamine?  
As little was the Smyrmean Countrey shine?  
Nor so, which then? was Cunus? Colopone?  
Nor one, nor other. Art thou then of none,  
That Fame proclames thee? None. Thy Reason call:  
If I confess of one, I anger all.

## THE FIRST BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**T**He Gods in counsele sit, to call  
Vlysses from Calypso's thrall;  
And order their high pleasures, thame;  
Gray Pallas, to Telemachus  
(In Ithaca) her way addresse;  
And did her heavenly lims inuest  
In Menta's likense; that did raigne  
King of the Taphians (in the Maine,  
Whose rough wawes neare Leucadia runne)  
Advising wifte Vlysses (one  
To seek his father, and addresse  
His course to yong Tantalides  
That gourn'd Sparta, Thus much said,  
She shewd she was Heau'ns martiall Maid,  
And vanisht from him. Next to this,  
The Banquet of the woores is.

Another.

Auge. The Deities sit;  
The Mareitir'd:  
Th' Ulysscan mit,  
By Pallas fir'd.

**T**he Man (O Muse) informe, that many a way,  
Wound with his wisedome to his wished stay.  
That wanderd wondrous farre, when He, the towne  
Of sacred Troy, had fackt, and shiuerd downe.  
The cities of a world of nations,  
With all their manners, mindes, and fashions  
He saw and knew, At Sea felte many woes,  
Much care sustaint, to saue from ouerthrows  
Himselfe, and friends, in their retreate for home.  
But so, their fates, he could not overcome,  
Though much he thirsted it. O men vnwise,  
They perisht by their owne impicries,  
That in their hungers rapine would not shunne  
The Oxen of the lofie-going Sunne:

given him in the first verse; and vaine signifying, Homo cuius ingenium velut per multas, & varias vias, venturis in ve-

The information  
or fashion of an  
aliate man,  
and necessarie  
(or fasil) passage  
through many  
afflictions (ac-  
cording with the  
wois facred Lep-  
ter) to his natu-  
ral haues and  
country, is the  
whole argument,  
and scope of this  
imitable, and  
miraculous Pa-  
tome. And there-  
fore is the epi-  
tite written downe

Who therefore from their eyes, the day bereft  
Of safe retурne. Their acts in some part left,  
Tell vs, as others, deified feed of *lawe*.  
Now all the rest that austere Death our-strowe  
At *Troy*, long siege, at house safe anchor'd are,  
Free from the malice both of sea and warre;  
Only *Vlysses* is deuide acceife  
To wife and home. The Grace of Goddesse  
The reverend Nymph *Calypso* did detaine  
Him in her Caues: past all the race of men,  
Entam'd to make him her lou'd Lord and Spouse.  
And when the Gods had destin'd that his houle,  
Which *Ithaca* on her rough bosome beares,  
(The point of time wrought out by ambient yeates)  
Should be his hauen; Contention still extends  
Her enuie to him, even amongst his friends.  
All Gods tooke pite on him: only he  
That girds Earth in the cincture of the sea,  
Diviue *Vlysses* ever did enuie,  
And made the fixt port of his birth to flic.

*Responses pro-*  
*trope to the*  
*Epithete.*

*These notes follow,*  
*leaving, I am in-*  
*ferred to insert,*  
*(since the words*  
*they containe,*  
*differ from all*  
*other translati-*  
*ons) left to be*  
*thought to ex-*  
*out of that igno-*  
*rance that may*  
*perhaps reflete*  
*my depremte,*  
*a *suppose-**  
*ment* strangled in the

To wife *Vlysses*, calling to his mind  
A faultfull *Agisibis*, who to death was done,  
By yong *Oreles*, A *gamenous* sonne.  
His memorie to the Immortall then,  
Moud *lone* thus deeply: O how fally, men  
Accuse vs Gods, as authors of their ill,  
Instead made The When, by the bane their owne bad liues inflill,  
greatest of all. They suffer all the miseries of their states,  
the true sense of Past our afflictions, and beyond their fates.  
the word, as it is As now *Agisibis*, past his fate, did wed  
fond: which is quite contrary. The wife of *Agamemnon*, and (indread  
as ordein'd is to be expounded in some place). To suffer death him(selfe) to throune his ill,  
Incurrd' it by the looke bent of his will,  
In slaughtering *Atrides* in retreat.

Diuine or Deo Which, we foretold him, would so hardly set  
Sundrie in another (some after) conseruare Deo. The person to whom the Epithete is given, giving reasone of his wrongs is And so *Agamemnon* an Epithete given to *Alcibiades* following in one place signifies Meate perticuler in the meat, qui va uia a meate gerit.

To his murtherous purpose; lending *Mercurie*  
(That slaughterd *Argo*) our considerate spie,  
To give him this charge: Do not wed his wife,  
Nor murther him; for thou shalt buy his life,  
With ranfome of thine owne, imposde on thee  
By his *Oreles*; when, in him shall be  
*Atrides* selfe renewd; and but the prime  
Of yowls, spring put abroad; in thirst to clime  
His haughtie Fathers throne, by his high acts.  
These words of *Hermes*, wrought not into facts  
*Agisibis* powres; good counsell he despide,  
And to that Good, his ill is sacrificide.

*Pallas* (whose eyes did sparkle like the skies)  
Answeerd: O Sire! supreame of Deities;  
*Agisibis* past his Fate, and had desert  
To warrant our infliction, and conuert  
May all the paines, such impious men inflig  
On innocent lufferers; to reuenge as strict,  
Their owne hearts eatting. But, that *Ithacus*  
(Thus neuer meriting) shoulf suffer thus;  
I deeply suffer. His more pious mind  
Divides him from thefle fortunes. Though vnkind  
I. Petic to him, giving him a fate,  
More suffering then the most infortunate,  
So long kept friendlesse, in a sea-girt foile,  
Where the seas nauile is a syluane Ile,  
In which the Goddesse dwells, that doth deriu  
Her birth from *Atlas*; who, of all aliue,  
The motion and the fashion doth command,  
With his <sup>b</sup>wise mind, whose forces vnderstand  
The inmost deepes and gulfs of all the feas:  
Who (for his skill of things superior) stayes  
The two steepe Columnes that prop earth and heauen.  
His daughter tis, who holds this <sup>c</sup>homelesse-driuen,  
Still mourning with her. Euermore profuse  
Of soft and winning speeches, that abuse  
And make so languishingly, and posselt  
With so remisse a mind, her loued guest  
Manage the action of his way for home.  
Where he (through affection ouercome)  
In iudgement yet, more longs to shew his hopes,  
His countries smoke leape from her chimney tops,

*Pallas to Iuli-*  
*per.*

*b In this place*  
*is *Atlas* given*  
*the epithete.*  
*epope, which*  
*signifies qui via*  
*verba mente agi-*  
*gitat, here given*  
*him, for the po-*  
*wer the starres*  
*have in all*  
*things. Yet this*  
*receives other*  
*interpretation*  
*in other places,*  
*as above said.*

*c *Orbis* is*  
*here turned by*  
*others, infelix*  
*in the general*  
*collection: when*  
*it hath here a*  
*particular exa-*  
*gnation, applied to*

*express *Pallas* deserts errors, woe no plaw, vt sit, qui vix locum inuenire potest vbi confusat. d This is also transla-*  
*tio[n]e rather to express and approve the Allegorie driven through the whole *Odyssee*. Deciphering the intangling of the wifel*  
*in his afflictions; and the torment that breeds in every mans mind, to be thereby hindred to arrive so directly to his desires, at the*  
*proper and only true natural course of every mortal man, who haneth in heauen, and the next life, to which, this life is but a*  
*far, in continual afflire and vexation. The words occasioning all this, are *plauans*, *despis: plauans* signifying, qui languide, &*  
*animos remitto rora aliquam gerit; which being the effect of *Calypso* or sweete words in *Vlysses*, is here applied passively to his*  
*owne sufferance of their operation.*

And death askes in her armes. Yet never shall  
Thy lou'd heart be conuerted on his thrall,  
(Austere *Olympius*:) did not euer he,  
In ample *Troy*, thy altars graffie?  
And Grecians Fleete make in thy offerings swim?  
O *Ione*, why still then burnes thy wrath to him?

*Jupiter to Pallas*  
e speare armes  
wid.x.ellum or  
claustrum den-  
tum. which for  
the better found  
in our language,  
is here turned.  
*Pale of Iwrie*.  
The teeth being  
ther ramente or  
pale, given vs by  
nature in that  
part, for re-  
fraunce and com-  
preſſion of our  
speche, till the  
image nation ap-  
petite and faule  
(that ought to  
rule in their ex-  
amination, before  
their deliue-  
rie) haue gaine  
wrothlye aſſe to  
them. The moſt  
grave and diuine  
part, teaching  
therein, that not  
ſo much for the  
merciferie  
charme of our  
ſufficiencie, our  
teeth are given  
vs, as for the  
ſay of our  
words, left we  
riter them  
rabit.

*Calyſo.*

And the Cloud-assembler anſwerd: What words flie  
(Bold daughter) from thy Pale of Iwrie?  
As if I euer could cast from my care  
Divine *Vlyſſes*, who exceeds ſo faire  
All men in wiſdomē? and fo oft hath giuen  
To all th' Immortals thron'd in ample heauen,  
So great and ſacred gifts? But his decrees,  
That holds the earth in with his nimble knees,  
Stand to *Vlyſſes* longings ſo extreame,  
For taking from the God-for *Polyphemus*  
His onely eye; a *Cyclop*, that excell'd  
All other *Cyclops*: with whose burthen ſwell'd  
The Nymph *Thoſas*, the divine increafe  
Of *Phorcus* ſeed, a great God of the ſeaſ.  
She mixt with *Neptune* in his hollow caues,  
And bore this *Cyclop* to that God of waues.  
For whose loſt eye, th' Earth-shaker did not kill  
Erring *Vlyſſes*; but refuſes him ſtill  
In life for more death. But vſe we our poures,  
And round about vs cast theſe caues of ours,  
All to diſcouer how we may preferre  
His wiſt retreate; and *Neptune* make forbare  
His ſterne eye to him: ſince no one God can  
In ſpite of all, preuaile, but gaſt a man.  
To this, this anſwer made the gray-cyd Maide:  
Supreme of rulers, ſince ſo well apaide  
The bleſſed Gods are all then, now, in thee  
To limit wife *Vlyſſes* miserie;  
And that you ſpeak, as you referd to me  
Preſcription for the meaneſs; in this ſort be  
Their ſacred order: let vs now addrefſe  
With vtmoſt ſpeed, our ſwift *Argicider*,  
To tell the Nymph that beares the golden Trefſe  
In thiſle *Ogygia*, that iſ is our will  
She ſhould not ſtay our lou'd *Vlyſſes* ſtill;  
But ſuffer his returne: and then will I  
To *Ithaca*, to make his ſonne apply  
His Sires inqueſt the mores, iuſtling force  
Into his ſoule, to ſummon the concourſe  
Of curld-head Greeks to counſaile: and detene  
Each woore that hath bene the ſlaughterer  
Of hiſ ſat ſheepe and crooked-headed beeves,

From

From moſe wrong to his mother, and their leaues

Takē in ſuch termes, as fit deferts to great.

To *Sparta* then, and *Pylor*, where doth beate

Bright *Amathus*, the flood and epithete

To all that kingdome, my aduice ſhall ſend

The ſpirit-aduanc'd Prince, to the pious end

Of ſeeking his loſt father, if he may

Receiuē report from Fame, where reſts his ſtay;

And make, beſides, hiſ owne ſucceſſive worth,

Knowne to the world; and ſet in action forth.

This ſaid, her winged ſhoes to her ſteete ſhe tied,

Formid all of gold, and all eternified,

That on the round earth, or the ſea, ſustaind

Her rauifh ſublance, ſwift as gulls of wind.

Then tooke her ſtrong Lance, with ſteele made keene,

Great, maſſie, aduice, that whole hoaſt of men

(Though all Heroes) conqueſt, if her ire

Their wrongs inflame, baſt by ſo great a Sire.

Downe from *Olympus* tops, the headlong diu'd;

And ſwift as thought, in *Ithaca* arriu'd,

Cloſe at *Vlyſſes* gates, in whiche first court,

She made her ſtand; and for her breasts ſupport,

Leand on her iron Lance: her forme imprefk

With *Mentis* likeneſſe, come, as being a guest.

There found ſhe thoſe proud wooers, that were then

Set on thoſe Oxe-hides that themſelues had ſlaine,

Before the gates, and all at dice were playing.

To them the heralds, and the reſt obaying,

Fil'd wine and water, ſome, ſtill as they plaid;

And ſome, for ſolemne ſupper ſtate, puruaid;

With porous ſponges, cleaſing tables, ſeru'd

With much rich ſealſt, of which to all they keru'd.

God-like *Telemachus*, amongſt them ſat,

Grieu'd much in mind, and in his heart begat

All repreſentment of his abſent Sire;

How (come from far-off parts) hiſ ſpirits would fire

With thoſe proud wooers fight, with slaughter parting

Theirol concurſe; and to hiſelfe conuerting

The honors they viurpt, hiſ owne commanding.

In thiſ diſcoure, he, firſt, ſaw *Pallas* standing

Vnbiſten entrie: vp roſe, and addreſſe

Hiſ pace right to her, angrie that a guest

Should ſtand so long at gate: and coming neare,

Her right hand tooke, tooke in hiſ owne, her ſpear;

And thus falud: Grace to your repaire,

(Faire guest) your welcome ſhall be likewiſe faire.

Enter, and (chear'd with feaſt) diſclose thiſ intent

That cauſde your coming. This ſaid, firſt he went,

The preparation  
of *Pallas* for  
*Ithaca*.

*Pallas* like  
*Menelaus*.

And *Pallas* follow'd. To a room they came,  
Stepe, and of state; the Iauclin of the Dame,  
He set against a pillar, vaste and hie,  
Amidst a large and bright-kept Armorie,  
Which was, besides, with woods of Lances grac'd,  
Of his graue fathers. In a thron, he plac'd  
The man-turnd Goddesse, vnder which was spred  
A Carpet, rich, and of deuicefull shred,  
A footstoole stayng her feete; and by her chaire,  
Another feate (all garnisht wondrous faire,  
To rest, or sleepe on in the day) he set  
Fare from the prease of woocers, left at meate  
The noife they still made, might offend his guest,  
Disturbing him at banquet or at rest,  
Euen to his combat, with that pride of theirs,  
That kept no noble forme in their affaires.  
And these he set fare from them, much the rather  
To question freely of his absent father.

A Table fairely polisht then was spread,  
On which a reverend officer set bread,  
And other seruitors, all sorte of meate,  
(Salads, and flesh, such as their haste could get)  
Seru'd with oberuance in. And then the Sewre,  
Prowr'd water from a great and golden Ewe,  
That from their hands, a filuer Caldron ran;  
Both waft, and seated close, the voicefull man  
Fetcht cups of gold, and set by them; and round  
Those cups with wine, with all endeouour crownd.

Then rusht in the rude woocers, themselues plac't,  
The heralds water gare, the maids in haste  
Seru'd bread from baskers. When, of all prepar'd,  
And set before them; the bold woocers shar'd,  
Their Pages plying their cups, past the rest.  
But lustie woocers must do more then feast;  
For now (their hungers and their thirsts allaid)  
They call'd for songs, and Dances. Those, they said,  
Were th'ornaments of feast. The herald strake  
A Harpe, caru'd full of artificial sleight,  
Thrust into *Phemius* (a leard singers) hand,  
Who, till he much was vrg'd, on temmes did stand;  
But after, plaid and sung with all his art.

*Telomachus*, to *Pallas* then (apart,  
His eare inclining close, that none might hear)e  
In this fort said: My Guest, exceeding deare,  
Will you not fit incent, with what I lay?  
These are the cares these men take; feast and play:  
Which easly they may vse, because they eate,  
Free, and vnpunisht, of another's meate.

*Telomachus*  
*Pallas*

And

And of a mans, whose white bones wafting lie  
In some farre region, with th'incefancie  
Of shoures powr'd downe vpon them; lying ashore,  
Or in the seas wash'd nak'd. Who, if he were  
Those bones with flesh, and life, and industrie,  
And these, might here in *Ithaca*, set eye  
On him returnd; they all would wish to be,  
Either past other, in celerite  
Of fete and knees; and not contend t' exceed  
In golden garments. But his vertues feed  
The fate of ill death: nor is left to me  
The least hope of his lifes recouerie;  
No not, if any of the mortall race  
Should tell me his returne; the clearfull face  
Of his returnd day, neuer will appeare,  
But tell me; and let Truth, your witnesse beare,  
Who? and from whence you are? what cities birth?  
What parents? In what vessell set you forth?  
And with what mariners atriu'd you here?  
I cannot think you a foote passenger,  
Recount then to me all; to teach me well,  
Fit vlage for your worth. And if it fell  
In chance now first that you thus see vs here,  
Or that in former passages you were  
My fathers guest? For many men haue bene  
Guests to my father, studious of men,  
His sociable nature euer was.  
On him againe, the grey-cyd Maide did passe  
This kind reply; Ile answere passing true,  
All thou hast askt: My birth, his honour drew  
From wise *Anchialus*. The name I bear,  
Is *Nestor*, the commanding Ilander  
Of all the *Taphians*, studious in the art  
Of Nauigation. Hauing toucht this part  
With ship and men, of purpose to maintaine  
Course through the darke seas, t'other langaug'd men.  
And *Tenebris* sustaines the cities name,  
For which my ship is bound, made knowne by fame,  
For rich in brassey, which my occasions need,  
And therefore bring I shining steele in steed,  
Whiche their vfe wants; yet makes my vessels freight,  
That neare a plowd field, rides at anchors weight,  
Apart this citie, in the harbor call'd  
*Rethrus*, whose waues, with *Neius* woods are walld.  
Thy Sire and I, were euer mutuall guests,  
At eitheris houfe, still interchanging feasts.  
I glorie in it. Askc, when thou shalt see  
*Laeetes*, th'old *Heroe*, these of mee,

*Pallas to Telomachus.*

From the beginning, He, men say, no more  
 Visits the Citie; but will needs deplore  
 His sonnes beleau'd losse, in a private field;  
 One old made only, at his hands to yeeld  
 Foode to his life, as oft as labour makes  
 His old limbs faint, which though he creepes, he takes  
 Along a fruitfull plaine, set all with vines,  
 Which, husbandman-like (though a King) he prouines.  
 But now I come to be thy fathers guest,  
 I heare he wandres, while the woors feast.  
 And (as th' Immortals prompt me at this houre)  
 Ile tell thee, out of a propheticke powre,  
 (Nor as profet a Prophet, nor cleare feene  
 At all times, what shall after chance to men):  
 What I conceiu, for this time, will be true:  
 The Gods infictions keepe your Sire from you.  
 Diuine *Vlysses*, yet, abides not dead  
 Aboue earth, nor beneath, nor buried  
 In any seas, (as you did late conceive)  
 But, with the broad sea sieg'd, is kept aliae  
 Within an Ile, by rude and vp-land men,  
 That in his spite, his passage home detaine.  
 Yet long it shall not be, before he tred  
 His countries deare earth, though solicited,  
 And held from his retурne, with iron chaines.  
 For he hath wit to forge a world of traines,  
 And will, of all, be fure to make good one,  
 For his retурne, so much relide vpon.

But tell me, and be true: Art thou indeed  
 So much a sonne, as to be faid the seed  
 Of *Ithacus* himself? Exceeding much  
 Thy forehead and faire eyes, at his forme touch:  
 For oftentimes we met, as you and I  
 Meete at this houre, before he did apply  
 His powres for *Troy*. When other Grecian States,  
 In hollow shippes were his associates.  
 But since that time, mine eyes could never see  
 Renownd *Vlysses*; nor met his with me.  
 The wife *Telemachus* againe replide:  
 You shall withall I know, be fatisfide.  
 My mother, certaine, fayes I am his sonne:  
 I know not; nor was euer fimply knownne  
 By any child, the sure truth of his Sire.  
 But would my veines had tooke in living fire  
 From some man happie, rather then one wife,  
 Whom age might fee feizd, of what youth made prife.  
 But he, whocuer of the mortall race  
 Is most vnblest, he holds my fathers place.

*Telemachus*  
 Tantus filius.  
*Pallas* illam em-  
 foremp her que-  
 stion, to stirre up  
 the son the more  
 to the fathers  
 wordswisheit.

*Telemachus* to  
*Pallas*.

This

This, since you aske, I answere. She, againe:

The Gods sure did not make the future straine  
 Both of thy race and dayes, obscure to thee,  
 Since thou wert borne so of *Penelope*.  
 The stile may by thy after acts be wonne,  
 Of so great Sire, the high vndoubted sonne.

Say truth in this then: what's this feasting here?  
 What all this rout? Is all this nupiall cheare?  
 Or else some friendly banquet made by thee?  
 For here no shotes are, where all sharets be.  
 Past measure contumeliously, this crew  
 Fare through thy house; which shold th' ingenuous view  
 Of any good or wise man come and find,  
 (Impistic seeing playd in every kind)  
 He could not but through every veine be mou'd.

Againe *Telemachus*: My guest much lou'd,  
 Since you demand and sift these fightes so farre,  
 I grant twere fit, a house so regular,  
 Rich, and faulstesse, once in gouernment,  
 Should still, as all parts, the same forme present,  
 That gaue it glorie, while her Lord was here,  
 But now the Gods, that vs displeasure beare,  
 Haue otherwise appointed, and disgrace  
 My father most, of all the mortall race.  
 For whom I could not mourne so, were he dead,  
 Amongst his fellow Captaines slaughtered  
 By common enemies; or in the hands  
 Of his kind friends, had ended his commands;  
 After he had egregiously bestow'd  
 His powre and order in a ware so vow'd,  
 And to his tombe, all Greeks their grace had done,  
 That to all ages he might leue his sonne  
 Immortal honor: but now *Harpies* haue  
 Digg'd in their gorges his abhorred graue.  
 Obscure, inglorious, Death hath made his end,  
 And me (for glories) to all griefes contend.  
 Nor shall I any more mourne him alone;  
 The Gods haue giuen me other cause of mone.  
 For looke how many Optimates remaine  
 In *Samos*, or the shoares *Dulichian*,  
 Shadie *Zacynthus*; or how many beare  
 Rule in the rough browes of this Iland here;  
 So many now, my mother and this house,  
 At all parts make defam'd and ruinous.  
 And she, her hatefull nuptials, nor denies,  
 Nor will dispatch their importunitie:  
 Though she beholds them spoile still, as they feast,  
 All my free house yeelds: and the little rest

*Pallas* to *Tele-*  
*machus*.

OF

Of my dead Sire in me, perhaps intend  
To bring, ere long, to some vntimely end.  
This *Pallas* sigh'd, and answerd: O (said he)  
Absent *Phasses* is much misf by thee:  
That on these shamelesse fuiters he might lay  
His wreckfull hands. Should he now come, and stay  
In thy Courts first gates, arm'd with helme and shied,  
And two such darts as I have feene him wield,  
When first I saw him in our *Taphian* Court,  
Feasting, and doing his defers disport;  
When from *Ephyra* he returnyd vs  
From *Ias*, sonne to *Centaure Mermurus*,  
To whom he trauld through the warric dreads,  
For bane to poison his sharpe arrowes heads,  
That death, but toucht, caufde; which he would not give,  
Because he feit d, the Gods that euer live,  
Would plague such death with death; and yet their feare  
Was to my fathers bosome not so deare  
As was thy fathers loue, (for what he sought,  
My louing father found him, to a thought.)  
It such as then, *Vlysses* might but meete  
With these proud woopers; all were at his feete  
But instant dead men; and their nuptials  
Would proue as bitter as their dying gallis.  
But these things in the Gods knees are repofde,  
If his retурne shall see with wreake inclosde,  
Theſe in his houſe, or he retурne no more.  
And therefore I aduise thee to explore  
All waies thy ſelfe, to let theſe woopers gone,  
To which end give me fit attention;  
To morrow into ſolemne councell call  
The Greekes *Heros*; and declare to all  
(The Gods being wiþeſſe) what thy pleasure is:  
Command to townes of their nativites,  
Theſe frontleſſe woopers. If thy mothers mind,  
Stands to her ſecond nuptials, ſo enclide;  
Returne ſhe to her royll fathers towers,  
Where th'one of theſe may wed her, and her dowres  
Make rich, and ſuch as may conſort with grace,  
So deare a daughter, of ſo great a race.  
And thee I warne as well, (if thou as well  
Wilt heare and follow) take thy beſt builte ſale,  
With twentie owers mannd, and haſte to enquire  
Where the abode is of thy abſent Sire;  
If any can informe thee, or thine care  
From ſome the fame of his retraete may heare;  
(For chiefly *Ioue* giues all that honours men).  
To *Pyles* firſt be thy addreſſion then

To god like *Nefor*. Thence, to *Sparta*, haſte  
To gold-lockt *Amenlam*, who was laſt  
Of all the braſe-arm'd Greeks that faid from *Troy*.  
And trie from both theſe, if thou canſt enioy  
Newes of thy Sires returnd life, any where;  
Though ſad thou ſufferſt in his ſearch, a yere,  
If of his death thou hearſt, returne thou home;  
And to his memorie erect a tombe:  
Performing parent-rites, of feaſt and game,  
Pompous, and ſuch a beſt may fit his fame:  
And then thy mother a fit husband giue.  
Theſe paſt, confider how thou maift deprive  
Of worthleſſe life, theſe woopers in thy houſe,  
By open force, or projects enginious.  
Things childiſh fit not thee; th'art ſo no more:  
Hath thou not heard, how all men did adore  
Divine *Orefes*, after he had ſlaine  
*Egiſbus*, murthering by a trecherous traine  
His famous father? Be then (my moſt lou'd)  
Valiant and manly; every way approu'd  
As great as he. I fee thy perfon fit,  
Noble thy mind, and excellent thy wit;  
All giuen thee, ſo to vſe and manage here,  
That even paſt death they may their memories beare.  
In meane time Ile defend to ſhip and men,  
That muſt exēpt me. Be obſeruant then  
Of my aduice, and carefull to maintaine  
In equal acts thy royll fathers raigne.

*Telemachus* replide: You ope (faire Guest)  
A friends heart, in your ſpeech; as well exprefſ,  
As might a father ſerue t'informe his ſonne:  
All which ſure place haue in my memorie wonne.  
Aſide yet, though your voyage calls away;  
That hauing bath'd, and digniſile your ſtay  
With ſome moſt honour; you may yet beſide,  
Delight your mind, by being gratide  
With ſome rich Preſent, taken in your way;  
That, as a Jewell, your reſpect may lay  
Vp in your treafurie, beſtowd by me,  
As free friends vſe to queſts of ſuch degree.  
Detaiñe me not (ſaid he) ſo muſt inclide  
To haſte my voyage. What thy loued minde  
Commands to give; at my returne this way,  
Beſtow on me; that I directly may  
Conuey it home; which (moſe of prie to mee)  
The more it aſkes my recompence to theſe..  
This ſaid, away gray-cyd *Amenura* flew,  
Like to a mounting Lark; and did endue

His mind with strength and boldnesse; and much more  
Made him, his father long for, then before.  
And weighing better who his guest might be,  
He stood amaz'd, and thought a Deitie  
Was there descended: to whose will he fram'd  
His powres at all parts; and went, so inflam'd  
Amongst the woocers; who were silent set,  
To heare a Poet sing the sad retreat  
The Greekes performd from Troy: which was from thence  
Proclaymed by *Pallas*, paine of her offence.

When which diuine song, was percei'd to beare  
That mournfull subiect, by the listning care  
Of wife Penelope (*Icarus* feed),  
Who from an vpper roome had giu'n it heed  
Downe she delended by a winding staires,  
Not solē; but the State, in her repaire,  
Two Maides of Honour made. And when this Queene  
Of women, stoopt so low, she might be scene  
By all her woocers. In the doore, aloofe  
(Entering the Hall, grac'd with a goodly roose)  
She stood, in shad of gracefull vaines implide  
About her beauties: on her either side,  
Her hon'd women. When, (to teares mou'd) thus  
She chid the sacred Singer: *Thessimus*,  
You know a number more of these great deeds,  
Of Gods and men (that are the sacred seeds  
And proper subiects of a Poets song;  
And thole due pleasures that to men belong)  
Besides these facts that furnish Troy's retreate,  
Sing one of those to thefe, that round your feate

They may with silence sit, and tafte their wine:  
But ceaseth this song, that through these eares of mine,

Convey deseru'd occasion to my heart  
Of endlesse sorrowes; of which, the deſert

In me, vmeasur'd is, past all these men;  
So endleſſe is the memorie I retaine;

And so deserfull is that memorie  
Of ſuch a man, as hath a dignitie

So broad, it foreds it ſelfe through all the pride  
Of Greece, and Argos. To the Queene, replide

Inſpir'd Telemachus: Why thus enuies  
My mother, him that fits & ſocieties

With ſo much harmonie, to let him please  
His owne mind, in his will to honor theſe?

For theſe b' ingenuous, and firſt ſort of men,

That do immediately from loue retaine

Et. *memorie* auctio.  
Cantor, cuius  
tam arcta est fo-  
cietas homini-  
bus.  
h. *austrum*,  
*asperatum*.  
*Amoribus* is an  
Epithet proper  
to Peet., for their  
firſt finding  
out of Arts and  
decommenſu-  
ding to education  
and government:  
inspir'd only by  
loue: and are  
here called the  
ſirſt of men ſince  
firſt they gene-  
rates so many  
life, and have  
their informatio-

immediately from loue; (as Plato in *Im. mitisſifly*) This word deduced from *επιπλεω*, which is taken for him, qui primas tenet aliquas  
in re: And will overcomē then be ſufficiently expref with regard to that which, no exponition goes further.

Theſe

Theiſr ſinging raptures, are by loue as well  
Inſpir'd with choice, of what their ſongs impell.  
*Ious* will is free in it, and therefore theirs;  
Nor is this man to blame, that the repaires  
The Greekes make homeward, ſings: for his fresh Muſt,  
Men ſtill moſt celebreate, that ſing moſt newes.

And therefore in his note, your care employ:

For, not *Troy* onely loſt in *Troy*  
The day of his returne; but numbers more,  
The deadly ruines of his fortunes bore.

Go you then, in; and take your worke in hand;

Your web, and diſtaffe, and your maids command

To plie their fit work. Words, to men are due,

And thoſe reproving counſels you purſue;

And moſt, to me, of all men; ſince I beare

The rule of all things, that are manag'd here.

She went amaz'd away; and in her heart,

Laid vp the wiſedome *Pallas* did impart

To her lou'd ſonne ſo louely; turnd againe

Vp to her chamber; and no more would raigne

In manly counſels. To her women, ſhe

Applied her ſway; and to the woocers, he

Began new orders; other ſpirits bewraide

Then thoſe, in ſpite of which, the woocers ſwaid.

And (whiles his mothers teares, ſtill waſht her eies,

Till gray *Mineruſ* did thoſe teares ſurprise

With timely ſleepe; and that her wooſe did rouſe

Rude *Tamul* vp, through all the ſhadie house,

Dispoſe to ſleepe because their widow was)

Telemachus, this new-giu'en ſpirit did paſſe

On their old iſolencie: Ho! you that are

My mothers woocers! much too high ye beare

Your petulante ſpirits: fit, and while ye may

Enjoy me in your banquets: ſee ye lay

These loud noyſeable; nor do this man the wrong,

(Because my mother hath diſlike his ſong)

To grace her iſolencie: tis a thing

Honest, and honourd too, to heare one ſing

Numbers ſo like the Gods in eleganſe,

As this man flowes in. By the mornes firſt light,

Ile call ye all before me, in a Cour,

That I may cleerly banish your reſort

With all your rudenesſe, from theſe rooſes of mine.

Away; and elsewhere in your feaſts combine;

Conſume your owne goods, and make mutuall feaſt

At eithers houſe. Or if ye ſtill hold best,

And for your humors more ſuffed fill,

To ſeo, to ſpoile (because vnpauſht ſtill)

*Telemachus in  
new termes  
with the woocers.*

*i. *ludv.*  
*primula luce.**

On other findings: spoile, but here I call  
Th' eternall Gods to wittnesse, if it fall  
In my wiþt reach once, to be dealing wreake,  
(By lowes high bountie) theſe your preſent chocks,  
To what I give in charge, ſhall adde more reines  
To my reuenge hereafter; and the paines  
Ye then muſt ſuffer, ſhall paſſe all your pride,  
Euer to ſee redreſt, or qualifie.

At this, all bit their lips, and did admire  
His words ſent from him, with ſuch phraſe, and fire:  
Which ſo much mou'd them, that *Aniſous*  
(*Euphybus* ſonne) cried out: *Telemachus!*  
The Gods, I thinke, haue rapt thee to this height  
Of elocution, and this great conceit  
Of felteabilitie. We all may pray,  
That *lone* inueſt not in this kingdomes sway,  
Thy forward forces, which I fee put forth  
A hot ambition in thee, for thy birth.

*Pron. this anſwer  
of Telemachus  
be-cause it hath fo  
ſedam a change  
and is to ferre it  
downe in his late  
bright ſtate,  
altering & rem-  
oving ſo com-  
pletely his affec-  
tions I thought  
not amisse to in-  
ſert here ſome  
new farther ana-  
lyſation, which  
uthers Pruden-  
ter Telemachus  
loſt, futorem  
Antinoꝝ ac alpe-  
ritat emoliteſ.*

Nam ita dictū  
illius interretar-  
tur. vi. enſime  
tur eaſtre ſo-  
cole illa euan-  
ſab Antiroꝝ ad-  
uerſum le pro-  
nuntiaſ. Et pri-  
mum ironice ſe  
Regem effe ex-  
optat proper  
commoda que  
Reges ſolent  
comittari. Ne ta-  
men inuidam  
in fe ambitionis  
concreta, teſta  
tur le regnum  
thacꝝ non am-  
bitio, moꝝ tuo Vlyſſe, cum id alii poſſideſſe quan-ſe longe pratiſtioriſſe ac dignioriſſe vrum at, ſe molia, ſe propria-  
tum ſe bonorum folis fit dominus, ipſi excludit ac cœctis, qui vi illa occupare ac diſperdere conantur.

To be the abſolute King; and reigne as free  
As did my father, ouer all, his hand  
Left here, in this house, ſlaves to my command.  
*Eurymas*, ſhe ſonne of *Polybus*,  
To this, made this reply: *Telemachus!*  
The Girlond of this kingdome, let the knees  
Of deſtie runne for: but the faculties,  
This houſe is ſeafd of, and the turrets here,  
Thou ſhalt be Lord of; nor ſhall any beare  
The leaſt part of, of all thou doſt poſſeſſe,  
As long as this land is no wildeſſe,  
Nor ruſt by out-lawes. Big gane theſe their paſſe,  
And t' ll me (beſt of Princes) who he was

That

That queſted here ſo late: from whence? and what  
In any region boſted he his ſtate?  
His race? his country? Brought he any newes  
Of thy returning Father? Or for dues  
Of moneys to him, made he fit repaire?  
How ſodainly he rutſt into the aire?  
Nor would fufaine to ſtay, and make him knowne?  
His Port ſhewd no debaucht companion.

He anſwert: The retурne of my lou'd Sire,  
Is paſt all hope; and ſhould rude Fame inspire  
From any place, a flattning messenger,  
With newes of his furuiual, he ſhould beare  
No leaſt beliefe off, from my desperate loue.  
Which if a ſacred Prophet ſhould approue,  
(Callid by my mother for her cares vniſt)  
It ſhould not moue me. For my late faire queſt,  
He was of old my fathers: touching here  
From Sea-girt *Taphos*; and for name doth beare  
*Mentis*, the ſonne of wife *Anchalus*;  
And gouernes all the *Taphian*, ſtudious  
Of Nauigation. This he faid: but knew  
It was a Goddefle. Theſe againe withdrew  
To dances, and attraction of the ſong.  
And while their pleaſures did the time prolong,  
The ſafe Euen descended; and did ſleepe  
The lids of all men in deſire of ſleepe.

*Telemachus*, into a roome buil't hie,  
Of his illuſtrous Court; and to the eie  
Of circular: proſpect; to his bed ascended;  
And in his mind, much weightie thought contended.  
Before him, *Eurylea* (that well knew  
All the obſeruance of a handmaids due,  
Daughter to *Ophis Psenorides*)  
Bore two bright torches. Who did ſo much pleafe  
*Laietes* in her prime; that for the price  
Of twentie Oxen, he made merchandize  
Of her rare beauties; and Loues equal flame  
To her he felt, as to his nuptiall Dame.  
Yet neuer durſt he mixe with her in bed;  
So much the anger of his wife he fled.  
She, now growne old, to yong *Telemachus*  
Two torches bore; and was obſequious,  
Past all his other maids; and did apply  
Her ſeruice to him, from his infancie.  
His wel-built chamber, reaſt; ſhe op't the dore;  
He, on his bed ſat. The loſt weeds he wore,  
Put off; and to the diligent old maid  
Gave all; who fitly all in thicke folds laid,

And hung them on a beame-pin neare the bed;  
 That round about was rich embrodered.  
 Then made she halfe forth from him, and did bring  
 The doore together with a siluer ring;  
 And by a string, a barre to it did pull.  
 He laid, and couerd well with curled wooll,  
 Wouen in silke quilts: all night emploid his minde  
 About the taske that *Pallas* had desigh'd.

*Finis libri primi Hom. Odyssej.*

## THE



## THE SECOND BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGVMENT.

**T**elemachus to Court dorth call:  
*The woress; and commands them all*  
*To leave his house: and taking then*  
*From wife Minerva, ship and men;*  
*And all thinges fit for him beside,*  
*That Euryclaea could prouide*  
*For sea-rites, till he found his Sire;*  
*He holff'st rule, when heaven stoope his fire.*

Another.

*Bula. The old Maids shore*  
*The voyage cheret;*  
*The ship leaves shore,*  
*Minerva steres,*

**O**w when with rosie fingers, th'early borne,  
 And, thronwe through all the aire, appear'd the momē;  
**V**yfes lou'd sonne from his bed apperead;  
 His weeds put on, and did about him gird  
 His sword, that thwart his sholders hung; and tied  
 To his faire feete, faire shooes, and all parts plied  
 For spedie readinesse; who when he trod  
 The open earth, to men, shewd like a God.

The Heralds then, he strait charg'd to confort  
 The curld-head Greeks, with lowd calls to a Court.

They summon'd; th'other came, in vtmost hastes;  
 Who, all assemblid, and in one heape plac't;  
 He likewise came to councell; and did beare  
 In his faire hand, his iron-headed speare;  
 Nor came alone, nor with men troopes prepar'd;  
 But two fleete dogs, made, both his traine, and Guard.  
*Pallas* supplied with her high wisedomes grace,  
 (That all mens wants supplies) *States* painted face.  
 His entring presence, all men did admire;

Who tooke seate in the high throne of his Sire;  
 To which the graue Peeres gave him reuerend way.  
 Amongst whom, an *Egyptian Heroe*,  
 (Crooked with age, and full of skill) begun  
 The speech to all. Who had a loued sonne,  
 That with diuine *Vyfes* did ascend  
 His hollow flete to *Troy*: to serue which end,

*The Greeks calld to counsell  
by Telemachus.*

C 3

He

He kept faire horfe, and was a man at Armes;  
 And in the cruell *Cyclop* sterne alarmes,  
 His life lost by him, in his hollow caue;  
 Whose entrailes open'd his abhorred graue;  
 And made of him (of all *Vlysses* traime)  
 His latest supper, being latell flaine.  
 His name was *Antiphon*. And this old man,  
 This crooked growne, this wife *Egyptian*,  
 Had three sonnes more; of which, one riotous,  
 A wooer was, and calld *Eurynomus*;  
 The other two, rooke both, his owne wifte course.  
 Yet, both the best fates, weighd not downe the worse;  
 But left the old man mindfull still of moneys  
 Who, weeping, thus bespake the Session:  
 Heart, *Ithacensians*, all I fidly say;  
 Since our diuine *Vlysses* parting day  
 Neuer was councell calld, nor session;  
 And now, by whom is this thus vndergone?  
 Whom did Necessitie so much compell,  
 Of yong or old? Hath any one heard tell  
 Of any coming armie, that he thus now  
 May openly take boldnesse to awow?  
 First haung heard it, Or will any here  
 Some motion for the publicke good prefere?  
 Some worth of note there is in this command:  
 And, me thinkes, it must be some good mans hand  
 That's put to it: that either hath dire<sup>c</sup>t  
 Meanes to affisst; or, for his good affect,  
 Hopes to be happie in the prooff, he makes;  
 And that, *Ioue* grant, what ere he vndertakes.

*Telemachus* (reioycing much to heare  
 The good hope, and opinion men did bear  
 Of his yong actions) no longer sat;  
 But longed t'approue, what this man pointed at;  
 And make his first prooff, in a cause so good:  
 And in the Councells chiefe place, vp he stood;  
 When strait, *Pysenor* (Herald to his Sire,  
 And leard in counsels) fel his heart on fire,  
 To heare him speake; and put into his hand  
 The Scepter that his Father did command;  
 Then (to the old *Egyptian* turn'd) he spoke:  
 Father, not farre he is, that vnderooke  
 To call this councell, whom you soone shall know.  
 My selfe, whose wrongs, my griefes will make me shew,  
 Am he that author'd this assembly here;  
 Nor haue I heard of any armie neare;  
 Of which, being first told, I might iterate;  
 Nor for the publicke good, can augh, relate;

*Telemachus* pro-  
poses his estate  
to the Greeks.

Only mine owne affaires all this procure,  
 That in my houle a double ill endure;  
 One, hauing I st<sup>t</sup> a Father so renouwd,  
 Whose kind rule once, with your command was crownd:  
 The other is, what much more doth augment?  
 His weightie losse, the ruine imminent  
 Of all my houle by it, my goods all spent.  
 And of all this, the woouers, that are sonnes  
 To our chiefe Peeres, are the Confusions:  
 Imporuning my Mothers mariage  
 Against her will; nor dares their blouds bold rage  
 Go to *Icarus*, her fathers Courr,  
 That, his will ask, in kind and comely sort,  
 He may endow his daughter with a dowre;  
 And, he consenting, at his pleasures powre,  
 Dispose her to a man, that (thus behau'd)  
 May haue fit grace, and fee her honor fau'd;  
 But these, in none but my houle, all their liues  
 Resolute to spend, slaughtring my sheepe and beeues;  
 And with my fattest goates, lay feast on feast;  
 My generous wine, consuming as they list.  
 A world of things they spoile; here wanting one,  
 That like *Vlysses*, quickly, could set gone.  
 These peace-plagues from his houle, that spoile like warre.  
 Whom my powres are vnfit, to vrge so farre,  
 My selfe immatriall. But had I the powre,  
 My will should ferue me, to exempt this houre  
 From out my life time. For past patience,  
 Base dedds are done here, that exceede defence  
 Of any honor. Falling is my house,  
 Which you should shame to see so ruinous.  
 Reuerence the censures, that all good men giue,  
 That dwell about you; and for feare to liue  
 Expoid: to heauens wrath (that doth euer pay  
 Paines, for ioyes forfait) eu'en by *Ioue* I pray  
 O *Themis*; both which, powres haue to restraine  
 Or gather Councell; that ye will abstaine  
 From further spoile; and let me onely waste  
 In that most wretched griefe I haue embrac't  
 For my lost Father. And though I am free  
 From meriting your outrage; yet, if he  
 (Good man) hath euer, with a hostile heart  
 Done ill to any Grecce; on me conuert  
 Your like hostilitie; and vengeance take  
 Of his ill, on my life; and all these, make  
 Joyne in that iustice; but to see abuside  
 Those goods that do none ill, but being ill vsde,  
 Exceeds all right. Yet better tis for me,

My whole posessions, and my rents to see  
Confund' by you; then lose my life and all;  
For on your rapine a reuenge may fall,  
While I live; and so long I may complaine  
About the Cities; till my goods againe  
(Oft askt) may be with all amends repaid.  
But in the meane space, your misrule hath laid  
Griefes on my boosome, that can onely speake,  
And are denied the instant powre of wreake.

This said, his Scepter gainst the ground he threw,  
And tears still'd from him; which mou'd all the crew:  
The Court strooke silent; not a man did dare  
To give a word, that might offend his eare.

*Antinous* only, in this sort replied:

High-spoken, and of spirit vnpacified;  
How haue you sham'd vs, in this speech of yours?  
Will you brand vs, for an offence not ours?  
Your mother (first in craft) is first in cause.

Three yeares are past, and neare, the fourth now drawes,  
Since first the mocked the Peeres *Achian*.

All, she made hope, and promist every man:

Sent for vs euer; left loues shew in nougat;  
But in her heart, conceald another thought.

Besidz, (as curios in her craft) her loome

She with a web charg'd, hard to overcome;

And thus befpake vs: Youths that seeke my bed;

Since my diuine Spouse rests among the dead,

Hold on your suites, but till I end, at most

This funerall weed; left what is done, be lost.

Besidz, I purpose, that when th'austere fate

Of bitter death, shall take into his state,

*Lætes* the *Heroe*; it shall decke

His royall corse; since I shoulf suffer checke

In ill report, of every common dame,

If one so rich, shoulf shew in death his shame.

This speech the vnde; and this did soone perwade

Our gentle mindes. But this, a worke she made

So hugely long, vndoing still in night

(By torches) all, she did by dayes broade light;

That three yeares her deceit, diu'd past our view;

And made vs thinke, that all she faid, was true.

But when the fourth year came, and those slie hours,

That full surprise at length, Dames craftifl powres;

One of her women, that knew all, disclosde

The secret to vs; that she full vnloide

Her whole daies faire affaire, in depth of night.

And then, no further shoulf force her sleight,

But, of necessitie, her worke gaue end.

*Antinous to Telemachus.*

*The wife of Peleus to her women.*

*Telam Penelope retreate, Proverbiuum.*

And

And thus, by me, with euery other friend,  
Professing loue to her, reply to thee;  
That even thy selfe, and all Greeks else may see,  
That we offend not in our stay, but shee.  
To free thy house then, send her to her Sires,  
Commanding that her choice be left entire  
To his election, and one selfe I will.  
Nor let her vexe with her illusions still,  
Her friends that woo her, standing on her wit;  
Because wife *Pallas* hath given wiles to it,  
So full of Art; and made her vnderstand  
All workes, in faire skill of a Ladies hand.  
But (for her working mind) we reade of none  
Of all the old world; in which *Greece* hath showne  
Her rarest pieces, that could equal her.

*Troy, Alcmena, and Mycena* were  
To hold comparison in no degree  
(For solide braine) with wife *Penelope*.  
And yet in her delayes of vs, she shewes  
No profits skill, with all the wit she owes;  
For all this time, thy goods and victuals go  
To vter ruine; and shall cut fo  
While thus the Gods, her glorious mind dispose.  
Glorie, her selfe may gaine; but thou shalt lose  
Thy longings euen for necessary food;  
For we will never go, where lies our good;  
Nor any other where, till this delay  
She puts on all, she quits with th' candless stay  
Of some one of vs; that to all the rest  
May giue free farewell with his nuptiall feast.

The wife yong Prince replide: *Antinous!*  
I may by no meanes turne out of my houfe,  
Her that hath brought me forth, and nourisht me.  
Besidz, if quicke or dead my Father be  
In any region, yet abides in doubt,  
And twill go hard, (my meanes being so runne out)  
To tender to *Icaria* againe  
(If he againe, my mother must maintaine  
In her retreate) the dowre she brought with her.  
And then, a double ill it will conserfe,  
Both from my Father, and from God, on me;  
When (thrust out of her houfe) on her bent knee,  
My Mother shall the horrid Furies raise  
With imprecations; and all men dispraise  
My part in her exposure. Neuer then  
Will I performe this counsell. If your splene  
Swell at my courses, once more I command  
Your absence from my house. Some others hand

*Telemachus to Antinous.*

Charge

Charge with your banquets. On your owne goods eate;  
 And either other mutually intrate,  
 At either of your houles, with your feast.  
 But if ye still esteem more sweete and best,  
 Another spoile; so you still wreakelesse liue:  
 Gnaw (vermine-like) things sacred: no lawes give  
 To your devouring; it remaines that I  
 Inuoke each euer-living Deitie;

And vow if *Ione* shall daigne in any date,  
 Powre of like paines, for pleasures so past rate;  
 From thenecorth looke, where ye haue reueld so,  
 Vnreake, your ruines, all shall vndergo.

Thus spake *Telemachus*, t'affire whose threat,  
 Farre-seeing *Ione*, upon their pinions set  
 Two Eagles from the high browes of a hill,  
 That, mounted on the winds, together still  
 Their strokes extended. But arriuing now  
 Amidst the Councell; ouer every brow,  
 Shooke their thicke wings; and (threatning deaths cold feares)  
 Their neckes and cheekes tore with their eager Seres.  
 Then, on the Courts right-hand away they flew,  
 Above both Court and Citie: with whose view  
 And studie what euene they might foretell,  
 The Councell into admiration fell.

The old *Hera*, *Haliberes* then,  
 The sonne of *Nestor*; that of all old men  
 (His Peeres in that Court) only could foresee  
 By flight of fowles, mans fixed destinie;  
 Twixt them and their amaze, this interposde:

Heare (*Ithacensians*) all your doubts discloste;  
 The woors most are toucht in this offent,  
 To whom are dangers great and imminent.  
 For now, not long more shall *vlysses* bear  
 Lacke of his most lou'd; but ffor some place neare,  
 Addressing to thefe wooers, Fate and Death.  
 And many more, this mischiefe menaceth  
 Of vs inhabiting this famous Ile.  
 Let vs consult yet, in this long forewhile,  
 How to our selues we may preuent this ill.  
 Let theſe men rest ſecure, and reuell ſtill:  
 Though they might find it ſafer, if with vs  
 They would in time preuent what threats them thus:  
 Since not without ſure triall, I foretell  
 These coming stormes; but know their iſſue well.  
 For to *vlysses*, all things haue euent,  
 As I foretold him; when for *Ilios* went  
 The whole Greeke fleete together; and with them,  
 Th'abundant in all counſels, tooke the ſtreame.

*The word is  
 anto: resp  
 ſignifying, infi  
 ſtablish quidam  
 educate vero.*

*Augurians*

*Haliberes an  
 danger.*

I told

I told him, that when much ill he had paſt,  
 And all his men were loſt; he ſhould at laſt,  
 The twentith yearre turne home, to all unknowne;  
 All which effects are to perfection growne.

*Eurymachus*, the ſonne of *Polybus*,  
 Oppoide this mans preſage, and anwered thus:

Hence, Great in years; go, prophecie at home;  
 Thy children teach to ſhu[n] their iſſe to come.

In theſe, ſuperior farre to thee, am I.  
 A world of foulſe beneath the Sunne-beameſ ſlie,

That are not fit t'enforme a prophecie.

Befides, *Vlyſſes* periſh long ago,  
 And would thy faces to thee had destin'd ſo;  
 Since ſo, thy ſo much prophecie had ſpar'd  
 Thy wronging of our riſhts; which for reward  
 Expecteſ, home with thee, hath ſummon'd vs  
 Within the anger of *Telemachus*.

But this will I preſage, which ſhall be true,  
 If any ſparke of anger, chance t'enſue  
 Thy muſch old art, in theſe deepe Auguries,  
 In this yong man incenſed by thy liſes;  
 Euen to himſelfe, his anger ſhall conſerue

The greater anguſh; and thine owne ends erre  
 From all their obiects: and beſides, thine age  
 Shall feele a paine, to make thee curse preſage,  
 With worthy cauſe, for it ſhall touch thee neare.  
 But I will ſoone give end to all our feare,

Preuenting whatſoeuer chance can fall,  
 In my ſuite to the yong Prince, for vs all  
 To ſend his mother to her fathers house,  
 That he may ſort her out a worthy ſpoife;

And ſuch a dowre beſtow, as may befit  
 One lou'd, to leaue her friends, and follow it.  
 Before which courſe be, I beleue that none  
 Of all the Greeks will ceafe th'ambition.  
 Of ſuch a match. For, chance what can to vs,

We, no man fear; no not *Telemachus*,  
 Though ne're ſo greatly ſpoken. Nor care we  
 For any threats of auſtere prophecie  
 Which thou (old dotard) vaniſh of fo in vaine.  
 And thus ſhalt thou in much more hate remaine;

For ſtill the Gods ſhall bearre their ill expences;  
 Nor euer be diſpoſde by competence,  
 Till with her nuptials, ſhe diſmiff our ſuites.  
 Our whole liues dayes ſhall ſow hopes for ſuch fruites.

Her vertues we contend to; nor will go  
 To any other, be ſhe never ſo

Worthy of vs, and all the worth we owe.

*Eurymachus ex  
 cept against the  
 prophecie.*

He

*Telemachus to the woors.*

He answred him: *Eurymachus!* and all  
Ye generous woors, now, in general;  
I see your braue resolues; and will no more  
Make speech of these points; and much leesse, implore.  
It is enough, that all the Grecians here,  
And all the Gods besides, just witness bear,  
What friendly premonitions haue bene spent  
On your forbearance; and their vaine euent.  
Yet with my other friends, let loue preuale  
To fit me with a vessel, free of saile;  
And swende men, that may diuide to me  
My readie passage through the yeelding sea.  
For *Sparta*, and *Amathous* *Pyles* shore  
I now am bound; in purpose to explore  
My long lackt Father; and to trie if Fame  
(Or *Ione*, most author of mans honoured name)  
With his returme and life, may glad mine care,  
Though told in that proofe, I sustaine a yare.  
If dead, I heare him, nor of more state, here  
(Retir'd to my lou'd countrie) I will rare  
A Sepulcher to him, and celebrate  
Such royall parent-rites, as fits his state.  
And then, my mother to a Spouse dispose.

This said, he sat, and to the rest, arose  
*Mentor*, that was *Vlysses* chosen friend;  
To whom, when he set forth, he did command  
His compleate family, and whom he willed  
To set the mind of his old Sire fulfild,  
All things conseruing safe, till his retreat;  
Who (tender of his charge, and seeing to set  
In flight care of their King, his subiects there;  
Suffering his sonne, so much contempt to beare.)  
Thus grauely, and with zeale to him began:  
No more, let any Scepter-bearing man,  
Benevolent, or milde, or humane be;  
Nor in his minde, forme acts of picie,  
But ever feed on blood; and facts vniuit  
Commit, even to the full swinge of his lust;  
Since of diuine *Vlysses*, no man now  
Of all his subiects, any thought doth shew.  
All whom, he gouerned; and became to them  
(Rather then one that wore a diadem)  
A most indulgent father. But (for all  
That can touch me) within no enuie fall  
These insolente woors, that in violent kind,  
Commit things foule, by th' ill wit of the mind;  
And with the hazard of their heads, denoure  
*Vlysses* house; since his returning houre,

*Mentor for Telemachus.*

They hold past hope. But it affects me much,  
(Ye dull plebeians) that all this doth touch  
Your free States nothing; who (strooke dumbe) afford  
These woors, not so much wreake as a word;  
Though few, and you, with onely number might  
Extinguish to them the prophanc'd light.

*Euerors* sonne (*Licritus*) replides  
*Mentor*! the railer, made a foole with pride;  
What language giu'st thou? that would quiet vs,  
With putting vs in storme? exciting thus  
The rout against vs? who, though more then we,  
Should find it is no easie victorie  
To driu men, habited in feast, from feasts;  
No not if *Ithacus* himself, such guels  
Should come and find so furnishing his Court,  
And hope to force them from so sweete a fort.  
His wife should little joy in his arriuie,  
Though much she wants him: for, where she, aliue  
Would hers enjoy; there Death should claime his rights:  
He must be conquer'd, that with many fights.  
Thou speakt vnfit things. To their labours then,  
Disperse these people; and let these two men  
(*Mentor* and *Haliertes*) that so boast,  
From the beginning to haue gouernd most  
In friendship of the Father; to the sonne  
Confirme the course, he now affects to runne.  
But my mind sayes, that if he would but vse  
A little patience, he should here heare newes  
Of all things that his wiſh would understand;  
But no good hope for, of the course in hand.

This said, the Councell rose; when euery Peere  
And all the people, in dispersion were  
To houles of their owne, the woors yet  
Made to *Vlysses* house their old retreat.

*Telemachus*, apart from all the prease,  
Prepar'd to shore; and (in the aged feas,  
His faire hands waſht) did thus to *Pallas* pray: {  
Hear me (O Goddesse) that but yesterday  
Didſt daigne acceſſe to me at home; and lay  
Graue charge on me, to take ſhip, and enquire  
Along the daike feas for mine abſent Sire;  
Which all the Greeks oppofe, amongst whom, moſt  
Thoſe that are proud ſtill at anothers cost,  
Past meaſure, and the ciuil rights of men,  
(My mothers woors) my repulſe maintaine.

Thus ſpake he praying, when cloſe to him came  
*Pallas*, reſembling *Mentor*, both in frame  
Of voice and perſon; and aduiſed him thus:

D

*Licritus to Mentor.*

*Telemachus prays to Pallas.*

They

Thoſe

*Annotations  
for my Mates  
to salutis to  
the page.*

Those woors well might know; *Telemachus!*  
 Thou wilst not euer weake and childish be;  
 If to thee be infild the faculie  
 Of mind and bodie, that thy Father grac't.  
 And if (like him) there be in thee enchac't  
 Vertue to give gods works, and works their end;  
 This voyage, that to them thou didst command  
 Shall not so quickly, as they idly weene,  
 Be vaine, or giuen vp, for their opposite spleene.  
 But if *Vlysses*, nor *Penelope*  
 Were thy true parents, I then hope in thee  
 Of no more vrging thy attempt in hand;  
 For few, that rightly bred on both sides stand,  
 Are like their parents; many that are worse;  
 And most few, better. Those then that the nurse,  
 Or mother call true borne, yet are not so;  
 Like worthy Sires, much lelle are like to grow.  
 But thou shewst now, that in thee fades not quite  
 Thy Fathers wisedome; and that future light  
 Shall therefore shew thee faire from being vnwise,  
 Or toucht with staine of basford cowardize.  
*Hop* therefore sayes, that thou wilst to the end  
 Puruse the braue act, thou didst erst intend.  
 But for the foolish woors, they bewray  
 They neither counsell haue, nor soule; since they  
 Are neither wise nor iust; and so must needs  
 Rest ignorant, how blakke above their heads  
 Fate hours, holding Death, that one sole day  
 Will make enough to make them all away.  
 For thee, the way thou wifhest, shall no more  
 Flie thee a step; I that haue bene before  
 Thy Fathers friend, thine likewise now will be;  
 Prouide thy ship my selfe, and follow thee.  
 Go thou then home, and looth each woors vaine;  
 But vnder hand, fit all things for the Maine;  
 Wine, in as strong and sweete caskes as you can;  
 And meale, the very marrow of a man;  
 Which put in good sure lether sacks, and see  
 That with sweete foode, sweete vessels full agree.  
 I, from the people, strait will preesse for you  
 Free voluntaries, and (for ships) enow  
 Sea-circld *Ithaca* containes, both new  
 And old built; all which, Ile exately view,  
 And chuse what one foever most doth please;  
 Which riggd, weel strain lanch, and assay the seas.

This spake *Tenes* daughter, *Pallas*, whose voice heard;  
 No more *Telemachus* her charge deferd;  
 But hasted home, and sad at heart, did see

Amidst

Amidst his Hall, th' insulting woors fle  
 Goates, and rost l'wine. Mongt whom, *Antinous*  
 Careless, (discouering in *Telemachus*)  
 His grudge to see them) laugh, met, tooke his hand,  
 And said, High spoken with the mind so mannd;  
 Come, do as we do; put not vp your spirits  
 With these low trifles; nor our loving merits,  
 In gall of any hatefull purpose, sleepe;  
 But eate egregiously, and drinke as deepe.  
 The things thou thinkst on, all, at full shall be  
 By th' *Achilles* thought on, and performd to thee:  
 Ship, and choise Oares, that in a trice will land  
 Thy hastic Fleet, on heau'nly *Pylos* sand,  
 And at the fame of thy illustrious Sire.

He answered: Men whom Pri deth so inspire,  
 Are no fit consorts for an humble guest,  
 Nor are constraind men, inerie at their feast.  
 Is't not enough, that all this time ye haue  
 Opt in your entrailes, my chiche goods a graue?  
 And while I was a child, made me partake?  
 My now more growth, more grown my mind doth make:  
 And (hearing speake, more judging men then you)  
 Perceue how much I was misgouernd now.  
 I now will trie, if I can bring ye home  
 An ill Fate to confort you; if it come  
 From *Pylos*, or amongst the people, here.  
 But thither I refolute; and know that there  
 I shall not touch in vaine. Nor will I stay,  
 Though in a merchants ship I stere my way:  
 Which shewes in your sightis best, since me ye know  
 Incapable of ship, or men to row.

This said, his hand he couly snatcht away  
 From forth *Antinous* hand. The rest, the day  
 Spent through the house with banqueting; some with iestis,  
 And some with railings, dignyting their feasts.  
 To whom, a iest-proud youth, the wit began:  
*Telemachus* will kill vs every man.  
 From *Sparta*, or the very *Pylan* land,  
 He will raise aides to his impetuous hand.  
 O he affects it strangely! Or he meanes  
 To search *Ephyras* fat shores, and from thence  
 Bring deathfull poisons, which amongst owl bowls  
 Will make a generall shipwrecke of our soules.

Another said: Alas who knowes, but he  
 Once gone, and erring like his Sire at sea,  
 May perish like him, faire from aide of friends?  
 And so he makes vs worke; for all the erds  
 Left of his goods here, we shall share; the house

*Antinous to  
Telemachus.*

*Telemachus an-  
swers.*

*The wit of the  
woors upon the  
purpse of Tele-  
machus to seake  
his Father.*

Left to his mother, and her chosen Spouse,  
 Thus they. While he a roome ascended, hie  
 And large, built by his Father; where did lie  
 Gold and braffe heape vp; and in coffers were  
 Rich robes, great store of odorous oiles; and there  
 Stood Tuns of sweete old wines, along the walls;  
 Neate and diuine drinke, kept to cheare withall  
*Phifer* old heart, if he turnd againe  
 From labors fatal to him to sustaine.  
 The doores of Planke were; their close exquisite,  
 Kept with a double key; and day and night  
 A woman lockt waching and that was she,  
 Who all trust had for her sufficiencie.  
 Old *Euryale*, (one of *Ope* race,  
 Sonne to *Pisces*, and in passing grace  
 With gray *Murrus*;) her, the Prince did call;  
 And said, Nurse! draw me the most sweete of all  
 The wine thou keepest; next that, which for my Sire,  
 Thy care referes, in hope he shall retire.  
 Twelve vessells fill me forth, and stop them well.  
 Then into well-sewed sacks, of fine ground meale,  
 Powre twentie measures. Nor to any one  
 But thou thy selfe, let this designe be knowne.  
 All this see got together; I, it all  
 In night will fetch off, when my mother shall  
 Ascend her high roome, and for sleepe prepare.  
*Sparta* and *Pyle*, I must leue, in care  
 To find my Father. Out *Euryale* cried,  
 And askt with teares: Why is your mind applied  
 (Deare sonne) to this course? whither will you go?  
 So faire off leaue vs; and beloued so!  
 So onelye; and the sole hope of your race:  
 Royall *Phifer*, fare from the embrase  
 Of his kind countrie, in a land vnknowne  
 Is dead; and you (from your lou'd countrie gone)  
 The woort will with some deccit assay  
 To your destruiction, making then their prey  
 Of all your goods. Where, in your owney are strong,  
 Make sure abode. It firs not you so yong,  
 To suffer so much by the aged seas,  
 And eare in such a waylesse wildernesse.

*Telemachus comes for Euryale.*

Be chear'd (lou'd nurse, said he) for not without  
 The will of God, go my attempts about.  
 Sweare therefore, not to wound my mothers cares  
 With word of this, before from heaven appears  
 The eleventh or twelth light; or her selfe shall please  
 To aske of me; or heares me put to seas;  
 Left her faire bodie, with her woe be woe.

To

To this, the great oath of the Gods, she swore;  
 Which, hauing sworne, and of it, every due  
 Performed to full; to vefels, wine the drew,  
 And into well-sewed sacks powr'd foodie meales;  
 In meane time he (with cunning to conceale  
 All thought of this from others) himselfe bore  
 In broade house, with the woort, as before.

Then grey-eyed *Pallas*, other thoughts did owne,  
 And (like *Telemachus*) trod through the Townes;  
 Commanding all his men, in th'even to be  
 Aboord his shipp. Againe then question'd she  
*Xorman* (fam'd for aged *Phroniss* sonne)  
 About his shipp; who, all things to be done,  
 After'd her frely shoud. The Sunne then set,  
 And sable shadowes slid through evry streeete,  
 When forth they lanct; and soone aboord did bring  
 All Armes, and choice of every needfull thing;  
 That fits a well-rigged shipp. The Goddesse then  
 Stood in the Ports extreame part; where, her men  
 (Nobly appointed) thicke about her came,  
 Whose every breast, she did with spirit enflame,  
 Yet still fresh projects, laid the grey-eyed Dame.

Strait, to the houfe (he hasted); and sweete sleepe  
 Powr'd on each wooer, which so laid in steepe  
 Their drowies temples, that each brow did nod,  
 As all were drinking; and each hand his lode  
 (The cup) let fall. All starr vp, and to bed,  
 Nor more would watch, when sleepe so surfeited  
 Their leaden ey-lids. Then did *Pallas* call  
*Telemachus*, (in bodie, voic, and all  
 Resembling *Mentor*) from his natvie nest:  
 And said, that all his arm'd men were addrest  
 To vse their Oars; and all expected now  
 He should the spirit of a souldier throw.  
 Come then (said he) no more let vs deserre  
 Our hon'rd action. Then she tooke on her  
 A rauish spirite, and led as she did leape;  
 And he her molt haste, tooke out, step by step.

Ariu'd at sea, and shipp; they found ashore  
 The souldiers, that their fashond long haire wore;  
 To whom, the Prince said: Come, my friends; let's bring  
 Our voyages prouision; every thing  
 Is heapt together in our Court; and none  
 (No not my mother, nor her maids) but one  
 Knowes our intention. This exprest; he led.  
 The souldiers close together followed;  
 And all together brought aboord their stoor.  
 Aboord the Prince went; *Pallas* still before

*The care of Minerva for Telemachus.*

*Telemachus to his soldiers.*

D 3

Sat

## THE SECOND BOOKE.

Sat at the Steme: he clost to her; the men  
Vp hastled after He, and *Pallas* then,  
Put from the shore. His fouldiers then he bad  
See all their Armes fit; which they heard, and had.  
  
*Nauigatur.*  
A beechen Maft then, in the hollow base  
They put, and hoifted, fixt it in his place  
With cables; and with well-wreath'd halfers boife  
Their white failes, which gray *Pallas* now employs  
With full and fore-gales, through the darke deep maine.  
  
*Tempor.*  
The purple waues (so swifte cut) roar'd againe  
Against the ship sides, that now ranne, and plowd  
The rugged feas vp. Then the men beftowd  
Their Armes about the ship; and sacrifice  
With crownd wine cups, to th'endleſſe Deities,  
They offerd vp. Of all yet thron'd aboue,  
They moft obferu'd the greyeyd feed of *tow*:  
Who from the evening, till the morning rose,  
And all day long, their voyage did diſpoſe.

*Finiſt libri ſecondi Hom. Odysſ.*




# THE THIRD BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**T**elemachus, and heau'n's wife Dame,  
That never hufband had, now came  
To Neitor; who, his eſter guest  
Recvd as the religious feſt:  
He made to Neptune, on his bōre,  
And there told what was done before  
The Trojan turrets; and the fate  
Of all the Grecians, ſince Ilionſtaue.  
This book, thefe three of greaſt place,  
Doth ſerve with many a varied grace.  
(Whicb paſt); Minetus takes her leane.  
Whicb ſtate, when Neitor doth perceiue;  
With ſacrifice he makes it knowne,  
Where many a bleſſing rite is bowne,  
Whicb dome, Telemachus had gaide  
A chariot of him; who ordaind  
Pisistratus, his ſonne, his guide  
To Sparta; and when ſtarrie eyd  
The ample heau'n began to be;  
All houſe-rites to afford them free  
(In Pherie) Diocles did pleafe;  
His ſurname Ortilochides.

*Pallas.*

*Vid. Minerva,  
Deftor, & Telem-  
achus.*

Another.  
  
**T**euta. Vlyſſes ſonne  
With Neitor lies;  
To Sparta gone,  
Thence *Pallas* flies.

**H**e Sunne now left the great and goodly Lake,  
And to the firme heau'n, bright aſcent did make,  
To ſhine as well vpon the mortall birth,  
Inhabiting the plowd life-giving earth,  
As on the euer tredders vpon Death.  
And now to *Pylas*, that ſo garniſheth  
Her ſelfe with buildings; old *Neleus* towne,  
The Prince and Goddefe come, had ſtrange fightes showne;  
For on the Marine shore, the people there  
To *Neptune*, that the Azure lockes doth weare;  
Beues that were wholy blacke, gave holy flame,  
Nine ſteates of State they made to his high name;

## THE THIRD BOOKE

And every Seate set with fiftie hundred men;  
 And each fiftie hundred, was to furnish them  
 With nine blacke Oxen, ev'ry sacred Seate.  
 These, of the entrailes onely, pleasd to eate;  
 And to the God enflam'd the fleshie thies.  
 By this time *Pallas*, with the sparkling cies,  
 And he the led, within the haue bore:  
 Minerva to Telemachus.  
*Strooke saile, cast anchor, and trod both the shore.*  
 She fist; he after. Then said *Pallas*: Now  
 No more besets thee the least bashfull brow,  
 Tembolden which, this act is put on thee  
 To feele thy Father, both at shore, and sea:  
 And learne in what Clime, he abides so close;  
 Or in the powre of what Fate doth repose.  
 Come then; go right to *Nestor*, let vs see  
 If in his bofome any counfell be,  
 That may informe vs. Pray him not to trace  
 The common courthip; and to speake in grace  
 Of the Demander; but to tell the truth:  
 Which will delight him; and commend thy youth;  
 For such prevention; for he loues no lies;  
 Nor will report them, being truly wife.

Telemachus to Minerva.  
*He answere: Nestor!* how alas shall I  
 Present my selfe; how greete his grautie?  
 My youth by no meanes that ripe forme affords;  
 That can digest my minds instinct, in words  
 Wife, and beseeming th'ates of one so age.  
 Youth of most hope, blusht to vew words with Age:  
 She said: Thy mind will some conceit impresse,  
 And something God will prompt thy towardnesse.  
 For I suppose, thy birth and breeding too,  
 Were not in spite of what the Gods could do.  
 This said, she swiftly went before, and he  
 Her steps made guides, and followd instantly.  
 When soone they reacht the *Pylian* throngs and seates,  
 Where *Nestor* with his sonnes sate; and the meates  
 That for the feast seru'd; round about them were  
 Adherents dressing all their sacred cheare,  
 Being rost and boyld meates. When the *Pylians* saw  
 These strangers come: in thrust did all men draw  
 About their entrie. Tooke their hands, and praid  
 They both would sin. Their entrie first assaid  
 By *Nestors* sonne, *Pisistratus*. In grace  
 Of whose repaire, he gave them honor'd place  
 Betwixt his Sire, and brother *Thrasimedes*,  
 Who sat at feast, on soft Fels that were spred  
 Along the sea sands. Keru'd, and reacht to them  
 Parts of the inwards; and did make a firame

They are receiued  
and as guests.

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

Of sprightly wine, into a golden boule;  
 Which to *Minerva*, with a gentle soule  
 He gaue, and thus spake: Ere you eate, faire guest,  
 Invoke the Seas King, of whose sacred feasts,  
 Your trauell hither, makes ye partners now:  
 When (sacrificing, as becomes) below  
 This boule of sweete wine on your friend, that he  
 May likewise vse these rites of piente:  
 For I suppose, his youth doth prayers vse,  
 Since all men need the Gods. But you I chuse  
 First in this cups disposure, since his years  
 Seeme short of yours; who more like me appears:  
 Thus gaue he her the cup of pleasant wine;  
 And since a wife and iust man did designe  
 The golden boule first to her free receit;  
 Even to the Goddess it did adde delight,  
 Who thus inuokt: *Heare now whos vall embrace*  
*Enspheeres the whole earth; nor disdaine thy grace*  
*To vs that ake it, in performing this:*  
*To Nestor first, and shes faire sonnes of his,*  
*Vouchsafe all honor; and next them, below*  
*On all these *Pylans*, that haue offerd now*  
*This moost renowned Hecatomb to thee;*  
*Remuneratiōn fit for them, and free;*  
*And lastly daigne *Tel'machus*, and me,*  
*(The worke performd, for whose effect we came)*  
*Our safe returne, both with our ship and fame.*

Thus praid she; and her selfe, her selfe obaid,  
 In th'end performing all for which she praid.  
 And now to pray, and do as sh' had done;  
 She gaue the faire round boule *'Vlisses* sonne.

The meate then drest, and drawne, and seru'd; each guest,  
 They celebratēd a most sumptuous feast.

When (appetite to wine and food allaid)

Horse-taming *Nestor* then began, and said:

Now lifes desire is seru'd, as faire as fare,  
 Time fits me to enquire, what guests these are.  
 Faire gastes, what are ye? and for what Coast tries?  
 Your ship the moist deepes? For fit merchandize,  
 Or crudely coast ye, like our men of prize?  
 The rough sea tempring, desperatly ering  
 The ill of others, in their good conserning?

The wife Prince, now his boldnesse did begin;  
 For *Pallas* selfe had hardned him within;  
 By this devise of trauell to explore  
 His absent Father; which two Girlonds wore;  
 His good, by manage of his spirits; and then  
 To gaue him high grace, in th'accounts of men.

The bounties  
of Pisistratus  
to strangers.

Minerva grace.

*Nestor to the  
strangers.*

*Telemachus an  
swers.*

O *Nestor!* still in whom *Nestor* lives!  
And all the glorie of the Greeks suruiues;  
You ask, from whence we are; and I relate:  
From *Ithaca* (whose seate is situate  
Where *Neptune* the renowned Mountaine reares  
His haughtie forehead; and the honor beares  
To be our Sea-marke) we affaid the waues;  
The businesse I must tell; our owne good craves,  
And hot the publicke. I am come t'enquire,  
If in the same that best men doth inspire,  
Of my most-suffering Father, I may heare  
Some truth of his estate now; who did beare  
The name (being ioynd in fight with you alone)  
To even with earth the height of *Troy*.  
Of all men else, that any name did beare,  
And sought for *Troy*, the fearefull ends we heare;  
But his death, *Iove* keeps from the world vnkowne;  
The certaine fame thereof, being told by none.  
It on the Continen<sup>t</sup> by enemies flaine;  
Or with the waues eat, of the rauenous Maine.  
For his loue tis, that to your knees I sue,  
That you would please, out of your owne cleare view,  
To affre his fad end; or say, if your eare  
Hath heard of the vnhappy wanderer,  
To too much sorrow, whom his mother bore.  
You then, by all your bounties I implore,  
(If euer to you, deed or word hath stood,  
By my good Father promist, tendered good  
Amongst the Troians; where ye both haue tried  
The Grecian sufferance) that, in nought applied  
To my respect or pitie, you will gloste,  
But vnclothe Truth, to my desires disclose.

*Nestor to Tele-  
machus.*

O my much lou'd, (said he) since you renew  
Remembrance of the miseries that grew  
Vpon our still-in-strength-opposing *Greeke*,  
Amongst *Troys* people; I must touch a peece  
Of all our woes there; either in the men  
*Achilles* brought by sea, and led to gaine  
About the Country; or in vs that fought  
About the Citie, where to death were brought  
All our chiefe men, as many as were there.  
There *Mars*-like *Ajax* lies; *Achilles* there;  
There the-in-counsell-like the Gods, his friends  
There my deare sonne *Axtilothus* tooke end;  
Past measure swift of foote, and staid in fight.  
A number more, that ills felt infinite:  
Of which to reckon all, what mortall man  
(If fiue or sixe years you shoulde stay here) can

Serue such enquierie! You would backe againe,  
Affected with unufferable paine,  
Before you heard it. Nine yeares siegd we them,  
With all the depth and sleight of stratagem  
That could be thought. Ill knit to ill, past end:  
Yet still they tolde vs; nor would yet *Iove* send  
Reft to our labors: nor will scarcely yer.  
But no man liu'd, that would in publicke set  
His waledome, by *Plysses* policie,  
(As thought his equall) so excessiuely  
He stod superiour all wayes. If you be  
His sonne indeed; mine eyes euerauash me  
To admiration. And in all content,  
Your speech puts on his speeches ornament.  
Nor would one say, that one so yong could vse  
(Vnlesse his sonne) a Rhetorique so profuse.  
And while we liu'd together, he and I  
Neuer in speech maintaynd diversitie:  
Nor set in counsell: but (by one soule led)  
With spirit and prudent counsell furnished  
The Greeks at all hours: that with fairest course,  
What best became them, they might put in force.  
But when *Troy*'s high Towres, we had leueld thus;  
We put to sea; and God diuided vs.  
And then did *Iove*, our fad retreat deuise,  
For all the Greeks were neither iust nor wise,  
And therefore many felte so sharpe a fate;  
Sent from *Mineruas* most pernicious hate;  
Whose mighty Father can do fearfull things.  
By whose helpe sic, betwixt the brother Kings  
Let fall Contention: who in counsell met  
In vaine, and timelesse; when the Sunne was set;  
And all the Greeks calld; that came chargd with wine.  
Yetthen the Kings would vitter their designe,  
And why they summond. *Menelaus*, he  
Put all in mind of home; and cried, To sea.  
But *Agamemnon* stood on contraries;  
Whose will was, they shoulde stay and sacrifice  
Whole Hecatombs to *Pallas*; to forgo  
Her high wrath to them. Foole, that did not know  
She would not so be wonne: for not with easie  
Th'eternal Gods are turnd from what they please.  
So they (diuided) on foule language stood.  
The Greckes, in huge rout rose: their wine-heate bloud,  
Two wayes affecting. And that nightis sleepe too,  
We turnd to studying either others wo.  
When *Iove* besides, made readie woes enow.  
Mome came, and in our shippes did stow

*De Gezeorum  
diffido.*

Discouning:- Our goods, and faire-girt women. Halfe our men  
to Grecian. The peoples guide (*Atrides*) did containe;  
And halfe (being now aboord) put forth to sea.  
A most free gale gaue all shippes prosperous way.  
God ferred then the huge whale-bearing lake;  
And *Tenedos* we reacht; where, for times sake,  
We did diuine rites to the Gods: but *Ione*  
(Inexorable still) bore yet no loue  
To our retурne; but did againe excite  
A fecond lad Contention, that turnd quite  
A great part of vs backe to sea againe;  
Which were th'abundant in all counsels men,  
(Your matchlesse Father) who, (to gratifie  
The great *Atrides*) backe to him did fie.  
But I fled all, with all that followed me;  
Because I knew, God studied miserie,  
To hurle amongst vs. With me likewise fled  
Martiall *Tidides*. I, the men he led,  
Gat to go with him. Winds our fleete did bring  
To *Lesbos*, where the yellow-headed King  
(Though late, yet) found vs: as we put to choise  
A tedious voyage; if we saile shoud hysse:  
Aboue rough *Chius* (left on our left hand)  
To th'Ille of *Pisidia*; or that rugged land  
Saile vnder, and for windie *Mimas* stere.  
We askt of God, that some ostent might cleare  
Our cloudie businesse: who gaue vs signe,  
And charge, that all shold (in a middle line)  
The sea cut, for *Eubaea*; that with speed.  
Our long sustaing infortune might be freed.  
Then did a whistling wind begin to rise,  
And swifly flew we through the fiftie skies,  
Till to *Cerasus* we in night were brought;  
Where (through the broad sea, since we saile had wrought)  
At *Nepunes* altars, many solid thies  
Of slaughtered buls, we burn'd for sacrifice.  
The fourth day came, when *Tydus* sonne did greete  
The hauen of *Argos*, with his compleat Fleete.  
But I, for *Pylas* strait sterd on my course,  
Nor euer left the wind his fore right force,  
Since God fore-sent it first. And thus I came  
(Deare sonne) to *Pylas*, vninformd by fame;  
Nor know one sau'd by Fate, or overcome.  
Whom I haue heard of since (set here at home)  
As fits, thou shalte be taught, nought left vnhowne.  
The expert speare-men; every Myrmidon,  
(Led by the braue heire of the mighty sould  
Vnpeerd *Achilles*) safe of home got hold.

Safe

Safe *Philoctetes*, Peans famous seed:  
And faire *Idomenus*; his men led  
To his home, (Crete) who fled the armed field,  
Of whom, yec nonc, the sea from him withheld.  
*Atrides* (you haue both heard, though ye be  
His fare off dwellers) what an end had he,  
Done by *Aegisthus*, to a bitter death;  
Who miserably paid for forced breath;  
*Atrides* leaving a good sonne, that dide  
In bloud of that deceitfull particide  
His wreakefull fword. And thou my friend (as he  
For this hath his fame) the like spirit in thee  
Assume at all parts. Faire, and great I see  
Thou art, in all hope; make it good to th'end;  
That after-times, as much may thee command.  
He answرد: O thou greatest grace of Greece;  
*Orpheus* made that wreake, his master peece;  
And him the Greeks will give, a master praise;  
Verse finding him, to last all after daies.  
And would to God, the Gods would fauour me  
With his performance; that my iniurie,  
Done by my mothers wooers, (being so foule)  
I might revenge vpon their every soule.  
Who (pressing me with contumelies) dare  
Such things as past the powre of vtterance are.  
But heauens great Powres, haue grac't my destinie  
With no such honor. Both my Sire and I,  
Are borne to suffer euerlastingly.

Because you name those wooers (Friend, said he)  
Report sayes, many such, in spite of thee,  
(Wooring thy mother) in thy house commit  
The illes thou nam'st. But say; proceedeth it  
From will in thee, to beare so foule a foile;  
Or from thy subiects hate, that wish thy spoile?  
And will not aide thee, since their spirits relie  
(Againt thy rule) on some graue Augurie?  
What know they, but at length thy Father may  
Come, and with violence, their violence pay?  
Or he alone, or all the Greeks with him?  
But if *Minerva* now did so esteeme  
Thee, as thy Father, in times past; whom, past  
All measure, she, with glorious fauours grac't  
Amongst the *Trojans*, where we suffered so;  
(O! did never see, in such cleare show,  
The Gods so grace a man, as she to him,  
To all our eyes, appear'd in all her trim)  
If so, I lay, she woulde be please to loue,  
And that her minds care, thou so much couldst moue,

Telemachus  
Nector.Nestor Tele-  
macho.

E

As

*Telomachus.* As did thy Father, eury man of thef,  
Would loſt in death their ſecking mariages.  
O Father, (anſwerd he) you make amaze  
Scife me throughout. Beyond the height of phare  
You raife exprefſion; but twill neuer be,  
That I ſhall moue in any Deſtie,  
So blifte an honour. Not by any meaneſ,  
If Hope ſhould prompt me, or blind Confidence,  
(The God of Fooles), or eury Deſtie  
Should will it; for, tis paſt my deſtinie.  
  
*Minerva.* The burning-cyd Dame anſwerd: What a ſpeech  
Hath paſt the teeth-guard, Nature gaue to teach  
Fit queſtion of thy words before they ſlie? {  
God eaſily can (when to a mortall eie  
Hee's furtheſt off) a mortall faſtie;  
And does, the more ſtill. For thy caſd for Sire,  
I rather wiſh, that I might home retire,  
After myufferance of a world of woes;  
Farre off; and then my glade eyes might diſcloſe  
The day of my returne; then ſtraiſt retire,  
And perhaſ ſtanding by my houſhold fire.  
As *Agamemnon* diſd; that loſt his life,  
By falſe *Egiffius*, and his falſer wife.  
For Death to come at length, tis due to all,  
Nor can the Gods themſelves, when Fate ſhall call  
Theiſt moſt lou'd man, extend his vital breath  
Beyond the fixt bounds of abhorred Death.  
  
*Telomachus.* *Mentor!* (laid he) let's dwell no more on thiſ,  
Although in vs, the forrow pious iſ.  
No ſuch returme, as we wiſh, Fates bequeath  
My erring Father, whom a preuent deaſt,  
The deaſleſſe haue decreed. Ile now vfe ſpeech  
That tends to other purpoſe; and beſeech  
Inſtruction of graue *Nefor*; ſince he flowes  
Paſt shore, in all expeſience; and knowes  
The ſleights and wiſdomes; to whose heights aſpire  
Others, as well as my commended Sire;  
Whom Fame reports to haue commanded thiſe  
Ages of men and doth in fight to me  
Shew like th' Immortals. *Nefor!* the renoume  
Of old *Nelius*; make the cleare truſt knowne,  
How the moſt great in Empire, *Aſtreuſ ſoane*,  
Suffaſt the aſt of his deſtruſion.  
Where then was *Menelaus*? how was it,  
That falſe *Egiffius*, being ſo farre vnfite  
A mach for him, could his deaſt ſo enforſe?  
Was he not then in *Argos*? or his courſe  
With men ſo left, to let a coward breathe

Spirit

Spirit enough, to dare his brothers deaſt?  
Ile tell thee truth in all (faire ſonne) ſaid he:  
Riſe well was this euent conceiu'd by thee.  
If *Menelaus* in his brothers house,  
Had found the idle liuer with his ſpoouse,  
(Arriu'd from *Troy*) he had not liu'd; nor dead  
Had the digged heape powrd on his luſtfull head:  
But fowles and dogs had torne him in the fields,  
Farre off of *Argos*. Not a Dame it yeelds,  
Had giuen him any teare; ſo foule his fact  
Shew'd euē to women. Vs *Troy's* warres had rackt  
To euery fineweſſe ſufferance; while \*he  
In *Argos* uplands liu'd, from thofe workes free.  
And *Agamemnon's* wife, with force of word  
Flatterd and loſt'n'd; who, at firſt abhord  
A fact ſo infamous. The heau'ly Dame,  
A good mind had; but was in blood too blame.  
There was a \*Poet, to whose care, the King  
His Queene committed; and in every thing  
(When he for *Troy* went) charg'd him to apply  
Himſelfe in all guard to her dignitie.  
But when ſtrong Fate, fo wrapt-i her affeſts,  
That ſhe refolud to leauē her fit reſpects;  
Into a defart ille, her Guardian led,  
(There lefft) the rapine of the Vultures fed.  
Then brought he willing home his wiſs wonne prize,  
On ſacred Altars offerd many Thies:  
Hung in the Gods Phanes many ornaments;  
Garments and gold; that he the vast euent  
Of ſuch a labor, to his wiſh had brought,  
As neither fell into his hope, nor thought.  
  
*Egiffius.* At laſt, from *Troy* ſailed *Sparta* king and I,  
Both, holding her vntoucht. And (that his eie  
Might ſee no worfe of her) when both were blowne  
To ſacred *Sunius* (of *Minerua's* towne  
The goodly Promontorie) with his shafts ſeuere  
*Augur Apollo* flue him that did ſtere  
*Arides* ſhip, as he the ſterne did guide,  
And ſhe the full ſpeed of her ſaile applide.  
He was a man, that nations of men  
Exceld in ſafe guide of a vefſell; when  
A tempeſt rufht in on the ruffid ſeas:  
His name was *Phronis Onetorides*,  
And thus was *Menelaus* held from home,  
Whofe way he thiſted ſo to ouercome;  
To giue his friend the earth, being his purſuite,  
And all his exequies to execute.  
But failing ſtill the wind-hewd ſeas, to reach

*Nefor Teloma*  
cho de *Egiffius*  
adulterio.

Egiffius.

auſſe amy.

Some  
ſimile ſuppoſeble  
reſt cauſe facies  
viuſe repreſentat

Some shire for fit performance; he did fetch  
The steep Mount of the *Malams*; and there  
With open voice, offended *Jupiter*,  
Proclaimd the voyage, his repugnant mind;  
And pow'rd the pufes out of a shrecking wind,  
That nourish't bollowes, heightned like to hills.  
And with the Fleets diuision, fulfils  
His hate proclaimd; vpon a part of *Crete*  
Casting the Nauie, where the sea-waues meeke  
Rough *Tardanus*; and where the *Cydon* liue.

There is a Rocke, on which the Sea doth drue;  
Bare, and all broken; on the confines set  
Of *Cortys*; that the darke seas likewise fret;  
And hither sent the South, a horrid drift  
Of waues against the top, that was the left  
Of that torne cliffe, as faire as *Pheilus* Strand.  
A litle stome, the great seas rage did stand.  
The men here driuen, scapt hard the ships fore shocks;  
The ships themselues being wrackt against the rocks,  
Sau'e onely fwe, that blue fore-castles bore,  
Whiche wind and water cast on *Egypt*'s shore.  
When he (there vict'ring well, and store of gold  
Aboord his ships brought) his wilde way did hold,  
And 't other langu'g'd men, was forc't to rome.  
Meane space *Egishus* made sad wroke at home;  
And slue his brother, forcing to his sway,

Agamemnonis  
interventus.

*Atrides* tubiects; and did seuen yeares lay  
His yoke vpon the rich *Aycean* State.  
But in the eight, (to his affrighting fate)  
Duine *Orestes* home from *Athens* came;  
And what his royll Father fel, the same  
He made the false *Egishus* groane beneath:  
*Death euermore is the reward of Death.*  
Thus hauing slaine him; a sepulchral feast  
He made the *Argives*, for his lustfull guest,  
And for his mother, whom he did detest.  
The selfe-same day, vpon him stole the King,  
(Good at a martiall shout) and goods did bring,  
As many as his freighted Fleete could beare.  
But thou (my sonne) too long, by no meanes erre,  
Thy goods left free for many a spoillfull guest;  
Lest they consume some, and diuide the rest;  
And thou (perhaps besidcs) thy voyage lose.  
To *Menelaus* yet thy course dispole,  
I wish and charge thee; who but late arriu'd,  
From such a shore, and men, as to haue liu'd  
In a retorne from them, he never thought;  
And whom, blacke whirlwinds violently brought

Orestes patrem  
victoriarum.

Within

Within a fea so valt, that in a yare  
Not any fowle could passe it any where,  
So huge and horrid was it. But go thou  
With ship and men (or if thou pleaseft now  
To passe by land, there shall be brought for thee  
Both horse and chariot; and thy guides shall be  
My sonnes themselves) to *Sparta*, the diuine,  
And to the King, whose locke like Amber shone.  
Intreate the truth of him; nor loues he lies;  
Wisdom in truth is; and he's passing wife.

This said, the Sunne went downe, and vp rose Night,  
When *Pallas* spake; O Father, all good right  
Bearc thy directions. But diuide we now  
The sacrifices tongues; mixe wine, and vow  
To *Neptune*, and the other euer blest;  
That hauing sacrific'd, we may to reft.  
The fit houre runnes now; light diuines out of date,  
At sacred feasts, we must not sit too late.

She said: They heard; the Herald water gaue;  
The youths crownd cups with wine; and let all haue  
Their equal shares, beginning from the cup,  
Their parting banquet. All the Tongues cut vp;  
The fire they gave them; sacrific'd, and roles  
Wine, and diuine rites, vnde to each disposes  
*Mineras* and *Telemachus* deside  
They might to shipp be, with his leaue, retire.

He (mou'd with that) prouoke thus their abodes:  
Now *Ioue* forbid, and all the long-liu'd Gods,  
Your leauing me, to sleepe aboard a shipp:  
As I had drunke of poore *Penias* whip,  
Euen to my nakednesse; and had nor sheete,  
Nor couering in my houle; that warme nor sweete  
A guest, nor I my selfe, had meanes to sleepe;  
Where I, both weeds and wealthy couerings keepe  
For all my guests: nor shall Fame euer say,  
The deare sonne of the man *Vlysses*, lay  
All night a shipp boord here, while my dayes shone;  
Or in my Court, whiles any sonne of mine  
Enioyes furiuall: who shall guests receiuie,  
Whom euer, my house hath a nooke to leaue.

My much lou'd Father, (said *Mineras*) well  
All this becomes thee. But perfwade to dwell  
This night with thee thy sonne *Telemachus*;  
For more conuenient is the course for vs,  
That he may follow to thy houle, and rest.  
And I may boord our blacke saile; that address  
At all parts I may make our men, and cheare  
All with my presence; since of all men there

Pallas Nestori.

I boast my selfe the senior; th'others are  
Youths, that attend in free and friendly care,  
Great-fould *Telemachus*, and are his peers,  
In fresh similitude of forme and yeeres.  
For their conformance, I will therefore now  
Sleepe in our blacke Barke. But when Light shall shew  
Her siluer forehead, I intend my way.

Amongst the *Caucas*; men that are to pay  
A debt to me, nor small, nor new. For this,  
Take you him home, whom in the mome dismisse,  
With chariot and thy sonnes; and give him hode  
Ablest in strength, and of the speediest course.

This said, away he flew; formd like the fowle  
Men call the *Ossifrage*; when every soule  
Amaze inuaded: ev'n th'old man admir'd;  
The youthes hand tooke, and said: O most defin'd,  
My hope sayes, thy prooef will no coward shew,  
Nor one vnskild in warre; when Deities now  
So yong attend thee, and become thy guides:  
Nor any of the heauen-housde States besides,  
But *Tritygona* selfe; the seed of *Ione*;  
The great in prey, that did in honor more  
So much about thy Father, amongst all  
The Grecian armie. Fairest Queene, let fall  
On me like fauours: give me good renoume,  
Which as on me, on my lou'd wife, let downe,  
And all my children. I will burne to thee  
An Ox: right bred, brode headed, and yoke-free,  
To no mans hand yet humbled. Him will I  
(His horns in gold hid) givē thy Deitie.

Thus praid he, and she heard; and home he led  
His sonnes, and all his heapes of kindred;  
Who entring his Court royll, every one  
He marshald in his feuerall feate and throne.  
And every one, so kindly come, he gane  
His sweet-wine cup; which none was let to hane  
Before this leueny year, landed him from *Troy*;  
Which now the Burlesse had leue t'employ.  
Who therefore pierst it, and did givē it vent.  
Of this, the old Duke did a cup present  
To every gues: made his maid many a paine  
That wearest the Shield fring'd with his nurses haire;  
And gauē her sacrifice. With this rich wine  
And food suffiside, Sleepe all eyes did decline.  
And all for home went: but his Court alone,  
*Telemachus*, divine *Plysses* sonne,  
Must make his lodging, or noe please his heart.  
A bed, all chequer'd with elaborate Art,

Dispart Mi-  
seria.Neftor Tele-  
macho-

Within

Within a Portico, that rung like brasse,  
He brought his guest to; and his bediere was  
*Pisistratus*, the martiall guide of men,  
That liu'd, of all his sonnes, vnewed till then.  
Himselfe lay in a by-roome, fare aboue,  
His bed made by his barren wife, his loue.

The rosie-finger'd morne, no sooner shone,  
But vp he rose, tooke aire, and sat vpon  
A seat of white, and goodly polishit stone,  
That such a gloze as richest ointments wore  
Before his high gates, where the Counsellor  
That matcht the Gods (his Father) sode to sit:  
Who now (by Fate forc't) stoopt as low as it.  
And here late *Neftor*, holding in his hand  
A Scepter; and about him round did stand  
(As early vp) his sonnes troope; *Perseus*,  
The God-like *Thrasimedes*, and *Aretus*,  
*Echephon*, *Stratius*; the first and last  
*Pisistratus*; and by him (halfe embrac't  
Still as they came) diuine *Telemachus*  
To thefe (spake *Neftor*, old *Genenius*):

Haste (loued sonnes) and do me a desire,  
That (first of all the Gods) I may aspire  
To *Pallas* fauour, who vouchsaft to me,  
At *Neptunes* feast, her sight so openly.  
Let one to field go, and an Ox with speed  
Cause hitther brought; which, let the Heardsman leades;  
Another to my deare guests vesell go,  
And all his souldiers bring, saue onely two.  
A third, the Smith that works in gold, command  
(*Leritus*) to attend, and lend his hand,  
To plate the both hornes round about with gold;  
The rest remaine here close. But first, (ee told  
The maids within, that they prepare a feast;  
Set feates through all the Court: see strait address  
The purest water, and get fuelled feld.

This said; not one, but in the seruice held  
Officiss hand. The Ox came led from field;  
The Souldiers troopt from shipp, the Smith he came,  
And those tooles brought, that seru'd the actuall frame,  
His Art conceiu'd, brought Anvile, hammers brought,  
Faire tongz and all, with which the gold was wrought.  
*Minerva* likewise came, to set the Crowne  
On that kind sacrifice, and mak't her owne.

Then th'old Knight *Neftor* gave the Smith the gold,  
With which he strait did both the hornes infold;  
And trimm'd the Offering so, the Goddesse ioyd.  
About which, thus were *Neftors* sonnes employd:

*Neftor fili-pa-  
tri vniuersi Mincr.  
ux lacrum ap-  
parant,*

*The forme of the  
Sacrifice.*

Divine *Echepbrom*, and faire *Sratium*,  
Held both the horns: the water odorous,  
In which they waft, what to the rites was vowed,  
*Aretus* (in a caldron, all besprowd  
With herbes and floweres) sen'd in from th' holy roome  
Where all were drest; and whence the rites must come.  
And after him, a hallowd virgin came,  
That brought the barley cake, and blew the flame.  
The axe, with which the Ox should both be feld  
And cut forth, *Tbrafimed* stood by, and held.  
*Persu* the vesell held, that should retaine  
The purple licour of the offering flaine.  
Then wafted, the pious Father: then the Cake  
(Of barley, salt, and oile made) tooke, and brake.  
Ask many a boone of *Pallas*; and the state  
Of all the offering, did initiate.  
In three parts cutting off the haire, and cast  
Amidst the flame. All th'inuocation past,  
And all the Cake broke; manly *Tbrafimed*  
Stood neare, and fure, and such a blow he laid  
Aloft the offring; that to earth he sunke,  
His neck-nerues standerd, and his spints shrunke.  
Out shriekt the daughters, daughter in lawes, and wife  
Of three-ag'd *Neflor*, (who had eldest life  
Of Clymens daughters) chaf't *Eurydice*.  
The Ox on broad earth, then layd laterally,  
They held, while Duke *Pisistratus*, the throte  
Diffolu'd and fet, the lable blood afforte;  
And then the life the bones left. Instantly  
They cut him vp, apart flew either Thic,  
Tha with the fat they dubd, with art alone,  
The throte-briske, and the sweet-bread pricking on.  
Then *Neflor* broild them on the cole-turnd wood,  
Pou'rd blacke wine on; and by him yong men stod,  
Tha spits fine-pointed held, on which (when burn'd  
The solid Thics were) they transfir, and turnd  
The inwards, cut in canties: which (the meate  
Vowd to the Gods, consum'd) they rost and ate.  
In meane space, *Polycaeste* (call'd the faire, •  
*Neflors* yongst daughter) bath'd *Vlysses* heire,  
Whom, having cleand, and with rich balmes bespred,  
She cast a white shirt quickly o're his head,  
And then his weeds put on; when, forth he went,  
And did the person of a God present.  
Came, and by *Neflor* tooke his honourd seate,  
This pastor of the people. Then, the meate  
Of all the spare parts rosted; off they drew;  
Sate, and fell to. But foone the temperate few,

Rofe, and in golden bolles, filld others wine.  
Till, when the rest felthirst of least decline;  
*Neflor* his sonnes bad, fetch his high-man'd horse,  
And them in chariot ioyne, to tunne the courfe  
The Prince resolu'd. Obaid, as foone as heard  
Was *Neflor* by his sonnes; who strait prepard  
Both horfe and chariot. She that kept the store,  
Both bread and wine, and all such wands more,  
As shoud the feast of loue-fed Kings compote;  
Pouruaid the voyage. To the rich Coach, rofe  
*Vlysses* sonne; and close to him ascended  
The Duke *Pisistratus*, the reines intended,  
And scourg'd, to force to field, whi freely flew,  
And left the Towne, that farre her splendor threw.  
Both holding yoke, and shooke it all the day;  
But now the Sunne set, darkning every way,  
When they to *Pheris* came; and in the houle  
Of *Dioicles* (the sonne *tOrtilochus*),  
Whom flood *Alpheus* got, slept all that night:  
Who gaue them each due hospitable rite.  
But when the rosie-fingerd morne arose,  
They went to Coach, and did their horse incloſe,  
Draue forth the fore-court, and the porch that yeelds  
Each breath a sound; and to the fruitfull fields  
Rode scourging still their willing flying Steeds;  
Who strenuously performd their wonted speeds.  
Their journey ending iust when Sunne went downe;  
And shadowes all wayes through the earth were throwne.

Telemachus  
prolicicitor ad  
strenuum.

Finis libri tertij IHom. Odyss.

THE

# THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**R**ECEIV'D now, in the Spartan Court  
Telemachus, prefers report,  
To Menelaus, of the strong  
Of woes with him, and their wrong.  
Atrides tells the Greeks' retreat,  
And doth a Prophecie repeat,  
That Proteus made, by which he knew  
His brother's death; and then doth show  
How with Calypso liv'd he free  
Of his young grief. The woes confire  
Their Prince's death: whose treachery knowne,  
Penelope in teares doth drowne,  
Whom Pallas by a dreame doth cheare,  
And in similitude appearre  
Of faire Iphithima, knowne to be  
The sister of Penelope.

## Another.

**A**genta. Here, of the Sire  
The Some doth hearre:  
The woes confire;  
The mothers feare.

*Actus I. Argumentum in  
tempore in  
toto, in  
exponendis Spat  
tam amplior  
explicatio mag-  
nam, utrue autem  
seus sit proper  
plurima certa  
naturam,*

**N** In Lacedemon now, the nurse of Whales,  
There two arruid, and found at festivals  
(With mightie concourse) the renowned King,  
His sonne and daughter, ioyntly marrying.  
*Alectors* daughter, he did give his sonne  
Strong Megapenthe, who his life begunne  
By Menelaus bondmaid; whom he knew  
In yeares. When Helen could no more renew  
In issue like diuine Hermone,  
Who held in all faire forme, as high degree  
As golden Venus. Her he married now  
To great Achilles sonne, who was by vow  
Betrothd to her at Troy. And thus the Gods  
To constant loues, givē nuptiall periods.  
Whose state here past, the Myrmidons rich towne  
(Of which she shar'd in the Imperiall Crowne)  
With horse and charioes he resign'd her to.  
Meane space, the high huge houfe, with feast did flow

Of

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

Of friends and neighbours, loyng with the King.  
Amongst whom, did a heavenly Poet sing,  
And touch his Harpe. Amongst whom likewise danc't  
Two, who in that dumbe motion aduanc't,  
Would prompt the Singer, what to sing and play.  
All this time, in the vtre Court did stay,  
With horse and chariot, Telemachus,  
And Nestors noble sonne, Pifistratus.  
Whom Etemenus coming forth, decryed,  
And being a seruant to the King, most tried  
In care, and his respect, he ranne and cried:  
Guests! lowe-kept Menelaus two such men,  
As are for forme, of high Saturnius straine.  
Informe your pleasure, if we shall vncole  
Their horse from coach; or say, they must dispose  
Their way to come such houfe, as may embracie  
Their knowne arriuall, with more welcōing grace?

He (angry) answērd, Thou didst never shew  
Thy selfe a foole (*Bratides*) till nowz,  
But now (as if turnd child) a childish speech!  
Vents thy vaine spirits. We ourselues now reach  
Our home, by much spent hospitalitie  
Of other men; nor know, if *we* will tri'e,  
With other after wants, our state againe:  
And therefore, from our feast, no more detaine  
Those welcome guests; but take their Steeds from Coach,  
And with attendance guide in their approach.

This said, he rusht abroad, and call'd some more  
Tried in such seruice, that together bore  
Up to the guests: and tooke their Steeds that swet  
Beneath their yokes, from Coach. At mangers set,  
Wheat and white barley gaue them mixt; and plac't  
Their Chariot by a wall to cleare, it cast  
A light quite thorough it. And then they led  
Their guests to the diuine houfe, which so fed  
Their eyes at all parts with illuftrous sights,  
That Admiracion seid them. Like the lights  
The Sunne and Moone gaue; all the Pallace threw  
A luster through it. Satiate with wholē view,  
Downe to the Kings most bright-kept Baths, they wene;  
Where handmaids did their seruices present:  
Bath'd, balmd them; shirts, and well-napt weeds put on,  
And by *Atrides* side, set each his throne.  
Then did the handmaid royall, water bring,  
And to a Lauer, rich and glittering,  
Of massie gold, pow'r'd: which she plac't vpon  
A siluer Caldron, into which, might runne  
The water as they walsh. Then set she neare

*Actus II. Argumentum in  
tempore in  
toto, in  
exponendis Spat  
tam amplior  
explicatio mag-  
nam, utrue autem  
seus sit proper  
plurima certa  
naturam.*

The rapture of  
Etemenus at sight  
of Telemachus  
and Pifistratus.

*Menelaus re-  
buketh his seru-  
entes for his doubt to  
entertaining guests  
willingly.*

A polisht table; on which, all the cheare  
The present could afford; a reverend Dame  
That kept the Larder set. A Cooke then came,  
And divers dishes, borne thence, (ew' d againe;  
Furnisht the boord with boiles of gold; and then  
(His right hand givyn the guestes) *Atrides* said,  
Eare, and be chearfullly appetitie alaid.  
I long to aske, of what stocke ye descend?  
For not from parents, whos race naughtlesse spred,  
We must denue your offspring. Men obscure,  
Could get none such as you. The pourtrayre  
Of *loue*, sustaynd, and Scepter-bearing Kings,  
Your either person, in his prefence brings.  
An Oxes fat chine, then they vp did lift,  
And set before the guestes; which was a gift,  
Sent as an honor, to the Kings owne raf.  
They saw yet, twas but to be eaten plac't,  
And fell to it. But food and wincs, rare past,  
*Telemachus* thus prompned *Nestors* sonne;  
(His eare clost laying, to be heard of noone)

Consider (thou whom most my mind esteemes)  
The brasse-worke here, how rich it is in beames;  
And how besidz, it makes the whole houfe found:  
What gold, and amber, siluer, ivorie, round  
Is wrought about it. Out of doubt, the Hall  
Of *Iupiter Olympiu*, hath of all  
This state, the like. How many infinites,  
Take vp to admiration, all mens sight:

*Atrides* ouer-heard, and said, Lou'd sonne,  
No mortall must affect contention  
With *loue*, whose dwellings are of endlesse date.  
Perhaps (of men) lone one may emulat,  
(Or none) my house, or me. For I am one,  
That many a graue extreme haue vndegone.  
Much error fel by sea; and till th'eight yeaer,  
Had never stey; but wandred farte and neare,  
*Cypri*, *Pheicia*, and *Sydonie*;

And fetcht the farre off *Ethiopia*.  
Reacht the *Erembi* of *Arabia*;  
And *Lybia*, where, with hornes, Ewes yeane their Lambs:  
Wh're every full yeaer, Ewes are three times dams.  
Where neither King, nor shepheard, want comes neare  
Of cheefe, or flesh, or sweet milke. All the yeaer.  
They euer milke their Ewes. And here while I  
Erld, gathering meanes to liue: one, murtherously,  
Vnwares, ynfecme, bereft my brothers life;  
Chiefly betrayd by his abhoird wife.  
So, hold I, (not enyoing) what you see.

*Telemachus* to  
*Pisistratus*  
observation of  
the houses, me so  
much that he  
herrily aduised  
it, as to please  
Menelaus, who  
he knew heards,  
though he seemed  
diferous he shold  
not heare.

*Menelaus* relates  
his travels to his  
guests.

And

And of your Fathers (if they liuing be)  
You must haue heard this: since my suffrings were  
So great and famous. From this Pallace here,  
(So rarely-well-built, furnished so well;  
And substaint with such a precious deale  
Of well-got treasure) banisht by the doome  
Of Fate; and erring as I had no home.  
And now I haue, and vse it; not to vke  
Th'entire delight it offers, b. to t.  
Continual wishes, that a triple part  
Of all it holds, were wanting; so my heart  
Were calde of sorrowes (taken for their deaths  
That fell at *Troy*) by their reviued breaths.  
And thus sit I here, weeping, mourning still  
Each least man lost; and sometimes make mine ill  
(In paying iust teares for their losse) my ioy.  
Sometimes I breathe my woes, for in annoy,  
The pleasure soone admits satietie.

But all these mens wants, wet not so mine eie,  
(Though much they mourne me) as one sole mans misse;  
For which, my sleepe and meat: euen lothfome is,  
In his renewd thought; since no Greeke hath wonne  
Grace, for such labours, as *Laertes* sonne  
Hath wrought and sufferd: to himselfe, nought else  
But future sorrowes forging: to me, hels  
For his long absence; since I cannot know  
If life or death detaine him: since such woe  
For his loue, old *Laertes*, his wife wife,  
And poore yong sonne sustaines; whom new with life,  
He left as firelesse. This speech, grieve to teares  
(Powrd from the sonnes lids on the earth) his eares  
(Told of the Father) did excite, who kept  
His cheekes drie with his red weed, as he wept:  
His both hands vse therein. *Atrides* then  
Began to know him, and did strife retaine,  
If he should let, himselfe confess his Sire,  
Or with all fitting circumstance, enquire.

While this, his thoughts disputed, forth did shine,  
(Like to the golden \*distaffe-deckt diuine)  
From her beds high and odoriferous roome,  
*Hellen*, To whom (of an elaborate loome)  
*Arcela* set a chaire: *Aleppo* brought  
A peice of Tapestrrie, of fine wool wrought.  
*Philo*, siluer Cabinet conferd:  
(Given by *Aleandra*, Nuptially endeard  
To Lord *Polybius*, whose abode in *Thebes*,  
Th'Egyptian citie was;) where wealth in heapes,  
His famous house held: out of which did go

*Introducing Poly-*  
*bius.*

*Diana*  
*Hellen's rapi-*  
*rance and orna-*  
*ment.*

F

In

In gift v' *Atrides*, siluer bath-tubs two; Two Tripods; and of fine gold talents ten. His wife did likewise send to *Helen* then, Faire gifts; a Diftaffe that of gold was wrought; And that rich Cabinet that *Plysses*brought; Round, and with gold ribb; now of fine thred, full: On which extended (crown'd with finest wool), Of violet glasse) the golden Diftaffe lay.

She took her State-chaire, and a foot-stooles lay

*Helen's Mew-*  
*lens concerning*  
*the gifts.*

Had for her feete; and of her husband, thus Ask to know all things: Is it knowne to vs,

(King *Menelau*) whom these men command Themselves for; that our Court, now takes to friend? I must affirme, (be deceiu'd or no) I never yet saw man nor woman so Like one another, as this man is like *Vlysses* sonne. With admiration stille His looks, my thoughts; that they should came now Powre to perwade me thus; who did but know, When newly he was borne, the forme they bore. But tis his Fathers grace, whom more and more His grace resembles; that makes me retaine Thought, that he now, is like *Telemachus* then: Left by his Sire, when *Greece* did undertake *Troy*, bold warre, for my impudencies sake.

He answerved: Now wife, what you think, I know, The true cast of his Fathers eye, doth shew In his eyes order. Both his head and haire, His hands and feete, his very fathers are. Of whom (so well remembred) I should now Acknowledge for me, his conuiall flow Of cares and perils; yet still patient. But I should too much moue him, that doth vent Such bitter teares for that which hath bene spoke; Whiche (hunning soft shew) see how he would cloke; And with his purple weed, his weepings hide.

Then *Nefor* sonne, *Pisistratus* replide: Great Pastor of the people; kept of God! He is *Vlysses* sonne; but his abode Not made before here; and he modest too; He holds it an indignite to do A deed so vaine, to vise the boast of words, Where your words are on wing, whose voice affords Delight to vs; as if a God did breake The aire amongst vs, and vouchsafe to speake. But me, my father (old Duke *Nefor*) sent To be his confort hither; his content, Not to be heightned so, as with your fight.

*Pisistratus tells  
who they are.*

In hope that therewith words and actions might Informe his comforts from you; since he is Extrinctly grieu'd and iniur'd, by the misle Of his great Father; suffering eu'en at home. And few friends found, to helpe him ouercome His too weake sufferance, now his Sire is gone. Amongst the people, not affoorded one To checke the milieries, that mate him thus; And this the state is of *Telemachus*.

O Gods (said he) how certaine, now, I see My house enioyes that friends sonne, that for me Hath vndergone so many willing fights! Whom I refol'd, past all the Grecian Knights, To hold in loue; if our returne by seas, The fare-off Thunderer did euer please To grant our wishes. And to his respect, A Pallace and a Citie to erect, My vow had bound me. Whither bringing then His riches, and his sonne, and all his men From barren *Ithaca*, (some one sole Towne Inhabited about him, battered downe) All shoul'd in *Argos* liue. And there would I Ease him of rule; and take the Emprie Of all on me. And often here would we (Delighting, louing eithers companie) Meete and conuers; whom nothing should diuide, Till deaths blacke veile did each all ouer hide. But this perhaps had bene a meane to take Euen God himselfe with enuie; who did make *Vlysses* therefore onely the vnblest, That should not reach his loued countries rest.

These wox made cury one with woe in loue; Even *Argive Helen* wept, (the feed of *Ioue*) *Vlysses* sonne wept; *Atrœus*\* sonne did weepe; And *Nefor* sonne, his eyes in teares did steepe. But his teares fel not from the present cloud, That from *Vlysses* was exhal'd; but flowd From braue *Antilochus* remembred due, Whom the renownd \* Sonne of the Morning flue. Which yet he thus excusde: O *Atrœus* sonne! Old *Nefor* sayes, There liues not such a one Amongst all mortals, as *Atrides* is. For deathlesse wisedome. Tis a pracie of his, Still giuen in your remembrance; when at home Our speech concerns you. Since then ouercome You please to be, with sorrow eu'en to teares, That are in wifedom so exempt from peres; Vouchsafe the like effect in me excuse,

*Menelau* iey  
for *Telemachus*,  
and mane for  
*Vlysses* alience.

*Menelau.*

*Pisistratus weeps  
with remembrance  
of his brother  
*Telemachus*.  
Vid. *Mennon*.*

*Helen's prison  
against Care.*

(if it be lawfull) I affeit no vse  
Of teares thus, after meales; at least, at night:  
But when the morne brings forth, with teares, her light,  
It shall not then empaire me to bellow  
My teares on any worthies overthrow.  
It is the only right, that wretched men  
Can do dead friends, to cut haire, and complaine.  
But Death my brother tooke; whom none could call  
The Grecian coward; you best knew of all.  
I was not there, nor saw; but men report,  
*Antilochus* exceld the common sort,  
For foormanship, or for the Chariot race;  
Or in the fight, for hardie hold of place.  
O friend (said he) since thou hast spoken so,  
At all parts, as one wife should say and do;  
And like one, farre beyond thy selfe in years;  
Thy words shall bounds be, to our former teares.  
O he is questionlesse a right borne sonne,  
That of his Father hath not onely wonne  
The person, but the wisedome; and that Sire,  
(Complete himselfe) that hath a sonne entire;  
*Ious* did not onely his full fate adorne,  
When he was wedded; but when he was borne.  
As now *Saturnius*, through his lifes whole date,  
Hath *Neflors* blisse raided to as steepe a state:  
Both in his age to keepe in peace his houfe,  
And to haue children wife and valorous.  
But let vs not forget our rent Feast thus;  
Let some giue water here. *Telemachus*!  
The morning shall yeeld time to you and me,  
To do what fits; and reason mutually.  
This laid the carefull seruant of the King,  
(*Aphthona*) pow'rd on, th' issue of the Spring;  
And all to readie feast, set readie hand.  
But *Hellen* now, on new deuice did stand;  
Intusing strait a medicine to their wine,  
That (drowning Cares and Angers) did decline  
All thought of ill. Who drunke her cup, could shed  
All that day, not a teare; no not if dead  
That day his father or his mother were;  
Not if his brother, child, or chiefest deare,  
He should see murthered then before his face.  
Such vsefull medicines (onely borne in grace,  
Of what was good) would *Hellen* euer haue.  
And this Iuyce to her, *Polydamma* gaue  
The wife of *Thoon*, an Egyptian borne;  
Whole rich earth, herbes of medicine do adorne  
In great abundance. Many healthfull are,

And many banefull. Every man is there  
A good Phyfition, out of natures grace;  
For all the nation sprung of *Paean* race.  
When *Hellen* then her medicine had infusde,  
She bad powre wine to it, and this speech vsede:  
*Ariades*, and these good mens sonnes; great *Ione*  
Makes good and ill, one after other moue  
In all things earthly: for he can do all.  
The woes past therefore, he so late let fall;  
The comforts he affoords vs, let vs take;  
Feast, and with fit discourses, merrie make.  
Nor will I other vse. As then our blood  
Grieu'd for *Vlysses*, since he was so good;  
Since he was good, let vs delight to heare  
How good he was, and what his suffrings were.  
Though euery fight, and euery suffring deed,  
Patient *Vlysses* vnderwent; exceed  
My womans powre to number, or to name.  
But what he did, and sufferd, when he came  
Amongst the Troians, (where ye Grecians all  
Tooke part with sufferance) I in part can call  
To your kind memories. How with ghastly wounds  
Himselfe he mang'l'd; and the Trojan bounds  
(Thrurst thicke with enemies) aduentured on:  
His royll shoulders, haungi cast vpon  
Base abiect weeds, and enterd like a slau'e.  
Then (begger-like) he did of all men craue,  
And such a wretch was, as the whole Grecke streele  
Brought not besidies. And thus through euery streeete  
He crept discouering; of no one man knowne.  
And yet through all this difference, I alone  
Smok't his true person. Talkt with him. But he  
Fled me with wiles still. Nor could we agree,  
Till I disclaimd him quite. And so (as mou'd  
With womanly remorse, of one that prou'd  
So wretched an estate, what ere he were)  
Wonne him to take my houfe. And yet even there;  
Till freely I (to make him doublefesse) swore  
A powfull oath, to let him reach the shore  
Of shippes and tents, before *Troy* vnderfoode;  
I could not force on him his proper good.  
But then I bath'd and sooth'd him, and he then  
Confest, and told me all. And (haungi slaine  
A number of the Trojan guards) retirde,  
And reacht the Fleete, for flight and force admirde.  
Their husbands death by him, the Trojan wiues  
Shriekt for, but I made triumphs for their liues.  
For then my heart conceiu'd, that once againe

*Helen of Phyliss  
and the sack of  
Troy.*

## THE FOVRTH BOOKE

I should reach home, and yet did still retaine  
Woe for the slaughteres, *Venus* made for me:  
When both my husband, my *Hermione*,  
And bridall roome, she robd of so much right;  
And drew me from my countrie, with her sleight.  
Though nothing vnder heauen, I here did need,  
That could my Fancie, or my Beaucie feed.

*Menelaus to Helen and his  
guests.*

Her husband said: Wife! what you please to tell,  
Is true at all parts, and becomes you well.  
And I my selfe, that now may say, haue seene  
The minds and manners of a world of men:  
And great Heroes, measuring many a ground,  
Haue never (by these eyes that light me) found  
One, with a bolome, lo to be belou'd,  
As that in which, th'accomplicht spirit, mou'd  
Of patient *Plysses*. What (braue man)  
He both did act, and suffer, when we wan  
The towne of *Iliom*, in the braue-built horse,  
When all we chiefe States of the Grecian force,  
Were houde together; bringing Death and Fate  
Amongst the Troians; you (wife) may relate.  
For you, at last, came to vs; God that would  
The Troians glorie giue, gaue charge you should  
Approch the enginc, and *Diphobus*  
(The god-like) followd. Thrice ye circld vs,  
With full furuyay of us; and often tried  
The hollow crafts, that in it were implied.  
When all the voices of their wiuves in it  
You tooke on you; with voice so like, and fit,  
And every man by name, so vifited;  
That I, *Vlysses*, and King *Diomed*,  
(Set in the midift, and hearing how you calld)  
*Tydides*, and my selfe, as halfe appall'd  
With your remorcefull plaints) would, passing faine  
Haue broke our silences; rather then againe  
Endure, respectlesse, their so mouing cries.  
But, *Ithacae*, our strongest fantasies  
Containd within vs, from the stendrest noife,  
And every man there, sat without a voice.  
*Anticles* onely, would haue answerd thee:  
But, his speech, *Ithacae* incessantly  
With strong hand held in; till (*Nimnas* call,  
Charging thee off) *Plysses* fau'd vs all.

*Telemachus to  
Menelaus.*

*Telamachus replide:* Much greater is  
My griefe, for hearing this high praise of his.  
For all this doth not his sad death diuen;  
Nor can, though in him swelled an iron heart.  
Prepare, and leade then (if you please) to rest;

Sleepe

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

Sleepe (that we haere not) will content vs best.

Then *Argine Hiller* made her handmaid go,  
And put faire bedding in the *Porticos*,  
Lay purple blankets on, Rugs warme and softs;  
And cast an Arras couerlet aloft.

*Item ad lectum.*

They torches tooke; made halfe, and made the bed,  
When both the guests were to their lodgings led,  
Within a *Portico*, without the house.

*Atrides*, and his large-traine-wearing Spouse,  
(The excellent of women) for the way,  
In a retrid receit, together lay.

The morne arose; the King rose, and put on  
His royll weeds; his sharpe lword hung vpon  
His ample shoulders; forth his chamber went,  
And did the person of a God present.

*Telemachus* accosts him; who bega

Speech of his journeys proposition.

And what (my yong *Vlysscan Heroe*)  
Prouokt thee on the broad backe of the sea,  
To visit *Lacedemon* the Diuine?  
Speake truth; Some publicke? or onely thine?

I come (faid he) to haire, if any fame  
Breath'd of my Father, to thy notice came.  
My house is lackt; my fa workes of the field,  
Are all d. stroid: my house doth nothing yeeld  
But enemies; that kill my harmlesse sheepe,  
And sinewic Oxen: nor will euer keepe  
Their steeles without them. And these men are they,  
That woole my Mother, most inhumanely  
Committing iniurie on iniurie.  
To thy knees therefore I am come, t'attend  
Relation of the sad and wretched end,  
My erring Father fel: if witnest by  
Your owne eyes; or the certaine newes that slie  
From others knowledges. For, more then is  
The viall heape of humane miseries,  
His Mother bore him to. Vouchsafe me then  
(Without all ruth of what I can sustaine)  
The plaine and simple truth of all you know.  
Let me beseech so much. If euer vow  
Was made, and put in good effect to you  
At *Troy* (where luffrance bred you so much smart)  
Vpon my Father, good *Plysses* parts;  
And quit it now to me (himselfe in youth)  
Vnfoldyng onely the vnclosed truth.

He (deeply sighing) answerd him: O shame  
That such poore vassals shoulde affect the fame,  
To share the ioyes of such a Worthies Bed!

*Menelaus en-  
quires the cause  
of his voyage.*

As when a Hinde (her calues late farrowed  
To giue sucke) enters the bold Lions den:  
He, rootes of hills, and herbie vallies then  
For food (ther feeding) hunting: but at length  
Returning to his Caerne, giues his strength  
The liues of both the mother and her brood,  
In death indecent, so the woouers blood  
Must pay *Phlysses* powres, as sharpe an end.  
O would to *Ione*, *Apollo*, and thy friend,  
(The wife *Minerva*) that thy Father were  
As once he was, when he his spirits did reue  
Against *Philomelida*, in a fight  
Performd in well-built *Lesbos*, where, downe-right  
He strooke the earth with him, and gaue a shout  
Of all the Grecians. O, if now full out  
He were as then; and with the woouers cop't,  
Short-liu'd they all were; and their nuptials, hop't  
Would proue desperate. But for thy demand,  
Enforc't with prayrs; Ile let thee understand  
The truth direc'tly; nor decline a thought;  
Much leſſe deceiue, or foote thy ſearch in ought.  
But what the old, and ſtill-true-spoken God,  
That from the ſea breathes oracles abroad,  
Diſcloſe to me; to thee Ile all impart,  
Nor hide one word from thy follicitous heart.

*Menchii anni-*  
*guio.*

I was in *Egypt*, where a mightie time,  
The Gods deſtaine me: though my naturall clime,  
I neuer lo defri'd; because their homes  
I did not greece, with perfect Hecatomes.  
For they will put men euermore in mind,  
How much their masterly commandments bind.  
There is (besides) a certayne Land, callid  
*Pbaros*, that with the high-wau'd ſea is walld;  
Iuft againſt *Egypt*; and ſo much remote,  
As in a whole day, with a fore-gale ſmote,  
A hollow ſhip can faile. And this Ile beares  
A Port, moft portly, where ſea-paſſengers  
Put in full for freshi water, and away  
To ſea againe. Yet here the Gods did ſtay  
My Fleete, full twentie dayes: the winds (that are  
Mafters at ſea) no proſperous puffe would ſpare,  
To put vs off: and all my viſtles here,  
Had quite corrupted; as my mens minds were;  
Had not a certayne Goddeſſe giuen regard,  
And pitide me in an estate ſo hard:  
And twas *Edoshea*, honour *Proteus* feed,  
That old ſea-farer. Her mind I made bleed  
With my compaſſion, when (walkt all alone,

From all my ſouldiers, that were euer gone  
About the Ile on ſhihing, with hookes bent;  
*Hunger*, their bellies, on her errand ſent)  
She came cloſe to me, ſpake; and thus began:  
Of all men, thou art the moft foolish man,  
Or flacke in businelle, or stayſt here of choice;  
And doeft in all thy ſuffrances reioyce;  
That thus long liuſt detained here; and no end  
Canſt giue thy tarriance. Thou doeft much offend  
The minds of all thy fellowes. I replied:

Who euer thou art of the Deified,  
I muſt affirme, that no way wiſh my will,  
I make abode here: but, it feernes, ſome ill  
The Gods, inhabiting broad heaven, sustaine  
Againſt my getting off. Informe me then,  
(For Godheads all things know) what God is he  
That stayes my paſſage, from the fishie ſea?  
Stranger (laid ſhe) Ile tell thee true: there liues  
An old ſea-farer in theſe ſeas, that giues  
A true ſolution of all ſecrets here.  
Who, deathleſſis *Proteus* is, th' *Egyptian Peere*:  
Who can the deepes of ali the feas exquise;  
Who *Neptunes* Priet is; and (they lay) the Sire  
That did beget me. Him, if any way  
Thou coulſt inveigle, he would cleare display  
Thy course from hence; and how fare off doth lie  
Thy voyages, whole ſcope through *Neptunes* ſkie.  
Informing thee (O Godprefeu'd) beside  
(If thy deſires would ſo be ſatiſfi'd):  
What euer good or ill hath got euent,  
In all the time, thy long and hard course ſpent,  
Since thy departure from thy houle. This ſaid,  
Againe I anſwerd: Make the ſights diſplayd,  
Thy Father vſeth; left his foresight ſee,  
Or his foreknowledge taking note of me,  
He ſlies the fixt place of his vſde abode;  
Tis hard for man to countermine with God.

She ſtraiſt replide: Ile vtter truth in all;  
When heauenis supremest height, the Sunne doth ſkall;  
The old ſea-tell truth leaves the deepes, and hides  
Amidſt a blacke ſtorme, when the West wind chides;  
In caues full ſleeping. Round about him ſleepe  
(With ſhort feete, ſwimming forth the ſomic deepe)  
The ſea-calues (lovely *Halofydnes* callid)  
From whom a noiftome odour is exhalld,  
Got from the whirlie-pooles, on whose earth they lie.  
Here, when the morne illuſtrates all the ſkie,  
Ile guide, and ſeatethe, in the fitteſt place,

*Idiſhes to Me-*  
*nelaſſis.*

*Idiſhes counſel*  
*to take her fa-*  
*ther Proteus.*

For the performance thou hast now in chace.  
 In meane time, reach thy Fleet; and chuse out three  
 Of best exploit, to go as aides to thee.

*The flight of  
Priests.*

But now Ile shew thee all the old Gods sleights;  
 He first will number, and take all the sights  
 Of th'ile, his guard, that on the shore arrives.  
 When haung vewd, and told them forth by fues;  
 He takes place in their midst, and there doth sleep,  
 Like to a shepheard midst his flocke of sheep.  
 In his first sleepe, call vp your hardiest cheare,  
 Vigor and violence, and hold him there,  
 In spite of all his strivings to be gone.  
 He then will turne him selfe to every one  
 Of all things that in earth creape and respire,  
 In water swim, or shine in heauenly fire.  
 Yet still hold you him firme, and much the more  
 Press him from passing. But when, as before  
 (When sleepe first bound his powres) his forme ye see,  
 Then cease your force, and th'old Heroe free;  
 And then demand, which heauen-borne it may bee  
 That so afflicts you, hindring your retreate,  
 And free sea-passage to your natvie feate.

This said, sh diu'd into the wauie seas;  
 And my course did to my shps addresse,  
 That on the sands stukke, where arriu'd, we made  
 Our supper ready. Then th'Ambrosian shade  
 Of night fell on vs, and to sleepe we fell.  
 Rosic Aurora rose; we rose as well;  
 And three of them, on whom I most relied,  
 For firme at evry force, I chulde, and hied  
 Strait to the many-riuer-soured feas.  
 And all affiance, ask the Deities.

Meane time *Eaetha*, the seas broad brest  
 Embrat's; and brought for me, and all my rest,  
 Foure of the sea-calves skins, but newly tread,  
 To worke a wile, which sh had fashioned  
 Vpon her Father. Then (within the sand  
 A couert digging) when these Calves should land,  
 She fate expecting. We came close to her:  
 She plac't vs orderly; and made vs ware  
 Each one his Calves skin. But we then must passe  
 A huge exploit. The sea-calves fauour was  
 So passing sowe (they still being bred at seas)  
 It much afflicted vs: for who can please  
 To lie by one of these same sea-bred whales?  
 But the preserues vs; and to memorie calls  
 A rare commoditie: she fetche to vs  
*Ambrosia*, that an aire most odorous

Ironick.

Beares

Beares still about it; which sh nointed round  
 Our either nosthills; and in it quite drownd  
 The naftie whale-smell. Then the great euent,  
 The whole mornes date, with spirites patient  
 We lay expecting. When bright Noone did flame  
 Forth from the sea, in Sholes the sea-calves came,  
 And orderly, at last, lay downe and slept  
 Along the sands. And then th'old sea-god crept  
 From forth the deepes; and found his fat calues there:  
 Suruaid, and numbered; and came neuer neare  
 The craft we vsde, but told vs five for calues.  
 His temples then diseald, with sleepe he valus,  
 And in rusht w<sup>c</sup>, with an abhorred crit:  
 Cast all our hands about him manfully,  
 And then th'old Forger, all his formes began:  
 First was a Lion, with a mighty mane;  
 Then next a Dragon, a pide Panther then;  
 A vast Boare next; and lodaingly did straine  
 All into water. Last, he was a tree,  
 Curd all at top, and shot vp to the skie.

We, with refolu'd hearts, held him firmly still,  
 When th'old one (held to freight for all his skill,  
 To extricate) gaue words, and questio[n]ed me:

*Protest taken  
by himselue.*

Which of the Gods, O *Aeneas* sonne, (said he)  
 Aduise[n]d and taught thy fortitude this sleight,  
 To take and hold me thus, in my despight?  
 What asks thy wif now? I replide: Thou knowest:  
 Why doest thou ask? What wiles are these thou shouldest?  
 I haue within this Ille, been held for winde  
 A wondrous time; and can by no meanes find  
 An end to my retencion. It hath spent  
 The very heart in me. Give thou then vent  
 To doubts thus bound in me, (ye Gods know all)  
 Which of the Godheads, doth so sowly fall  
 On my addresion home, to stay me here?  
 Auct me from my way! The fishe cleare,  
 Barr'd to my passage! He replide: Of force  
 (If to thy home, thou wilst free recourse)  
 To *Jove*, and all the other Deities,  
 Thou must exhibite solenne sacrifice;  
 And then the blacke sea for thee shall be cleare,  
 Till thy lou'd countries settl'd reach. But where  
 Aske these rites thy performance? Tis a fate  
 To thee and thy affaires appropriate,  
 That thou shal never see thy friends, nor tread  
 Thy Countries earth; nor see inhabited  
 Thy so magnificent house; till thou make good  
 Thy voyage backe to the *Egyptian* flood,

Whose

Whose waters fell from *Jove*: and there hast given  
To *Jove*, and all Gods, hould in ample heauen,  
Deuoted Hecatombs; and then free wayes  
Shall open to thee; cleard of all delayes.  
This told he, and me thought, he brake my heart,  
In such a long and hard course to diuert  
My hope for home; and charge my backe retreat,  
As farre as *Egypt*. I made answere yet:  
Father, thy charge Ile perfect; but before,  
Resolute me truly, if their naturall shore,  
All thofe Greeks, and their shippes, do late enjoy,  
That *Aegylor* and my selfe left, when from *Troy*?  
We first raiſde faile? Or whether any died  
At sea a death vnwiſt? Or (ſatisfied)  
When ware was past, by friends embrac't, in peace  
Reſign'd their ſpirits? He made anſwer: Ceafe  
To aſke ſo farre; it fits thee not to be  
So cunning in thine owne calamitie.  
Nor ſeeke to learme, what leard, thou ſhouldest forget;  
Mens knowledges haue proper limits ſet,  
And ſhouldest not preafe into the mind of God.  
But twill not long be (as my thoughts abode)  
Before thou buy this curiuious ſkill with teares.  
Many of thofe, whose ſtates ſo tempt thine cares,  
Are ſtoopt by Death; and many left alive:  
One chiefe of which, in ſtrong hold doth ſuruiue,  
Amidſt the broad ſea. Two, in their retraete,  
Are done to death. I lift not to repeate,  
Who fell at *Troy*; thy ſelfe was there in fight.  
But in retурne, wiſt *Aiax* loft the light,  
In his long-oard ſhip. *Neptune* yet a while,  
Sate him vnwrackt: to the *Cyrene* ile,  
A mightie Roke remouing from his way.  
And fulrie he had ſcapt the fatal day,  
In spite of *Pallas*, if to that foule deed,  
He in her Phane did, (when he rauiſhed  
The Trojan Propheteſſe) he had not here  
Adioynd an impious boaft: that he would beare  
(Defpite the Gods) his ſhip ſafe through the waues  
Then raiſde againſt him. Theſe his impious braues,  
When *Neptune* heard; in his ſtrong hand he tooke  
His maſtie Trident, and ſo ſoundly frooke  
The roke *Cyrene*, that it two it cleft:  
Of which, one fragment on the land he left;  
The other fell into the troublid ſeas;  
At which, firſt riſht *Aiax Oileades*,  
And ſplit his ſhip: and then himſelfe aforſe  
Swum on the rough waues of the worlds vail more;

*The wreake of  
Aiax Oileades.*

*Cassandra.*

Till hauing drunke a ſalt cup for his ſonne,  
There perilift he. Thy brother yet did winne  
The wraſch from *Death*, while in the waues they stroue,  
Aſſlided by the reverend wife of *Jove*.  
But when the ſteepe Mount of the *Malcan* shore,  
He ſeemid to reach a moft tempestuous blore,  
Faife to the fitlie world, that ſighes ſo ſore,  
Strait rauiſhē him againſt as faire away,  
Aſto th'extreme bounds where the *Azrians* ſtay;  
Where firſt *Thetis* dwelt: but then his ſonne  
*Aegilbus Thetislaides* liu'd. This done,  
When his retурne vntoucht appaide againſt  
Backe turod the Gods the wind, and let him then  
Hard by his houſe. Then, full of ioy, he leſt  
His ſhip; and cloſe th'outride caſt he cleſt;  
Kift it, and wept for ioy: pow'rd teare on teare,  
To ſet ſo wiſhely his footing there,  
But ſee: a Sentinel that all the yeaſe,  
Crafte *Aegilbus*, in a watchtowre ſet  
To ſpie his landing, for reward as great  
As two gold talents; all his pouer did call  
To ſtricke remembrance of his charge; and all  
Difcharg'd ar first ſight; which at firſt he caſt  
On *Agamemnon*; and with all his haſt,  
Inſtrument *Aegilbus*. He, an instant traine  
Laid for his ſlaughter: Twentye choſen men  
Of his *Plebeians*, he in ambuſh laide.  
His other men, he charg'd to ſee puruaid  
A Feaſt; and forth, with hoſe and chariots grac't,  
He rode to uite him: but in heart embrac't  
Horrible welcomes; and to death did bring,  
With trecherous slaughter, the vnwarie King.  
Receu'd him at a Feaſt; and (like an Ox  
Slaine at his manger) gaue him bits and knobs.  
No one leſt of *Atrides* traine; nor one  
Sauid to *Aegilbus*; but himſelfe alone:  
All ſtrowd together there, the bloudie Court.  
This ſaid: my foule he ſunke with his report:  
Flat on the fands I fell: teares ſpent their ſtore;  
I, light abhord: my heart would liue no more.  
When drie of teares; and tir'd with tumbling there,  
Th'old *Tel-truth* thus my danted ſpirits did cheare:

No more ſpend teares nor time, O *Atrœus* ſonne;  
With caſt ſte weeping, neuer wiſt was wonne.  
Viſt vitemost affay to reach thy home,  
And all vnuwares vpon the murtherer come,  
(For torture) taking him thy ſelfe, aliue;  
Or let *Oreſtes*, that ſhould farre outſtrive

G

*Agamemmons  
flaught by A.  
egilbus treachery.*

Thee

Till

Thee in fit vengeance, quickly quit the light  
Of such a darke loue; and do thou the right  
Of buriall to him, with a Funerall feast.  
With these last words, I fortiside my breast;  
In which againe, a generous spring began,  
Of fitting comfort, as I was a man;  
But, as a brother, I must euer mourne.  
Yet forth I went; and told him the retурne  
Of theſe I knew: but he had nam'd a third,  
Held on the broad ſea; ſtill with like inspir'd;  
Whom I beſought to know, though likewile dead,  
And I must mourne alike. He anſwered:

He is *Laertes* ſonne; whom I beheld  
In Nymp *Calypſos* Pallace; who compeld  
His stay with her; and ſince he could not fee  
His countrie earth, he mourn'd incessantly.  
For he had neither ſhip, inſtruct with oares,  
Nor men to fetch him from thoſe ſtranger shores.  
Where, leue we him; and to thy ſelfe defend;  
Whom, not in *Argos*, Fate nor Death ſhall end;  
But the immortall ends of all the earth,  
So rul'd by them, that order death by birth,

*(The fields Elifian)* Fate to thee will giue:  
Where *Rhadamanthus* rules; and where men live  
A never-troubl'd life: where know, nor ſhowies,  
Nor irokome Winter ſpends his fruitleſſe powres;  
But from the Ocean, *Zephrye* ſtill relumes  
A conſtant breath, that all the fields perfumes.  
Which, ſince thou marriedſt *Hellen*, are thy hure;  
And *Ione* himſelfe, is by her ſide thy ſire.

*(Proteus leaueſt  
Telemachus.)* This ſaids he diu'd the deepſome watrie heapes;  
I, and my tried men, tooke vs to our ſhips;  
And worlds of thoughts, I varied with my ſteps. {  
Arriu'd and ſhipt, the ſilene ſolcmne Night,  
And ſleepe bereft vs of our viſuall light.  
At morne, mafs, ſailes reard, we late, left the ſhoies,  
And beate the ſomic Ocean with our oares.

Againe then we, the *Ione*-faine flood did fetch,  
As farre as *Egypt*: where we did beſeech  
The Gods with Hecatombs, whose angers ceaſt;  
I toomb'd my brother, that I might be bleſt.

All rites perfromd; all haſte I made for home;  
And all the proſprous winds about were come;  
I had the Paſport now of eury God,  
And here cloſde all theſe labours period.

Here ſtay then, till th' leueneth or twelvth daies light;  
And Ie diſmiff thee well; giſts exquife  
Preparing for thee: Chariot, hoiles three;

A Cup of curiouſe frame to ſerue for thee,  
To ſerue th'immortal Gods with ſacrifice;  
Mindfull of me, while all Sunnes light thy ſkies.

He anſwerd: Stay me not too long time here;  
Though I could ſit, attending all the yeare:  
Nor thould my houſe, nor parents, with deſire,  
Take my affections from you; ſo on fire  
With loue to heare you, are my thoughts: but ſo;  
My *Pylas* friends, I ſhall affliet with wo,  
Who mourne euen this stay. Whatſoever be  
The giſts your Grace is to beſlow on me,  
Vouchſafe them ſuch, as I may beare and laue,  
For your ſake euer. Horſe, I lift not haue,  
To keepe in *Ithaca*: but leue them here,  
To your foiles dainties, where the broad fields beare  
Sweet *Cypris* graſles; where men fed Lote doth flow,  
Where wheate-like Spelt; and wheate it ſelfe doth grow;  
Where Barley, white, and spreading like a tree:  
But *Ithaca*, hath neither ground to be  
(For any length it comprehendes) a race  
To tracie a horſes ſpeed: nro any place  
To make him fa in: firter farre to feed  
A Cliff-bred Goate, then raife or pleafe a Steed.  
Of all Iles, *Ithaca* doth leaſt prouide,  
Or meades to feed a horſe, or wayes to ride.

He, ſmilng ſaid: Of good bloud art thou (ſonne):  
What ſpeech, lo yong! what obſeruation  
Haſt thou made of the world? I will am pleaſide  
To change my giſts to thee; as being confeſſd  
Unfit indeed: my ſtore is ſuſh, I may.  
Of all my house-giſts then, that vp I lay  
For treaſure there, I will beſlow on thee  
The faireſt, and of greatest price to me.  
I will beſlow on thee a rich car'd Cup  
Of ſiluer all: but all the brims wrought vp  
With finet gold: it was the onely thing  
That the Heroicall *Sydonian* King  
Preſented to me, when we were to part  
At his receit of me; and twas the Art  
Of that great Artiſt, that of heaven is free;  
And yet euen this, will I beſlow on thee.

This ſpeech thus ended; guests came, and did bring  
Muttons (for Preſents) to the God-like King:  
And ſpirit-prompting wine, that ſtrenuous makes.  
Their Riband-wreathed wiues, brought fruit and cakes.

Thus, in this house, did theſe their Feaſt apply:  
And in *Vlyſſe* house, Actiuitie  
The woocers practiſe: Toffing of the Speare,

*Telemachus*  
*Menelaus.*

*Ithaca deſcribed  
by Telemachus.*

*The woocers con-  
ſpiracie againſt  
Telemachus.*

The Stone, and hurling: thus delighted, where  
They exercide such infolence before:  
Euen in the Court, that wealthy pavements wore.  
*Anisnow* did still their stifes decide;  
And he that was in person deisde  
*Erymacheus*, both ring-leaders of all;  
For in their vertues they were principlall.

There, by *Noemon* (onne to *Pheromus*)  
Were sidaed now; who made the question thus:  
*Anisnow*! does any friend here know,  
When this *Telemachus* returns: or no,  
From sandie *Pyles*? He made bold to take  
My shipp with him: of which, I now shoule make  
Fit vse my selfe; and saile in her as faire  
As spacious *Elys*: where, of mine, there are  
Twelue delicate Mares, and vnder their sides, go  
Laborious Mules, that yet did never know  
The yoke, nor labour: some of which shoule bear  
The taming now, if I could fetch them there.  
This speech, the rest admir'd; nor dreamd that he  
*Nelian Pyles*, euer thought to see;  
But was at field about his flocks furvay:  
Or thought, his heardsmen held him lo away.  
*Euphebus* sonne, *Anisnow*, then replied:  
When went he: or with what Traine dignified  
Of his selected *Ithacensian* youth?  
Prest men, or Bond men were they? Tell the truth.  
Could he effect this? let me truly know:  
To gaine thy vessell, did he violence shew,  
And vnde her gaunt thy will: or had her free,  
When fitting question, he had made with thee?

*Noemon* answere: I did freely give  
My vessell to him; who deserves to live,  
That would do other? when such men as he,  
Did in distresse aske: he shouldest churlish be,  
That would denie him: Of our youth, the best  
Amongst the people; to the intereft  
His charge did challenge in them; giuing way,  
With all the tribute, all their pouerous could pay.  
Their Captaine (as he tooke the shipp) I knew,  
Who *Mentor* was, or God. A deities shew,  
Maskt in his likeneſſe. But to think twas he,  
I much admire; for I did clearly fee,  
But yester morning, God-like *Mentor* here,  
Yet, th'other evening, he tooke shipping there,  
And went for *Pyles*. Thus went he for home,  
And leſt the rest, with enuite ouercome:  
Who fate, and paſſime left. *Euphebus* sonne

Sad

(Sad, and with rage, his entrailes ouerrunne)  
His eyes like flames, thus interpoide his speech.  
Strange thing; an action of how proud a reach,  
Is here committed by *Telemachus*?  
A boy, a child; and we, a ſort of vs,  
Vowd againſt his voyage; yet admit it thus,  
With ſhip, and choife youth of our people too?  
But let him on; and all his miſchiefe do;  
*Ioue* ſhall conuert vpon himſelfe his pouers,  
Before their ill preſum'd, he brings on ours.  
Prouide me then a ſhip, and twentie men  
To give her manage; that againſt again  
He turns for home; on th'*Ithacensian* feas,  
Or Cliffs: *Samian*; I may interprete,  
Way-lay, and take him; and make all his craft,  
Saile with his ruine, for his Father ſat't.

This, all applauded; and gaue charge to do,  
Rofe, and to greet *Vlyſſe* houſe, did go.  
But long time past not, ere *Penelope*  
Had notice of their far-fetcht trecherie.  
*Medon* the Herald told her, who had heard  
Without the Hall, how they within conferd:  
And hasted ſtrai, to tell it to the Queene:  
Who from the entrie, hauing *Medon* ſcene  
Preuentis him thus: Now Herald; what affaire  
Intend the famous woo'rs, in your repaire?  
To tell *Vlyſſe* maids, that they muſt caſſe  
From doing our worke, and their banquets drefſe?  
I would to heaven, that (leauing wooing me,  
Nor euer troubling other companie)  
Here might the laſt Feaſt be, and moſt extreme,  
That euer any ſhall addreſſe for them.  
They neuer meeete, but to conſent in ſpoile,  
And reape the free fruities of another's toile.  
O diſ they neuer, when they children were,  
What to their Fathers, was *Vlyſſe*, heare?  
Who neuer did gaunt any one proceed,  
With vniuft vlage, or in word or deed?  
Tis yet with other Kings, another right,  
One to purſue with loue, another ſpight;  
He ſtill yet iuft; nor would, though might deuoure,  
Nor to the wroſt, did euer taste of poure.  
But their vniuld acts, ſnew their minds estate:  
Good turns receiu'd once, thanks grow out of date.

*Medon*, the learn'd in wifedom, anſweſer her:  
I wiſh (O Queene) that their ingratitudes were  
Their wroſt ill towards you: but worse by fare,  
And much more deadly their endeouours are;

G 3

*Anisnow* angry  
for the ſcape of  
*Telemachus*.

*Penelope* to *Medon*.

*Medon* to *Penelope* relates the  
voyage of *Telemachus*.

Which

Which *love* will faile them in. *Telemachus*  
 Their purpose is (as he returnes to vs)  
 To give their sharpe steeles in a cruell death:  
 Who now is gone to learne, if *Fame* can breathe  
 Newes of his Site, and will the *Pylian* shore,  
 And sacred *Sparta*, in his search explore.  
 This newes disfol'd to her both knees and heart,  
 Long silence hold her, ere one word would part:  
 Her eyes stood full of teares, her small soft voice,  
 All late vte lost; that yet at last had choice  
 Of wondred words, which briefly thus she vse:  
 Why left my sonne his mother? why refudie  
 His wit the solid shire, to tie the seas,  
 And put in shires the trust of his distresse?  
 That are at sea to men vnbiold horse,  
 And runne, past rule, their farre-engaged course,  
 Amidst a moisture, past all meane vntaid?  
 No need compeld this: did he it, afraid  
 To hue and leau posterite his name?  
 I know not (he replide) if th' humor came  
 From current of his owne inflinct, or flowd  
 From others infestations, but he vowed  
 Attempt to *Pyles*; or to see defried  
 His Sires retorne, or know what death he died.  
 This said, he tooke him to *Vlysses* house  
 After the woors, the *Vlyssean* Spouse  
 (Runne through with woes) let *Torture* seise her mind,  
 Nor, in her choice of state-chaires, stood inclin'd  
 To take her seate; but th' abie& threshold chose  
 Other faire chamber, for her lovd id repose;  
 And mournd most wretch-like, round about her fell  
 Hr hand maids, toynd in a continueate yell.  
 From every corner of the Pallace, all  
 Of all degrees, turnd to her comforts fall  
 Their owne dictiontions: to whom, her complaint  
 She thus enforet: The Gods beyond constraint  
 Of any measure, vrg these teares on me;  
 Nor was there euer Dame of my degree,  
 So past degree grieu'd. First, a Lord, so good,  
 That had such hardie spirits in his blood.  
 That all the vertues was adorn'd withall;  
 That all the Greeks did their Superiour call,  
 To part with thus, and lose. And now a sonne  
 So worthily belou'd, a course to runne  
 Beyond my knowledge, whom rude tempests haue  
 Made farre from home, his most inglorious graue.  
 Unhappie wenchess, that no one of all,  
 (Though in the reach of every one, must fall

*Truelye relas  
 k other Ladies  
 f r not tellinge her  
 of Telemachus.*

His taking ship) sustaint the carefull mind,  
 To call me from my bed, who, this designd,  
 And most vowd course in him, had either laid,  
 (How much louer hast) or dead laid  
 He should haue left me. Many a man I haue,  
 That would haue calld old *Dolius* my flauie,  
 (That keeps my Orchard, whom my Father gaue) }  
 At my departure) to haue runne, and told  
*Lauries* this, to trie if he could hold  
 From running through the people, and from teares,  
 In telling them of thise vowd murtherrers;  
 That both diuine *Vlysses* hope, and his,  
 Resolute to end in their conspiracies.

His Nurse then, *Euryklea*, made reply:  
 Deare Soueraigne, let me with your owne hands die;  
 Or cast me off here, I'll not keepe from thee,  
 One word of what I know: He trusted me  
 With all his purpos; and I gaue him all  
 The bread and wine, for which he pleasd to call,  
 But then a mighty oath he made me swere, }  
 Not to report it to your royll eare,  
 Before the twelvth day either should appeare, }  
 Or you should ask me, when you heard him gone,  
 Empaire not then your beaties with your mone, }  
 But wash, and put vntoare-lain'd garments on:  
 Ascend your chamber, with your Ladies here; }  
 And pray the seed of Goat-nurst *Jupiter*,  
 (Diviu *Athenia*) to preferue your sonne;  
 And she will saue him from confusson.  
 Th' old King, to whom your hopes stand so inclin'd,  
 For his g' aue counsels, you perhaps may find  
 Vnfit affected, for his ages lase.  
 But heaven-kings waxe not old, and therefore make  
 It it pray's to them, for my thoughts never will  
 Believe the heavenly powres conceit so ill,  
 The seed of righteous *Arcefiades*,  
 To end it vterly; but still will please  
 In some place euermore, some one of them  
 To saue; and decke him with a Diadem:  
 Giu him possession of erected Towres,  
 And farre-stretcht fields, crownd all of fruits and flowres.  
 This eas'd her heart, and dride her humoros eies,  
 When hauing walt, and weeds of sacrifice  
 (Pure, and vntaint with her distrustfull teares)  
 Put on, (with all her women-ministers)  
 Up to a chamber of most height, she rose,  
 And cakcs of salt and barley did impose  
 Within a wicker basket, all which broke

*Euryklea spous  
 comfort of Pe-  
 nelope.*

*I. Aucto: sonnes  
 Arce in the son  
 of Jupiter.*

Penelope to  
Pallas

In decent order; thus she did invoke:  
 Great Virgin of the Goat-preserved God;  
 If ever in the inhabited abode  
 Of wife *Vlysses*, held the fated Thies  
 Of sheepe and Oxen, made thy sacrifice  
 By his devotion; heare me; nor forget  
 His pious seruices; but safe seeke  
 His deare sonne, on these shores; and banish hence  
 These woouers, past all meane in insolence.  
 This said, the shricke; and *Pallas* heard her praise.  
 The woouers broke with tumult all the aire  
 About the thadic houle; and one of them,  
 Whose pride, his youth had made the more extreme,  
 Said; Now the many-woocer-honoured Queen,  
 Will surely satiate her delayfull spleene,  
 And one of vs, in instant nuptials take.  
 Poore Dame, she dreames not, what designe we make,  
 Vpon the life and slaughter of her sonne.  
 So said he; but so said, was not so done;  
 Whose arrogant spirit, in a vaunt so vaine,  
*Anemos* chid; and said; For shame containe  
 These brauning speeches; who can tell who heares?  
 Are we not now in reach of others eare?  
 If our intentions please vs, let vs call  
 Our spirits vp to them, and let speeches fall.  
 By watchfull Danger, men must silent go:  
 What we resolute on, let's not say, but do.  
 This said, he chufide our twentie men, that bore  
 Best reckning with him; and to ship and shone,  
 All hasted; reacht the ship, lancht, raised the mast,  
 Put sailes in; and with leather loopes made fast  
 The oares; Sailes hoisted; Armes their men did bring,  
 All giuing speed, and forme to euery thing.  
 Then to the high depees, their riggd vessel driven,  
 They supt; expecting the approaching Euen.  
 Meane space, *Penelope* her chamber kept,  
 And bed, and neither eat, nor dranke, nor slept;  
 Her strong thoughts wrought so on her blameliſſe sonne,  
 Still in contention, if he should be done  
 To death; or scape the impious woouers designe.  
 Looke how a Lion, whom men-troopes combine  
 To hunt, and cloſe him in a craftis ring;  
 Much varied thought conceives; and feare doth sting  
 For vrgent danger: So far'd ſhe, till ſleepe,  
 All iuncture of her ioynts, and nerues did ſteepe  
 In his diſſolving humor. When (at reſt)  
*Pallas* her fauours varied; and addreſt  
 An Idoll, that *Iphiblina* did preſent

*Anemos* to the  
reſt.

In \* ſtructure of her every lineament;  
 Great-sould *Icaria* daughter; whom, for Spouse  
*Eumeius* tooke, that kept in *Ehera* houſe.  
 This, to diuine *Vlysses* house ſhe ſent,  
 To tie her belt meane, how ſhe might content  
 Mournefull *Penelope*; and make Relent  
 The ſtrict addicition in her to deplore.  
 This Idol (like a \* worme, that leſſe or more,  
 Contracts or strains her) did ſelfe conuey,  
 Beyond the wards, or windings of the key,  
 Into the chamber, and aboue her head,  
 Her ſteate affluming, thus ſhe comforted.  
 Distret *Penelope*. Doth ſleepe thus ſafe  
 Thy poures, affected with ſo much diſease  
 The Gods, that nothing troubles, will not ſee  
 Thy teares nor grieves, in any leaſt degree,  
 Sustained with cauſe; for they will guard thy ſonne,  
 Safe to his wiſht, and native mansion;  
 Since he is no offender of their States;  
 And they to ſuch, are firmer then their Fates.  
 The wife *Penelope* receiuid herthus,  
 (Bound with a flumber night delicioſus,  
 And in the Port of dreams) O ſister, why  
 Repaire you hither? ſince ſo fare off lie  
 Your houſe and houſhold? You were neuer here  
 Before this houre; and would you now giue cheate  
 To my ſo many woes and miſeries?  
 Affecting ſitly all the faculties  
 My foulē and mind hold: hauing lost before  
 A husband, that of all the vertues bore  
 The Palme amongst the Greeks; and whiche renoune  
 Soame was, that *Fame* the ſound hath blowne  
 Through *Greece* and *Argos*, to her very heat.  
 And now againe, a ſonne that did conuert  
 My whole poures to his loue, by ſhip is gone.  
 A tender Plant, that yet was neuer growne  
 To labours taste, nor the commerce of men;  
 For whom, more then my husband I complaine;  
 And leſt he ſhould at any ſufferance touch  
 (Or in the ſea, or by the men ſo much  
 Estrang'd to him, that muſt his comforts be)  
 Feare and chill tremblings, ſhake each ioynt of me.  
 Besides: his danger ſets on, foes profeſt  
 To way-lay his returne; that haue addreſt  
 Plots for his death. The ſcarce-difcerned Dreame,  
 Said: Be of comfort; nor feares ſo extreme,  
 Let thus dismay thee; thou haſt ſuch a mate  
 Attending thee, as ſome at any rate

\* ſuper mem-  
brorum ſtru-  
ctura.

*Anemos* adiude  
*Icaria* ſonnes  
 affectus cur-  
 culionis signi-  
 ficat quod lou-  
 gior & graci-  
 lior euerit.

Minerva sub  
 Iphiblina per-  
 fona, glatur Pe-  
 nelope in  
 ſomnis.

*Penelope* to the  
 Dreame.

*Envelope to the  
Idol.*

Would with to purchase, for her powre is great;  
*Mine* as pities thy delights decaue:  
Whose Grace hath sent me to foretell thee cheue.  
If thou (said she) be of the Goddesses,  
And heardst her tell thee thef; thou mayst as well  
From her, tell all things else, digne then to tell,  
If yet the man, to all misfortunes boone,  
(My husband) liues; and seest the Sunne adome  
The darksome earth; or hides his wretched head  
In *Plates* houfe, and liues amongst the dead?  
I will not (the replide) my breath exhale,  
In one continuide, and perennall tale;  
Lives he, or dies he? Tis a filthy vife,  
To be inaine and idle speech profuse.  
This faid, she through the lisy-hole of the doore  
Vanisht againe into the open blowe.  
*Icarus* daughter started from her sleepe,  
And *Io*es fresh humor, her lou'd breit did sleepe.  
When now so cleare, in that first watch of night,  
She saw the scene dreame vanisht from her sight.  
The wooers (hipt) the seas moist wawes did plise;  
And thought the Prince, a haughtie death shoud die.  
There lies a certayne Iland in the sea,  
Twixt rockie *Samos* and rough *Therae*,  
That cliff is it selfe, and nothing great;  
Yet holds convenient haunes, that two wayes lese.  
Ships in and out, call'd *afore*: and there  
The wooers hop't to make their maffakere.

*Finis libri quarti Hom. Odyss.*

## THE

## THE FIFTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGVMENT.

A *Second Court*, on Ioue attende;  
Who, Hermes to Calypso sende;  
Commanding her to cleare the wayer  
Vlysses, fought; and *she obeye*.  
When Neptune saw Vlysses free,  
And, from safetie, plow the seas;  
Enrag'd, he ruffles up the wawes,  
And splits his ship. Leucorhea faues  
His peron yet; as being a Dame,  
Whose Godhead governd in the frame  
Of those seas tempers. But the meane  
By which *she* curbs dread Neptunes spleene,  
Is made a leuell; which *she* takes  
From off her head; and *that* she makes  
Vlysses on his bofome weare,  
Abou his necke, he wear it there:  
And when he is with wawes beset,  
Bids weare it as an Amulet;  
Commanding him, that not before  
He toucht upon Phaeacias shore,  
He shoulde not part with it; but then  
Returne it to the sea again,  
And cast it from him. He performes;  
Yet after this, bides bitter stormes;  
And in the rockes, sees Death engrau'd;  
But on Phaeacias shore is saved.

Another.

E. Vlysses builds  
A ship; and gaines  
The Grotte fields;  
Payer Neptune paines.

 *V*ora rose from high-borne *Tithons* Bed,  
That men and Gods might be illustrated:  
And then the Deities satc. Imperiall *Ioue*,  
That makes the horrid murmure beate aboue,  
Tooke place past all; whose height for euer springs;  
And from whom flowes th'eternall powre of things.  
Then *Pallas* (mindfull of *Vlysses*) told  
The many Cares, that in *Calypso* hold,  
He still sustaing, when he had felte before,  
So much affliction, and such dangers more.

*Fathers to the  
Gods.*

O Father, (said she) and ye euer blest,  
Give never King hereafter, intercess  
In any aide of yours, by seruing you;  
By being gentle, humane, iust; but grow  
Rude, and for euer scornfull of your rights;  
All iustice ordyning by their appeties.  
Since he that rul'd, as it in right he hou'd,  
That all his subiects, as his children lou'd,  
Finds you so thoughtlesse of him, and his birth.  
Thus men begin to say, ye rule in earth;  
And grudge at what ye let him vndergoe;  
Who yet the least part of his sufferancē know:  
Thralld in an island, shipwreckt in his teares;  
And in the fancies that *Calypso* beares,  
Bound from his birthright; all his shipping gone;  
And of his souldiers, not retaining one.  
And now his moll-lou'd Sonnes life doth inflame  
Their slaughterous enuies; since his Fathers fame  
He puts in pursueit; and is gone as faire  
As lacted *Pyls*; and the singular  
Dame breeding *Sparta*. This, with this reply,  
*The Cloud-assembler* answere: What words slie  
Thine own remembrance (daughter!) hast not thou?  
The counsell given thy selfe, that told thee how  
*Vlysses* shall with his returne addresse  
His woors wrongs! And, for the safe acceſſe,  
His Sonne shall make to his innatire Port,  
Do thou direct it, in as curious sort,  
As thy wit serues thee: it obeys thy powers;  
And in their shipp returne the speedleſſe wowers.  
Then turnd he to his iſſue *Aſcure*,  
*And ſaid*: Thou haſt made good our Ambaffe  
To th' other Statift; To the Nymph then now,  
On whose faire head a tuft of gold doth grow;  
Bear our true ſpoken counſell, for retreat  
Of patient *Vlyſſes*, who ſhall get  
No ſide from vs, nor any mortall man;  
But in a \*patcht-up ſkiffe, (builte as he can,  
And ſuffering woes know) the twentieth day  
At fruitfull *Scheria*, let him breathe his way,  
With the *Pheacians*, that halfe Deities liue;  
Who like a God will honour him; and giue  
His wiſedome clothes, and ſhip, and brasse, and gold,  
More then for gaue of *Troy* he euer told;  
Where, at the whole diuision of the prey,  
If he a fauer were, or got away  
Without a wound (if he ſhould grudge) twas well;  
But th' end ſhall crowne all; therefore Fate will deale

*How to Mercurie*

*De quidam non in  
diuina, in rati  
mentis vniuersali  
legamus.*

So well with him; to let him land, and ſee  
His native earth, friends, houſe and family.

Thus charg'd he; nor *Argicidē* denied;  
But to his ſeete, his faire wingd ſhoes he tied;  
Ambroſian, golden; that in his command,  
Put either ſea, or the vnmēaſur'd land,  
With pace as ſpeddie as a puff of wind.  
Then vp his Rod went; with which he declin'd  
The eyes of any waker, when he plead,  
And any ſleeper, when he wiſh'd, diſeaf'd.

This tooke; he ſtoopt *Pires*; and thence  
Glid through the airc; and *Nepunes* Confluence  
Kift as he flew; and chekct the waues as light  
As any Sea-mew, in her fishing flight,  
Her thicke wings ſoucing in the ſauorie ſeas.  
Like her, he paſt a world of wildeernesſe;  
But when the far-off Ile, he toucht, he went  
Vp from the blue ſea, to the Continent,  
And reaſt the ample Cauerne of the Queene;  
Whom he within found; without, ſeldome ſene.  
A Sun-like fire vpon the harth did flame;  
The matter precious, and diuine the frame;  
Of Cedar cleſt, and Incenſe was the Pile,  
That breath'd an odour round about the Ile.  
Her ſelfe was ſeated in an inner roome,  
Whom ſweetly ſing he heard; and at her loome,  
About a curious web, wholē yarne ſhe threw  
In, with a golden shuttle. A Groue grew  
In endleſſe ſpring about her Cauerne round;  
With odorous Cyppreſſe, Pines, and Poplars crownd,  
Where Haukls, Sea-owles, and long-tongu'd Bittrous bred;  
And other birds their thadic pinions ſpred.  
All Fowles maritiſmal, none rooſted there,  
But thoſe whoſe labours in the waters were.  
A Vine did all the hollow Cauſe embrace;  
Still greene, yet ſtill ripe bunches gaue it grace,  
Four Fountaines, one againſt another powrd  
Their ſiluer ſtreames; and medowes all enflowrd  
With ſweete Balme-gentle, and blue Violers hid,  
That deckt the ſoft breſts of each fragrant Mead.  
Should any onē (though he immortall were)  
Arrive and ſee the ſacred obiects there;  
He would admire them, and be ouer-joyd;  
And ſo stood *Hermes* rauifht poures employd.

But haung all admir'd, he enterd on  
The ample Cauſe; nor could be ſcene unknoune  
Of great *Calypſo*, (for all Deities are  
Prompt in each others knowledge; though ſo faire

*Mercurij de-  
ſcriptio.*

*Descriptio spe-  
ci Calypſi.*

Seuerd in dwellings) but he could'nt see  
*Vlysses* there within. Without was he  
Set sad alshore; where twas his vse to view  
Th' unquiet sea; sigh'd, wept, and empie drew  
His heart of comfort. Plac't here in her throne  
(That beames cast vp, to Admiration)  
Divine *Calypso*, question'd *Hermes* thus:  
*Calypso to Mercurie.*  
For what caute (deare, and much-esteem'd by vs,  
Thou golden-rod-adorned *Mercurie*)  
Arriu'lt thou here? thou haft not vse to apply  
Thy passage this way. Say, what ever be  
Thy hearts desire, my mind commands it thee,  
If in my meanes it lie, or powre of fact.  
But first, what hospitable righte exa<sup>t</sup>e,  
Come yet more neare, and take. This said, she set  
A Table forth, and furnisht it with meate,  
Such as the Gods taste, and seru'd in with it,  
Vermilion *Nectar*. When with banquet, fit  
He had confirm'd his spirites, he thus exprest  
*Mercurie to Calypso.*  
His cause of coming: Thou haft made request  
(Goddesse of Goddesses) to vnderstand  
My cause of touch here: which thou shalte command,  
And know with truth: *Ioue* caused my course to thee,  
Against my will; for who would willingly  
Lackey along so vast a lake of Brine?  
Neare to no Citie, that the poures diuine  
Receives with solemne rites and Hecatombs?  
But *Ioues* will euer, all law ouercomes;  
No other God can crosse or make it void.  
And he affirmes, that one, the most annoyd  
With woes and toiles, of all thofe men that fought  
For *Priams* Citie; and to end hath brought  
Nine yeares in the contention; is with thee.  
For in the tenth yeare, when rov Victoria  
Was wonne, to giue the Greeks the spoile of *Troy*;  
Returne they did professe, but not enjoy,  
Since *Pallas* they incenst; and she, the waues  
By all the winds powre, that blew ope their graues.  
And there they restid. Only this poore one,  
This Coast, both winds and waues haue cast vpon:  
Whom now forthwith he wil thee to dismiss,  
Affirming that th' unalterd destinies,  
Not onely haue decreed, he shall not die  
Apart his friends, but of Necesitie  
Enjoy their fightes before those fatal houres,  
His countrie earth reach, and erected Towres.  
This strook, a loue-cheekt horror through her poures;  
When (naming him) she this reply did giue:

Infatiate

Infatiate are ye Gods, past all that live,  
In all things you affect, which still conuerts  
Your poures to Enuies. It affiicts your hearts,  
That any Goddesse shoud (as you obtaine  
The vle of earthly Dames) enioy the men:  
And most in open mariage. So ye far'd,  
When the delicious-finger'd *Morning* shar'd  
*Orions* bed: you eafe-living *States*,  
Could never satisfie your emulous hates;  
Till in *Ortygia*, the precife-liu'd Dame  
(Gold-thron'd *Diana*) on him rudely came,  
And with her swift shafts slue him. And such paines,  
(When rich-hair'd *Ceres* pleasd to giue the raines  
To her affections; and the grace did yeeld  
Of loue and bed amidst a three-cropt field,  
To her *Isis*) he paid angrie *Ioue*,  
Who lost, no long time, notice of their loue;  
But with a glowing lightning, was his death.  
And now your enuies labour vnderneath  
A mortall choice of mine; whose life, Iooke  
To lib: call fat-tie, when his thip, *Ioue* strooke  
With red-hote flashes, pece-meale in the seas,  
And all his friends and soldiery, succourkisle  
Perisht but he. Him, cast vpon this coast  
With blasts and billowes; I (in life gien lost)  
Preferr'd alone; lou'd, nourish'd, and did vow  
To make him deathlesse; and yet never grow  
Crooked, or worne with age, his whole life long.  
But since no reaon may be made so strong,  
To striue with *Ioues* will, or to make it vaine;  
No not if all the other Gods shoud straine  
Their poures against ic; let his will be law;  
So he afford him fit meanes to withdraw,  
(As he commands him) to the raging Maine:  
But meanes from me, he never shall obtaine,  
For my meanes yeild, nor men, nor ship, nor oares,  
To set him off, from my so enuied shores.  
But if my counsell and goodwill can aide  
His safe passe home, my best shall be assaid.  
Vouchsafe it so, (a.d heauens Ambassador)  
And daigne it quickly. By all meanes abhorre  
T' incenct *Ioues* wrath against thee; that with grace  
He may hereafter, all thy wish embrase.  
Thus tooke the *Argus*-killing God, his wings.  
And since the reverend *Nymphs*, chefe awfull things  
Receiu'd from *Ioue*; she to *Vlysses* went:  
Whom she ashore found, drownd in discontent;  
Hiseyes kept neuer drie, he did so mourne;

*Mercurie leaves Calypso.*

H 2

And

*Calypso dibles,*  
*sed reply to*  
*Mercurie.*

And waste his deare age, for his wiſt returne.  
 Which full without the Cauē he vſe to do,  
 Because he could not pleafe the Goddesses ſo,  
 At night yet (forc't) together tooke their reſt,  
 The willing Goddesses, and th'vnwilling Gueſt.  
 But he, all day in rockeſ, and on the ſhore  
 The vext ſea viewd; and did his Fate deplore.  
 Him, now, the Goddesses (coming neare) beſpeak:  
 Calypſo to Phylſes  
 Unhappie man, no more diſcomforſ take,  
 For my conſtraint of thee, nor waste thine age;  
 I now will paſſing frecly diſengage  
 Thy iſſome ſtay here. Come then, ſell thee wood,  
 And buil a ſhip, to ſave thee from the flood.  
 He furniſh thee with fresh waue, bread and wine,  
 Ruddy and ſweet, that will the \* Piner pine;  
 Put gaſments on thee, give thee winds for right;  
 That euery way thy home-bent appetit  
 May ſafe attaine to it; if ſo it pleafe  
 At all parts, all the heauen-houſd Deities!  
 Thir more in powre are, more in ſkill then I;  
 And more can judge, what ſits humānitie.  
 Hanger.  
 Myſte to Calypſo  
 He stood amaz'd, at this ſtrange change in her;  
 And ſaid: O Goddess! thy intenſe preferre  
 Some other proie, then my parting hence;  
 Commanding things of too high conſequencie  
 For my performance. That my ſelue ſhould buil  
 A ſhip of powre, my home aſfaiſes to shield  
 Againſt the great Sea, of ſuch dread to paſſe;  
 Which not the beſt-builk ship that euer was,  
 Will paſſe exulting; when ſuch winds as *tow*  
 Can thunder vp, their tiuins and tacklings proue.  
 But could I buil one, I would ne're aboord,  
 (Thy will oppofde) nor (won) without thy word,  
 Giuen in the great oath of the Gods to me,  
 Not to beguile me in the leaſt degree.  
 Calypſo and.  
 The Goddesses ſmilde; held hard his hand, and ſaid:  
 O y'e a ſhrewd one; and ſo habited  
 In taking heed, thou knowſt not what it is  
 To be vnwarie; nor vſe words amifſe.  
 How haſt thou charmed me, were I ne're ſo flie?  
 Let earth know them; and heauen, fo broad, fo hie;  
 And th'vnder-funke waues of th'inferrnal ſtreames  
 (Which is an eath, terribly ſupreme,  
 As any God ſweares) that I had no thought,  
 But ſtood with what I ſpake; nor would haue wrought,  
 Nor counſeld any act againſt thy good;  
 But euer diligently weighd, and ſtood  
 On thoſe points in perſuading thee, that I

Would vſe my ſelue in ſuch extremitie.  
 For my mind ſimple is, and innocent;  
 Not givn by cruell ſleights to circumuant;  
 Nor beare I in my breſt a heart of Steele,  
 But with the Sufferer, willing ſufferance ſeele.  
 This ſaid, the Grace of Goddesses led home;  
 He traſt her ſteps; and (to the Cauerne come)  
 In that rich Throne, whence *Mercuſe* arose,  
 He ſate. The Nymph her ſelue did then appole  
 For food and beuridge to him; all beſt meat,  
 And drinke, that mortals vſe to taſte and eate.  
 Then ſate the oppofite; and for her Feaſt,  
 Was *Nelſa*, and *Ambroſia* addrefſed.  
 By handmaids to her. Both, what was prepar'd,  
 Did freely fall to. Hauiing fitly far'd,  
 The Nymph Calypſo this diſcouerſe began:  
*Ioue*-bred *Vijſſe*! many-witted man!  
 Still is thy home ſo wiſt? ſo ſoone away?  
 Be ſtill of cheare, for all the worſt I ſay;  
 But if thy ſoule knew what a ſumme of woe  
 For thee to caſt vp, thy ſterne Fates impoſe;  
 Ere to thy country earth thy hope remaining,  
 Undoubtedly thy choice would here remaine;  
 Kepe houſe with the, and be a liuer euer.  
 Which (me thinkes) ſhould thy houſe and theo diſſeuſ;  
 Though for thy wife there, thouſt ſet on fire,  
 And all thy daies are ſpent in her deſire;  
 And though it be no boaſt in me to ſay,  
 In forme and mind, I match her euery way.  
 Nor can it fit a mortall Daſhes compare,  
 T'affect thoſe terms with vs, that deathleſſe are.  
 The great in counſels, made her this reply:  
 Renown'd, and to be reuerenc'd Dcuitie!  
 Let it not moue thee, that ſo much I vow  
 My comforts to my wife; though well I know  
 All cauile my ſelue, why wife *Peneſipe*.  
 In wit is farre inferior to thee;  
 In feature, ſtature, all the parts of thouſe;  
 She being a mortall; an Immortal thouſe;  
 Old euer growing, and yet never old.  
 Yet her deſire, ſhall all my daies ſee told;  
 Adding the ſight of my returning day,  
 And naturall home. If any God thall lay  
 His hand vpon me, as I paſſe the ſeas;  
 Ile beare the worſt of what his hand thall pleaſe;  
 As hauiing giuen me ſuch a mind, as thall  
 The more ſtill rife, the more his hand lets fall.  
 In waues and waues, my ſufferings were not ſmall.

Calypſo promife  
of immortallitie  
to Vijſſe.

I now haue suffred much; as much before;  
Hereafter let as much result, and more.

This said; the Sunne set; and earth shadowes gane;  
When these two (in an in-roomē of the Cane,  
Left to themselfes) left Londe no rites vndone.  
The early Morn vp; vp he rose; put on  
His in and out-weed. She, her selfe inchases  
Amidst a white robe, full of all the Grass;  
Ample, and pleated, thicke, like fishie scales.  
A golden girdle then, her wafle empales,  
Her head, a veile decks; and abroad they come;  
And now began *Vlysses* to go home.

A great Axe, first the gane, that two wayes cut;  
In which a faire wel-polisht helme was put,  
That from an Olie bough receiu'd his frame:  
A plainer then. Then led the till they came  
To lofste Woods, that did the Ile confine.  
The Firre tree, Poplar, and heauen-felling Pine,  
Had there their offspring. Of which, those that were  
Of drieſt matter, and grew longest there,  
He chulde for lighted taile. This place, thus shounē,  
The *Nymph* turnd home. He fell to ſelling downē;  
And twentie trees he stoopt, in little ſpace;  
Plaid, vſide his Plumb; did all with artfull grace.  
In meane time did *Clytus* wimble bring.  
He bor'd, cloſde, nail'd, and ordred every thing,  
And tooke how much a ſhip-wright will allow  
A ſhip of burthen; (one that best doth know  
What fits his Ar) so large a Keele he caſt.  
Wrought vp her deels, and hatches, ſide-boords, maſt;  
With willow watlings arm'd her, to refiſt  
The billowes outrage; added all the miſt;  
Sail-yards, and ſterne for guide. The *Nymph* then brought  
Linnen for ſailes; which, with diſpatch, he wrought.  
Gables, and halſters, tacklings. All the Frame  
In four dayes ſpace, to full perfection came.

The firſt day, they diſmift him from the shore,  
Weeds, neate, and odorous gave him; viſtles ſtore;  
Wine, and ſtrong waters, and a proſperous wind.  
To which, *Vlyſſes* (fit to be diuin'd)  
His ſailes expold, and hoſted. Off he gaſt;  
And chearfull was he. At the ſterne he ſat,  
And ſter'd right artfully. No ſleepe could ſcife  
His ey-lids: he beheld the *Pleadeſ*  
The Beare, furnam'd the Waine, that round doth move  
About *Orion*; and keepes ſtill above  
The billowie Ocean. The flow-leſting ſtare,  
Bootes calld, by ſome, the Waggoat.

*This fourre dayes  
workē (you will  
ſay) is too much  
for one man: and  
Dilis affirms,  
that Elio (a  
king of Sicili)  
in four and forty  
dayes buit two  
hundreſ and  
twentie ſhips,  
rigged them, and  
put to ſea with  
them.*

*Calyſo* warnd him, he his course ſhould ſteke  
Still to his leſt hand. Seuentene dayes did cleare  
The cloudie *Nights* command, in his moist way;  
And by the eighteenth lighte, he might display  
The ſhadie hills of the *Phaacean* ſhore;  
For which, as to his next abode, he bore.  
The countrie did a pretie figure yeeld,  
And looke from off the darke feas, like a shield.

Impetuous *Neptune* (making his reſtate  
From th' *Ethiopian* earth; and taking ſteke  
Vpon the mountaines of the *Syphni*;  
From thence, farre off diſcouering) did defreſe  
*Vlyſſes*, his fields plowing. All on fire  
The ſight ſtraiſt fet his heart, and made deſire  
Of wreake runne ouer, it did boile to hie.  
When (his head nodding) O impetue  
(He cried out) now, the Gods inconfonſcie  
Is moſt apparent; altring their deſignes  
Since I the *Aſtrides* ſaw: and here conſines  
To thiſ *Vlyſſes* fate, hiſ miſerie.

The great marke, on which all hiſ hopes rely,  
Lies in *Phaeacia*. But I hope he ſhall  
Feele woe at height, ere that *dead* calme befall:  
This ſaid, he (begging) gatherd clouds from land;  
Frighted the feas vp; inaſte into hiſ hand,  
Hiſ horrid Trident; and aloft did tolle  
(Of all the winds) all stormes he could engroſſe.  
All earth tooke into ſea with clouds; grim *Night*  
Fell tumbling headlong from the cope of Light.  
The East and Southwinds iuſtled in the aire;  
The violent *Zephire*, and *North*-making faire,  
Rould vp the waues before them: and then, bent  
*Vlyſſes* knees; then all hiſ ſpiri was spent.  
In which deſpaire, he thus ſpake: Woe is me!  
What was I borne to? man of miſerie?  
Fare tell me now, that all the Goddesſe ſaid,  
*Trubis* ſelfe will author, that *Fate* would be paid  
*Graues* whole ſumme due from me, at ſea, before  
I reaſh the deare touch of my countries ſhore.  
With what clouds *lowe*, heauens heightned forehead binds?  
How tyranize the wraths of all the winds?  
How all the tops, he bottomes with the deepest?  
And in the bottomes, all the tops he ſteepes?  
Thus dreadfull is the preſence of our death.  
Thrice fourre times bleſt were they that funk beneath  
Their Fates at *Troy*; and did to nought contend,  
But to renoume *Aſtrides* with their end?  
I would to God, my hour of death, and *Fate*,

*Evening*  
[Mendicando  
colligo.]

That day had held the power to terminas;  
When shoures of darts, my life bore vndespell,  
About diuine *Aescides* decaſt.  
Then had I bene allotted to haue died,  
By all the Greeks, with funerals glorified,  
(Whence *Death*, encouraging good like, had growne)  
Where now I die, by no man mournd, nor knowne.

This spokes a huge waue tooke him by the head,  
And hurid him o're-boord: ship and all it laid  
Inuernt quite amidd the waues; but he  
Fare off from her sprawld, frowd about the ſea:  
His Sterne ſtil holding, broken off his Maff  
Burſt in the midſt: ſo horriblē a blaſt  
Of mixt winds ſtrooke it. Sails and ſail-yards fell  
Amoſt the billowes; and himſelfe did dwell  
A long time vnder water: nor could get  
In halfe his head out: waue with waue ſo met  
In his depreſſion, and his garments too,  
(Gien by *Calyſſe*) gaue him much to do,  
Hindring his (wimmings) yet he left not ſo  
His drenched vefell, for the ouerthrow  
Of her nor him; but gat at length againe  
(Wreſtling with *Nep̄tūne*) hold of her; and then  
Sat in her Bulle, iuſtling ouer *Death*,  
Which (with the ſaile ſtreame, preſt to flop his breath)  
He ſcap't, and gaue the ſea againe, to give  
To other men. His ſhip ſo ſtru'd to lieue,  
Floting at random, cuſt from waue to waue;  
As you haue feene the *Northeind* when he draue  
In *Autumne*, heapeſ of thorne-fed Graſhoppers,  
Hither and thither; one heape this way beates,  
Another that; and makes them often meete  
In his conuolde gales; ſo *Vlyſſe* ſleete,  
The winds hurid vp and downe: now *Boreas*  
Toſt it to *Nōtus*, *Nōtus* gaue it paſſe  
To *Eurus*, *Eurus*, *Zephīus* made it purſue  
The horrid *Tenuis*. This ſport calld theview  
Of *Cadmus* daughter, with the narrow heele,  
(In *Leucosbea*) that firſt did feele  
A mortall Dames defies; and had a tongue.  
But now had th' honor to be nam'd among  
The marine Godheads. She, wiſh pitie ſaw  
*Vlyſſe* iuſt'd thus, from flaw to flaw;  
And (like a Cormorand, in forme and flight)  
Rofe from a whirl-poole: on the ſhip did light,  
And thus beſpeakes him: Whyn is *Nep̄tūne* thus  
In thy purſuite extremely furious,  
Opprefſing thee with ſuch a world of ill,

Euen to thy death? He muſt not ſcru his will,  
Though tis his ſtudie. Let me then aduife,  
As my thoughts ſerue, thou ſhalt not be vnwife  
To leaue thy weeds and ſhip, to the commands  
Of thefe rude winds; and worke out with thy hands,  
Paffe to *Phaeacia*; where thy auſtere *Fate*,  
Is to purſue thee with no more ſuch hate.  
Take here this Tablet, with this riband ſtrung,  
And ſee it ſtill about thy boſome hungs  
By whole eternall vertue, neuer fear  
To ſuffer thus againe, nor perish here.  
But when thou toucheſt with thy hand the ſhore,  
Then take it from thy necke, nor weare it more;  
But caſt it farre off from the Continent,  
And then thy perfon fare alſore preſent.

Thus gaue ſhe him the Tablet, and againe  
(Turnd to a Cormorand) diu'd paſt ſight the Maine.

Patient *Vlyſſe* ſighd at thiſ, and ſtucke  
In the conceit of ſuch faire ſpoken Lucke:  
And laide; Alas I muſt ſuſpect euen thiſ;  
Left any other of the Deities  
Addē ſlight to *Neptunes* force; to counſell me  
To l.ue my vefell, and ſo farre off ſee  
The ſhore Iaime at. Nor with thoughts too cleare  
Will I obey her: but to me appearē  
These counſels beſt; as long as I perceiue  
My ſhip not quite diſſolu'd, I will not leaue  
The helpe ſhe may afford me; burabide,  
And ſuffer all woes, till the worſt be tride.  
When ſhe is ſplit, Ile ſwim: no miracle can  
Paſt meare and cleare meanes, moue a knowing man.

While this diſcouſe emploid him, *Neptūne* raid  
A huge, a high, and horrid ſea, that ſeifd  
Him and his ſhip, and toſt them through the Lake;  
As when the violent winds together take  
Heapes of drie chaffe, and hurle them every way;  
So his long woodlacke, *Neptūne* ſtroke altray.

Then did *Vlyſſe* mount on rib, perforce,  
Like to a rider of a running horſe,  
To ſtay himſelfe a time, while he might ſhift  
His drenched weeds, that were *Calyſſe* gift.  
When putting ſtrai, *Leucosbea* Amulet  
About his necke, he all his forces ſet  
To ſwim, and caſt him proſtrate to the ſeas.  
When powrefull *Neptūne* ſaw the ruthleſſe preafe  
Of perils ſiege him thus; he mou'd his head,  
And this betwixt him and his heart, he ſaid:  
So, now feele ilſ enow, and ſtruggle ſo,

*Vlyſſe fil ſuſpend  
cloue, offaire  
fortunes.*

*Neptuni in V.  
lyſſen incle-  
mentia.*

Till to your low-loud Ilanders you row,  
But my mind sayes, you will not so avoid  
This last task too, but be with sufferance cloid.  
This said; his rich-man'd horfe he shou'd; and reacht  
His houfe at *Hegae*. But *Mimuna* fetcht  
The winds from sea; and all their wayes but one  
Bard to their passage; the bleake *Orrib* alone  
She fet to blow; the rest, she chang'd to keepe  
Their rages in; and bind themselfes in sleepe.  
But *Boreas* still flew high, to breake the seas,  
Till *sea-bred Ithacus*, the more with eale,  
The nauigation-skild *Pheasian States*  
Might make his refuge; *Deab*, and angie *Fates*,  
At length escapng. Two nighes yet, and daies,  
He spent in wreteling with the sable seas;  
In which space, often did his heart propole  
Death to his eyes. But when *Aurora* rose,  
And threw the third light from her orient haire;  
The winds grew calme, and cleare was all the aires;  
Not one breath stirring. Then he might desrie  
(Raifd by the high seas) cleare, the land was nic.  
And then, looke how to good sonnes that effeme  
Their fathers life deare, (after paines extreme,  
Felt in some sicknesse, that hath held him long  
Downe to his bed; and with affections strong,  
Waffed his bodie, made his life his lode;  
As being inflicted by some angie God)  
When on their prairies, they see descend at length  
*Health* from the heauens, clad all in spirit and strength;  
The sight is precious: so, since here should end  
*Vlysses* toiles; which therewith should extend  
Health to his countrey, (held to him, his Sire)  
And on which, long for him, *Disease* did tire.  
And then besides, for his owne sake to see  
The shores, the woods so neare; such ioy had he,  
As those good sonnes for their recouerd Sire.  
Then laboured feare and all parts, to aspire  
To that wiſt Continent; which, when as neare  
He came, as *Clamor* might informe an eare;  
He heard a sound beate from the sea-bred rocks,  
Against which gaue a huge ſea horrid ſhocks,  
That belch vpon the firme land, weeds and fome;  
With which were all things hid there; where no roome  
Of fit capacite was for any port;  
Nor (from the ſea) for any mans refort;  
The shores, the rocks, and cliftes ſo prominent were.  
O (faid *Vlysses* then) now *Jupiter*  
Hath giuen me fight of an vnhop't for shore,

(Though

(Though I haue wrought theſe ſeas ſo long, ſo ſore)  
Of reſt yet, no place thewes the ſlendref prints;  
The rugged ſhore ſo brift'd is with flints:  
Againſt which, every way the waues ſo flocke;  
And all the ſhore thewes as one eminent rocke.  
So neare which, is ſo deep, that not a ſand  
Is there, for any tired foote to stand:  
Nor ſlie his death-faſt following miferies,  
Left if he land, vpon him fore-right ſlies  
A curhil waue, to crush him againſt a Cliffe;  
Worfe then vaine rendring, all his landing ſtrife.  
And ſhould I ſwim to ſeek a hauen elsewhere,  
Or land, leſſe way-beate, I may iuftly feare  
I ſhall be taken with a gale againe,  
And caſt a huge way off into the Maine.  
And there, the great Earth-shaker (hauing ſene  
My ſo neare landing; and againe, his ſpleene  
Forcing me to him) will ſome Whale ſend our,  
(Of which a horrid number here about,  
His *Amphitrite* breeds) to (swallow me.  
I well haue prou'd, with what malignitie  
He treds my ſteps. While this diſcourſe he held;  
A curſt Surge, againſt a cutting rocke impeld  
His naked bodie, which it gaſh and tore;  
And had his bones broke, if but one ſea more  
Had caſt him on it. But \* ſhe prompted him,  
That never faild, and bad him no more ſwim  
Still off and on; but boldly force the ſhore,  
And hug the rocke, that him ſo rudely tore.  
Which he, with both hands, ſigh'd and claspt; till paſt  
The billowes rage was; which ſcap't, backe, ſo faſt  
The rocke repulſit, that it reft his hold,  
Sucking him from it, and farre backe he rould.  
And as the *Polypus*, that (forc't from home  
Amidſt the ſoft ſea; and neare rough land come  
For shelter againſt the stormes that beat on her  
At open ſea, as the abroad doth cri'e)  
A deale of grauyl, and ſharpe little ſtones,  
Needfullly gathers in her hollow bones:  
So he forc't hirher, (by the sharper ill,  
Shunning the smoother) where he beſt hop't, ſtill  
The worſt ſucceeded: for the cruell friend,  
To which he clinged for ſuccour, off did rend  
From his broad hands, the ſoken flesh ſo ſore,  
That off he fell, and could sustaine no more.  
Quare vnder water fell he; and, paſt Fate,  
Hapleſſe *Vlyſſes*, there had loſt the ſtate  
He held in life; if (ſtill the grey-eyd Maid,

*Tellus*.

Per alperiora  
vitare lauita.

His

His wisedome prompting) he had not affaid  
 Another couries; and ceaft t'attempt that shore;  
 Swimming, and castling round his eye, t'explore  
 Some other shelter. Then, the mouth he found  
 Of faire *Callicles* flood, whos shores were crownd  
 With most ap's succors: Rocks so smooth, they leand  
 Polift of purpose; and that quite redeemd  
 With breathlesse couerts, th'others blasted shores.  
 The flood he knew, and thus in heart implores:  
 King of this River! hear, what euer name  
 Makes thee invoke: to thee I humbly frame  
 My flight from *Nepunes* furies; Renerend is  
 To all the euer-living Deities,  
 What erring man souer seekes their aid.  
 To thy both flood and knees, a man difmaid  
 With varied sufferance sue. Yeld then some rest  
 To him that is thy suppliant profeſſor.  
 This (though but spoke in thought) the Godhead heard;  
 Her Current strait staid; and her thicke waues cleard  
 Before him, smooth'd her waters, and iuft where  
 He praid, halfe drownd, entirely sau'd him there.  
 Then forth he came, his both knees falting, both  
 His strong hands hanging downe; and all with froth  
 His cheeks and nostrils flowing. Voice and breath  
 Spent to all vſe; and downe he funke to Death.  
 The ſea had ſoakht his heart through: all his vaines,  
 His toiles had racket, t'a labouring womans paines.  
 Dead wearie was he. But when breath did find  
 A pafſe reciprocally; and in his mind,  
 His ſpirit was recollectēd: vp he roſe,  
 And from his necke did th'Amulet vnloſc,  
 That *Iwo* gave him; which he huld from him  
 To ſea. It ſounding fell; and backe did ſwim  
 With th'ebbing waters; till it ſtraiit arriu'd,  
 Where *Isis* faire hand, it againe receiu'd.  
 Then kift he th'humble earth; and on he goes,  
 Till bulrushes ſhewd place for his reſope,  
 Where laid, he ſigh'd, and thus ſaid to his ſoule:  
 O me, what ſtrange perplexities conroule  
 The whole ſkill of thy poures, in thiſ euent?  
 What ſeele I: if till Care-nuſe Nighe be ſpen,  
 I watch amideſt the flood, the feas chill breath,  
 And vegetant dewes, I ſcarē will be my death:  
 So low brought with my labours. Towards day,  
 A paſſing ſharpe arie euer breathes at ſea.  
 If I the pitch of thiſ next mountaine ſcale,  
 And ſhadie wood, and in ſome thicker fall  
 Into the hands of ſleepe: though there the cold

It is of a new  
a party doles.

May well be checkt; and healthfull flumbers hold  
 Her ſweete hand on my poures; all care allaid,  
 Yet there will beaſts deuoure me. Best appaid  
 Doth that courſe make me yet; for there, ſome ſtrife,  
 Strength, and my ſpirit, may make me make for life.  
 Which, though empaird, may yet be fresh applied,  
 Where perill, poſſible of elcape is tried.  
 But he that fights with heauen, or with the ſea,  
 To Indiſcretion, addes impieſie.

Thus to the woods he haſted, which he found  
 Not fare from ſea; but on farre-ſeeing ground;  
 Where two twin vnder-woods, he enterd on;  
 With Oliue trees, and oile-trees ouergrownne:  
 Through which, the moist force of the loud-voi't wind,  
 Did neuer beat; nor euer *Phæbus* ſhin'd;  
 Nor ſhowre beatethrough; they grew lo one in one;  
 And had, by turnes, their poure to exclude the Sunne.  
 Here ent'red our *Vlyſſe*, and a bed  
 Of leaues huge, and of huge abundance ſpred  
 With all his speed. Large he made it; for there,  
 For two or three men, ample Couerings were;  
 Such as might ſhield them from the Winters worſt;  
 Though \* ſteele it breath'g, and blew as it would burst.

Patient *Vlyſſe* ioyd, that euer day  
 Shewd ſuch a shelter. In the midſt he lay,  
 Store of leaues heaping high on every ſide.  
 And as in ſome out-field, a man doth hide  
 A kindd brand, to keepe the ſeed of fire;  
 Nonneighbour dwelling neare; and his deſire  
 Seru'd with ſelfe ſtore; he eſcſe would aſke of none;  
 But of his fore-spent ſparks, takes th'asheſe on:  
 So thiſ out-place, *Vlyſſe* thus receives;  
 And thus naſt vertues ſeed, liſt hid in leaues.  
 Yet *Pallas* made him ſleep, as ſoonne as men  
 Whom *Delicacies*, all thiſ flatteries daine.  
 And all that all his labours could comprise,  
 Quickly concluded, in his cloſed eies.

*Finis libri quinti Hom. Odyſſeſſ.*

A metaphorical  
Hyperbole, ex-  
preſſing the extreme  
of Sharpneſſe.

Simile.

I THE

# THE SIXTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**M**INERVA in a vision stands  
Before Nausicaa; and commands  
She to the flood her weeds should bear,  
For now her Nuptial day was neare.  
Nausicaa her charge obeyes;  
And then with other virgins playes.  
Their sports make merrylevies right;  
Walk to them, and beseech supplies  
Of food and clother. His naked sight  
Fears brother Maids afraid to flight.  
Nausicaa onely boldly playes,  
And gladly his desire obeyes.  
He (joungles with her favours; bounnes)  
Attends her, and therewith to Towne.

## Another.

**Z**EUS. Here Oliver leaves  
Thy shame began.  
The Maide recumes  
The naked man.

Come & require  
myselfe  
Sorrow & labo-  
r afflictus.Sleep  
(anagogues)  
for the want of  
Sleep.

**T**HE much-sustaining, patient, heauenly Man,  
Whom *Taile* and *Sleepe* had worne so weake and wan;  
Thus wonne his rest. In meane space *Pallas* went  
To the *Phaeacia* citie; and descent  
That first did broad *Hyperia* lands diuide,  
Neare the vast *Cyclop*, men of monstrous pride.  
That preyden on those *Hyperians*, since they were  
Of greater powre, and therefore longer there  
Divine *Nausibous* dwelt not; but arose,  
And did for *Scheris*, all his powres dispose:  
Fare from ingenious Art-inventing men.  
But there did he erect a Citie then.  
First, drew a wall round; then he houses builds;  
And then a Temple to the Gods; the fields  
Lastly diuiding. But he (stoopt by Fate)  
Diud to th' infernals: and *Alcinous* fate  
In his command: a man, the Gods did teach,  
Commanding counsels. His houſe held the reach  
Of grey *Minerua* projects; to prouide,  
That great-sould *Ithacae* might be ſupplyde.

With

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

With all things fitting his retурne. She went  
Up to the chamber, where the faire \*descent  
Of great *Alcinous* slept. A maid, whose parts  
In wit and beaute, wore diuine deserts.  
Well deckt her chamber was: of which, the dore  
Did seeme to lighten; ſuch a gloſſe it bore  
Betwixt the poſts: and now flew ope, to find  
The Goddesſe entrie. Like a puff of wind  
She reacht the Virgin bed. Neate which, there lay  
Two maids; to whom, the *Graces* did conuay,  
Figure, and manners. But aboue the head  
Of bright *Nausicaa*, did *Pallas* tredd  
The ſubtile aire; and put the person on  
Of *Dymas* daughter; from comparison  
Exempt in busynesse *Nauall*. Like his ſeed,  
*Minerua* looke now,\* whom one yeaſe did breed,  
With bright *Nausicaa*; and who had gaide  
Grace in her loues; yet on her thus complained:

*Nausicaa!* why bred thy mother one  
So negligent, in rites ſo stood vpon  
By other virgins? Thy faire garments lie  
Neglected by thee; yet thy Nuptials nie.  
When, rich in all attire, both thou ſhouldest be,  
And garments givē to others honoring thee,  
That leadē thee to the Temple. Thy good name  
Grows amongst men for theſe things; they enflame  
Father, and reverend Mother with delight.  
Come; when the *Day* takes any winke from *Night*,  
Let's to the riuere, and repurife  
Thy wedding garments: my ſocietie  
Shall freely ferue thee, for thy ſpedier aid,  
Because thou ſhale no more ſtand on the Maide.  
The beſt of all *Phaeacia* woote thy *Grace*,  
Where thou werē bred, and ow'st thy ſelfe a race.  
Up, and ſtirre vp to thee thy honourd Sire,  
To giue thee Mules and Coach; thee and thy tire;  
Viles, girdles, mantles, early to the flood,  
To beare in ſtate. It ſuites thy high-borne blood;  
And farre more fits thee, then to foote ſo fare,  
For far from towne thou knowſt the Bath-founts are.

This ſaid; away blue-eyd *Minerua* went  
Up to *Olympus*: the firme Continent,  
That beares in endleſſe being, the deified kind;  
That's neither foul'd with showres, nor ſhooke with wind;  
Nor chilld with ſnow; but where *Serenite* flies,  
Exempt from clouds; and euer-beamie skies  
Circle the glittering hill. And all their daies,  
Giue the delights of bleſſed *Deitie* praiſe.

*Nausicaa.*

*Intending Dymas daughter.*

*Olympus defri-  
bid.*

And hither *Pallas* flew, and left the Maid,  
When she had all that might excite her, said.  
Strait rose the louely Mome, that vp did raise  
I-are-veild *Nausicaa*; whose dreame, her prafe  
To *Admiration* tooke. Who no time spent  
To give the rapture of her vision vent,  
To her lou'd parents whom she found within.  
Her mother set at fire, who had to spin  
A Rocke, whose tincture with sea-purple shin'd;  
Her maids about her. But she chanc't to find  
Her Father going abroad: to Counsell calld  
By his graue *Senate*. And to him exhalde  
Her smotherd bosome was. Lou'd Sire (aid she)  
Will you not now command a Coach for me?  
Stately and compleat: fit for me to beare  
To wash at flood, the weeds I cannot weare  
Before repurified? Your selfe it fits  
To weare faire weeds; as every man that sits  
In place of counsell. And fve sonnes you haue;  
Two wed, three Bachelors; that must be braue  
In every dayes shifft, that they may go dance,  
For these three last, with these things must aduance  
Their states in mariage: and who else but I  
Their sister, shold their dancing ries supply?  
This general cause the shewd, and would not name  
Her mind of Nuptials to her Sire, for shame.  
He understood her yet, and thus replide:  
Daughter! nor thiefe, nor any grace beside,  
Neither will denie thee, or deferre,  
Mules, nor a Coach, of state and circular,  
Fitting at all parts. Go; my seruants shall  
Serue thy delires, and thy command in all.

The seruants then (commanded) soone obaid,  
To fetch Coach, and Mules ioynd in it. Then the Maid  
Brought from the chamber her rich weeds, and laid  
All vp in Coach: in which, her mother plac't  
A maund of vichties, varied well in taife,  
And other iunkets. Wine she likewife fill'd  
Within a goat-skin bottle, and distill'd  
Sweete and moist oile into a golden Cruse,  
Both for her daughters, and her handmaids vfe;  
To softn their bright bodies, when they rose  
Clenf'd from their cold baths. Up to Coach then goes  
Th'obserued Maid: takes both the scourge and raines,  
And to her side, her handmaid strait attaines.  
Nor thefe alone, but other virgins grac't  
The Nuptiall Chariot. The whole Beuie plac't,  
*Nausicaa* scourged to make the Coach Mules runne;

*This familiar & neare wanter carriage of Nausicaa: i-are-veiled to her father, payed with first vysit in me deffe express in her after, so much praid by the graunt of Her mers expifters with her fathers lovingall waues of us knowyn her shame affayred and judgement, would not let her exceed at any part, whiche were where inserfed, nor as if there were more wortly the obseruation then other every where friend fivers of preces, but because this more generaly pleasing fuch, may perhaps finde more fuitfull for the fayre of most Readers.*

That

That neigh'd, and pac'd their viall speed; and soone,  
Both maids and weeds, brought to the riuer side;  
Where Baths for all the yeare, their vfe suppled,  
Whose waters were so pure, they would not staine,  
But still ran faire forth, and did more remaine  
Apt to purge stains; for that purg'd staine within,  
Which, by the waters pure store, was not feen.

These (here arriu'd,) the Mules vnoacht, and draue  
Up to the gulphie riuers shore, that gaue  
Sweet grasse to them. The maids from Coach then tooke  
Their cloths, and steept them in the fable brooke.  
Then put them into springs, and trod them cleane,  
With cleanly feet; aduentring wagers then,  
Who should haue sooneft, and most cleanly done.  
When hauing throughly cleansd, they spred them on  
The floods shore, all in order. And then, where  
The waues the pibbles washt, and ground was cleare,  
They bath'd theunfelues; and all with glittering oile,  
Smooth'd their white skins: refreshing then their toile  
With pleafant dinner, by the riuers side.  
Yet still watche when the Sunne, their cloths had dride.  
Till which time (hauing din'd) *Nausicaa*  
With other virgins, did at stool-ball play;  
Their shoulder-reaching head-tires laying by.  
*Nausicaa* (with the wrists of Ivory)  
The liking stroke strooke; singing first a song;  
(As custome orderd) and amidst the throng,  
Made such a shew; and so past all was seene;  
As when the Chaff-borne, Arrow-louing Queene,  
Along the mountaines gliding, either ouer  
*Spartan Taygetus*, whose tops farre discouer,  
Or *Eurymanthus*; in the wilde Bores chace;  
Or swift-houd Hart; and with her, *Joues* faire race  
(The field Nymphs) sporting. Amongst whom, to see  
How farre *Diana* had prioritic  
(Though all were faire) for fairnesse; yet of all,  
(As both by head and forehead being more tall)  
*Letona* triumpht; since the dulleſt fight,  
Might ealſy judge, whom her paines brought to light;  
*Nausicaa* lo (whom neuer husband tam'd),  
Aboue them all, in all the beauties flam'd.  
But when they now made homewards, and araid;  
Ordering their weeds, disordered as they plaids;  
Mules and Coach ready; then *Minerva* thought,  
What meanes to wake *Vlysses*, might be wrought,  
That he might see this louely fighted maid,  
Whom she intended, shold become his aid:  
Bring him to Towne, and his retурne aduance.

*Simile.*

I 3

Her

The partie and  
wisedome of the  
Poet was fact,  
that (gretting  
with his fairest  
letter) was the  
least of thayre  
mages come to  
passing Na-  
mann pro-  
dence. As I spoud  
well notes of him  
Her meane was this, (bough thought a stool-ball chance)  
The Queene now (for the vpstroke) strooke the ball  
Quite wide off th' other maids; and made it fall  
Amidst the whirlpooles. At which, out shriket all;  
And with the shrike, did wife *Vyffes* wake:  
Who, sitting vp, was doubtfull who should make  
That fadaine outcrie; and in mind, abus shru'd:  
On what a people am I now arriu'd?  
At ciuill hospitable men, that feare  
The Gods; or dwell iniurious mortals here?  
Vnusuall, and churlish! like the female crie  
Of youth it sounds. What are they? *Nymphs* bred hic,  
On tops of hils; or in the founts of floods?  
In herbie marthes; or in leauy woods?  
Or are they high-spoke men, I now am neare?  
Ile proue, and see. With this, the wary Peere  
Crept forth the thicket; and an Olieue bough  
Broke with his broad hand; which he did bestow  
In couert of his nakednesse; and then,  
Put haſtie head out: Looke how from his den,  
A mountaine Lion lookes, that, all embrewd  
With drops of trees; and weather-beaten hewd;  
(Bold of his strength) goes on; and in his eye,  
A burning fornace glowes; all bent to prey  
On sheepe, or oxen; or the vpland Hart;  
His belly charging him; and he must part  
Stakes with the Heardl-man, in his beaſts attempt,  
Euen wherē from rape, their strengths are most exempt:  
So wet, so weather-beate, so stung with *Ned*,  
Euen to the home-fields of the countries breed,  
*Piffes* was to force forth his acceſſe,  
Though meern naked; and his fight did preſſe  
The eyes of ſoft-haird virgins. Horrid was  
His rough appearance to them: the hard paſſe  
He had at ſea, ſtucke by him. All in fight  
The Virgins ſcattered, frightened with this fight,  
Abour the prominent windings of the flood.  
All but *Nansas* fled; but the ſat flood:  
*Pallas* had put a boldneſſe in her breſt;  
And in her faire lims, tender *Fear* compreft.  
And ſtill ſhe stood him, as refol'd to know  
What man he was; or out of what ſhould grow  
His ſtrange repaire to them. And here was he  
Put to his wifedome; if her virgin knee,  
He ſhould be bold, but kneeling, to embracē;  
Or keepe aloofe, and tie with words of grace,  
In humbleſt ſupplication, if he might obtaine  
Some couer for his nakednes; and gaine

Similr.

Her grace to ſhew and guide him to the Towne.  
The laſt, he beſt thought, to be worth his owne,  
In weighing both well: to keep ſtill aloofe,  
And glue with ſoft words, his deſires their prooſe;  
Leſt preſſing ſo neare, as to touch her knee,  
He might incenſe her maiden modeſtie.  
This faire and fil'd ſpeech then, ſhewd this was he.  
Let me beſeech (O Queene) this truth of thee;  
Are you of mortall, or the deified race?  
If of the Gods, that th' ample heauens embrace,  
I can reſembl you to none aboue,  
So neare as to the chaſt-borne birth of *Jove*,  
The beaſtie *Cyathis*. Her you full preſent,  
In grace of every God-like lineament;  
Her goodly magnitude; and all th' addreſſe  
You promife of her very perfectneſſe.  
If ſprung of humanes, that inhabite earth,  
Thrice bleſt are both the authors of your birth;  
Thrice bleſt your brothers, that in your deſerts,  
Muſt, even to rapture, beare delighted hearts;  
To ſee ſo like the firſt trim of a tree,  
Your forme adorne a dance. But moſt bleſt, he  
Of all that breathe, that hath the gift t'engage  
Your bright necke in the yoke of mariage;  
And decke his houſe with your commanding merit.  
I haue not ſene a man of ſo much ſpirit.  
Nor man, nor woman, I did euer ſee,  
At all parts equal to the parts in thee.  
Tenioy your fight, doth *Admiration* ſeife  
My eie, and apprehenſive faculties.  
Lately in *Delos* (with a charge of men  
Arriu'd, that renderd me moſt wretched then,  
Now making me thus naked) I beheld  
The burthen of a Palme, whose iſſue ſweld  
About *Apolles Phane*; and that put on  
A grace like thee; for Earth had neuer none  
Of all her Sylvane iſſue ſo adorn'd:  
Into amaze my very foulē was turnd,  
To give it obſtruacion; as now thee.  
To view (O Virgin) a ſtupiditie  
Paf admiraſion ſtrikes me; ioynd with feare  
To do a ſuppliaſe due, and preafe ſo neare,  
As to embracē thy knees. Nor is it ſtrange;  
For one of fresh and firmeſt ſpirit, would change  
T'embracē ſo bright an obiect. But, for me,  
A cruel habite of calamitie,  
Prepaſd the strong imprefſion thou haſt made:  
For this laſt Day did ſlie Nights twentith shade

Playfift to Nym-  
phae.

Since I at length, escape the fable seas,  
When in the meane time, th' unrelenting preafe  
Of wawes and sterne stormes, toſt me vp and downe,  
From th' Ile *Ogygia*: and now God hath throwne  
My wracke on this shore; that perhaps I may  
My miseries vary here: for yet their stay,  
I feare, heauen hath not ordred: though before  
These late afflictions, it hath lent me store.  
O Queene, daine pitie then, ſince firſt to you  
My Fate importunes my diſtreſſe to vow.  
No other Dame, nor man, that this Earth owne,  
And neighbour Cittie, I haue ſcene or knowne.  
The Towne then ſhew me, giue my nakednes  
Some ſhroud to shelter it, if to theſe feas,  
Linnen or woollen, you haue brought to cleſe.  
God giue you, in requitall, all th' amends  
Your heart can wiſh: a husband, family,  
And good agreement: Nought beneath the ſkies,  
More ſweet, more worthy is, then firme conuent  
Of man and wife, in houſhold gouernement.  
It ioyes their wiſhers well, their enemies wounds;  
But to themſelues, the ſpeciall good redounds.

She anſwerd: Stranger! I diſcreme in thee,  
Nor *Sloth*, nor *Folly* raignes; and yet I fee,  
Th' art poore and wretched. In which I conclude,  
That Industry nor wiſdomake make endude  
Men with thoſe gifts, that make them best to th' eies  
*Ione* onely orders mans felicitie.  
To good and bad, his pleasure faſhions ſtill,  
The whole proportion of their good and ill.  
And he perhaps hath formd this plight in thee,  
Of which, thou muſt be patient, as he, free.  
But after all thy wandrings, ſince thy way,  
Both to our Earth, and neare our Cittie, lay,  
As being expoſte to our cares to relieve;  
Weeds, and what elſe, a humāne hand ſhould giue,  
To one ſo ſupplicant, and tam'd with woe;  
Thou haſt not want, Our Cittie, I will ſhowe;  
And tell our peoples name: This neighbor Towne,  
And all this kingdome, the *Pheacians* owne.  
And (ſince thou ſeemſt ſo faine, to know my birth;  
And mad'ſt a queſtion, if of heaven or earth)  
This Earth hath breed me; and my Fathers name  
*Alcinous* is; that in the powre and frame  
Of this Iles rule, is ſupereminent.

Thus (paſſing him) ſhe to the Virgins went.  
And ſaid: Give stay, both to your feet and right;  
Why thus diſperſe ye, for a mans meere fight?

Eſteeme

Eſteeme you him a *Cyclop*, that long ſince  
Made vſe to prey uppon our Citizens?  
This man, no moſt man is; (nor warriour thing,  
That's euer ſlitting, euer rauifhing  
All it can compaſſe; and, like it, doth range  
In rape of women; neuer staid in change)  
This man is truly "manly, wife, and ſtaid;"  
In ſoule more rich, the more to ſenſe decadid.  
Who, nor will do, nor ſuffer to be done,  
Acts lead and abiect; nor can ſuch a one  
Greete the *Pheacians*, with a mind enuiouſe;  
Deare to the Gods they are; and he is pious.  
Beſides, diuided from the world we are;  
The outpart of it, billowes circulate  
The ſea reueluing, round about our shore;  
Nor is there any man, that enters more  
Then our owne countrimen, with what is brought  
From other countries. This man, minding nought  
But his relife: a poore vnhappie wretch,  
Wrackt here; and hath no other land to fetch.  
Him now we muſt provide for, from *Jone* come  
All strangers, and the needie of a home.  
Who any gift, though ne're so ſmall it be,  
Eſteeme great, and take it gratefully.  
And therefore Virgins, giue the stranger food,  
And wine; and ſet ye bath him in the flood;  
Neare to ſome ſhore, to shelter moſt inclin'd,  
*To cold Bath-bathers, hurtfull is the wind.*  
Not onely rugged making th' outward ſkin,  
But by his thin poures, pierceth parts within.

This ſaid; their flight in a returne they ſet;  
And did *Vlyſſes* with all grace entreat:  
Shew'd him a ſhore, wind-prooſe, and full of shade:  
By him a ſhirt, and vteynantle laid.

A golden Iugge of liquid oil did adde;  
Bad wash, and all things as *Nausicaa* bad.

Diviue *Vlyſſes* would not vfe their aid;  
But thus bespeake them: Euery louely maid,  
Let me entreate to ſtand a little by;  
That I alone the fresh flood may apply,  
To cleſe my boſome of the ſea-wrought brine.'  
And then vfe oil, which long time did not ſhine  
On my poore ſhoulders. Ile not wash in ſight  
Of faire-haired maidens. I ſhould bluſh outright,  
To bathe all bare by ſuch a virgin light.

They mou'd, and muſde, a man had ſo much grace;  
And told their Miftris, what a man he was.

He clenſd his broad-fold-ſhoulders, backe and head

*diver Regis.*  
Cui vitalis vel  
ſenſualis hu-  
miditas infet,  
Reyez à pie; *ut*  
videtur quaf  
et ut, i. in gen-  
eris, quod nihil fit  
magis ſluxum  
quam hominem.  
*amp. virili ani-*  
*mo prudus,*  
*fortis, magno-*  
*nimus. Non erat*  
*alio affirmatum*  
*de leue qui fer-*  
*tile quidpiam*  
*& abiectum fa-*  
*cium; vel, facere*  
*fulminat; accor-*  
*ding to this of*  
*Hecdotus in*  
*Poly. 20. 10. 14.*  
*as Sparta, one,*  
*ex ipsi sacerdoti.*  
*Many mens*  
*formes ſuſtaine,*  
*but few are men.*  
*According to an*  
*older tranſlator:*  
*Ab Ioue nam*  
*ſupplex pauper,*  
*procedit et hol-*pe: Reſ breuis,*  
*at clara eli;*  
*Magni quoque*  
*muſus inſilar.*  
*which I cite to*  
*ſhow his good*  
*when he keeps*  
*him to the Ori-*ginalis, and near-**  
*in any degree ex-*pounds it.***

*Vlyſſes modeſte*  
*to the Virgins.*

*He taught their*  
*youth modeſte,*  
*by his aged iudge-*ment.**  
*As receiv-*ing the cuſome**  
*of maidens then re-*ſed to that en-**  
*tertainment of*  
*men; nor with-*ſtanding the mo-**  
*deſtie of that*  
*age, could not be*

Yet

*corrupted inwardly; for those outward kind of corruption of goods, and stra-  
ter, and was therefore pri-  
uled. It is safe  
to avoid them;  
and those that most curiously avoid the out-  
ward corruption, are ever most tainted with the inward corruption.  
Smiles.*

Yet never tam'd. But now had some and weed,  
Knit in the faire curlies. Which dissolu'd, and he  
Slickt all with sweet oile: the sweet chartie,  
The vntoucht virgin shewd in his attire,  
He cloth'd him with. Then *Pallas* put a fire,  
More then before, into his sparkling eies,  
His late foile set off, with his foode fresh guife.  
His locks (clenf'd) curld the more; and matcht (in power  
To please an eye) the *Hyacinthian* flower.  
And as a workman, that can well combine  
Silver and gold; and make both striug to shine;  
As being by *Vulcan*, and *Mimuna* too,  
Taught how faire either may be vrg'd to go,  
In strife of eminence, when worke lets forth  
A worthy soule, so bodies of such worth;  
No thought reproving thi' act, in any place;  
Nor art no debt to Natures luculent gracie:  
So *Fallus* wrought in him, a grace as great,  
From head to shouolders; and alhore did seate  
His goodly prefence. To which, such a guise  
He shewd in going, that it rauseth eies.  
All which (continue) as he fete apart;

*Nausicaa admis-  
sion of Plysses*

*Nausicaa* eye strooke wonder through her heart;  
Who thus bespeake her consorts: Hear me, you  
Faire-wristed Virgins; this rare man (I know)  
Tredz not our country earth, against the will  
Of some God, thron'd on the *Olympian* hill.  
He shewd to me, till now, not worth the note;  
But now he lookes, as he had Godhead got.  
I would to heaven, my husband were no worse;  
And would be calld no better, but the course  
Of other husbands pleased to dwell out here:  
Obserue and serue him, with our vtmost cheare.

She said, they heard, and did. He drunke and eat  
Like to a Harpy; hauing toucht no meat  
A long before time. But *Nausicaa* now  
Thought of the more grace, she did lately vow:  
Had horse to Chariot ioynd, and vp she rose:  
Up chear'd her guest, and said: Guest, now dispose  
Your selfe for Towne, that I may let you see  
My Fathers Court, where all the Peeres will be  
Of our *Phaeacia* State. At all parts then,  
Obserue to whom, and what place y'are t'attain,  
Though I need vsher you with no aduice,  
Since I suppose you abfolutely wife.  
While we the fields passe, and mens labours there;  
So long (in these maidis guides) directly bear  
Vpon my Chariot (I must go before,

For

For cause that after comes: to which this more  
Be my induction) you shall then soone end  
Your way to Towne; whose Towres you see ascend  
To such a steepneſſe. On whose either ſide,  
A faire Port stands; to which is nothing wide  
An enterers paſſage: on whose both hands ride  
Ships in faire harbors; which, once paſt, you win  
The goodly market place, (that circles in  
A Phane to *Neptune*, built of curious ſtone,  
And paſſing ample) where munition,  
Gables, and maſts men make, and poliſh oares;  
For the *Phaeacians* are not conquerors  
By bowes nor quiuers, Oares, maſts, ships they are,  
With which they plow the ſea, and wage their warre.  
And now the caufe comes, why I leade the way,  
Not taking you to Coach. The men that ſway  
In worke of thofe tooles, that ſo fit our State,  
Are rude Mechanicals; that rare and late  
Worke in the market place; and thofe are they  
Whose bitter tongues I ſhun; who ſtraiſt would ſay,  
(For thofe vile vulgars are extreemly proud,  
And foully luangud) What, is he allowd  
To coach it with *Nausicaa*? ſo large ſet,  
And fairely fafhond; where were thofe two met?  
He ſhall be ſure her husband. She hath bene  
Gadding in ſome places, and (of forraine men,  
Fitting her fancie) kindly brought him home  
In her owne ſhip. He muſt, of force, be come  
From ſome farre region; we haue no ſuch man.  
It may be (praying hard, when her heart ran  
On ſome wiſh husband) out of heauen, ſome God  
Dropt in her lap, and there lies ſhe at rode,  
Her complete life time. But, in looth, if ſhe  
Ranging ab: oad, a husband ſuch as he,  
Whom now we ſaw, laid hand on; ſhe was wife,  
For none of all our Nobles, are of pride  
Enough for her: he muſt beyond-ſea come,  
That wins her high mind, and will haue her home.  
Of our Peeres, many haue importun'd her,  
Yefc she will none. Thus thofe folks will conſerue  
Behind my backe; or (meeting) to my face,  
The foule-mouth rout dare put home this disgrace.  
And this would be reproches to my fame,  
For even my ſelfe, iuft anger would enflame,  
If any other virgin I ſhould ſee  
(Her parents living) keepe the compagnie  
Of any man; to any end of loue,  
Till open Nuptials ſhould her act approue.

*The Cities de-  
ſcription ſo far  
forth as may in  
part, induce her  
promiſe reaſon,  
why ſhe took ne  
Plaſſes to coach  
with her.*

And

And therefore heare me guests; and take such way,  
That you your selfe may compasse, in your stay,  
Your quicke deduction, by my Fathers grace;  
And meanes to reach the rootes of all your race.  
We shall not farre out of our way to Towne,  
A neuer-felid Groue find gha Poplars crowne;  
To Palls factred, where a fontaine flowes;  
And round about the Groue, a Medow growes;  
In which, my Father holdas Manbor houise;  
Deckt all with Orchards, greene, and odorous;  
As farre from Towne, as one may heare a houer.  
There stay, and rest your foote paines; till full our  
We reach the Citie. Where, when you may guesle  
We are arriu'd, and enter our acesse.  
Within my Fathers Court: then put you on  
For our Phaeacian State, where to be shouerne  
My Fathers house, desire. Each infant there  
Can bring you to it; and your selfe will cleare  
Distinguih it from others: for no shewes,  
The Citie buildings make, compar'd with those  
That King Alcinous feate doth celebrate.  
In whose roothes, and the Court, (where men of state,  
And suitors sit and stay) when you shall hide:  
Strait passe it, entering further: where abide  
My Mother, with her withdrawne houwfiseters;  
Who still sitt in the fire-shine, and applies  
Her Rocke, all purple, and of pompous show:  
Her Chaire plac't gainst a Pillar: all arow  
Her maids behind her set, and to her here,  
My Fathers dining Throne lockes. Seated where  
He poures his choice of wine in, like a God.  
This view once past; for th' end of your abode,  
Addresse suite to my Mother; that her meane,  
May make the day of your redition scene.  
And you may frolick strait, though farre away  
You are in distance from your wifhed stay.  
For if she once be won to wish you well,  
Your Hope may instantly your Pasport leale;  
And thenceforth sure abide to see your friends,  
Faire house, and all, to which your heart conteds.  
This said, she vidente her shining scourge, and lashe  
Her Mules, that soone the shore left, where the waſhſt;  
And (knowing well the way) their pace was fiercer,  
And thickē they gaſtherd vp their nimble feet.  
Which yet \* the temperd ſo; and viſde her scourge  
With ſo much ſkill; as not to ouer-vige  
The foote behinds; and make them ſtraggle ſo,  
From cloſe ſocietie. Firme together go,

Not without  
some little note  
of our omniscient  
Power; & a  
general touch of  
the least fitness  
tying in his way  
may this court  
discretion be a  
scribes in Xan-  
sifica, be obser-  
if you please.

OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

*Vlysses* her maids, And now the Sunne  
Sunke to the warters; when they all had wonne  
The newe-feld, and found-exciting wood,  
Sacred to *Pallas*: where the God-like good  
*Vlysses* refest; and to *Pallas* praid:  
    Hearc me, of Goate-kept *Joule*, th'vnconquerd Maid;  
Now throughly hearc me, since in all the time  
Of all my wracke, my pray'rs could neuer clime  
Thy iar-off cares; when noisefull *Neptune* tost  
Vpon his warty briffls, my imbold  
And rock tome body: heare yet now, and daine  
I may of the *Phaeacian* State obtaine  
Pitic, and grace. Thus praid he; and she heard:  
By no meanes yet (expelde to fight) appear'd,  
For feare t'offend her Vnkles, the supreme  
Of all the "Sea-Gods; whose wrath still extreme  
Stood to *Vlysses*, and would never cease,  
Till with his Country shore, he crownd his peace.

Finis libri sexti Hom. Odyss.

More of our  
Poets curious  
and sweet pietie.

## Neptune.

## K THE



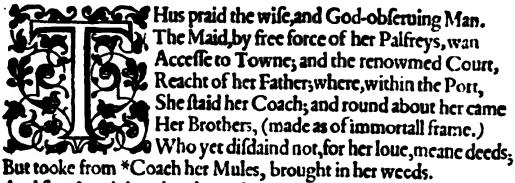
# THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**N**AUICIA arrives at Towne;  
And then Vlysses. He makes knowne  
His suit to Arete: who, sene  
Takes of her vesture; which she knewe;  
And taketh him, from whose hands it came.  
He tells, with all the haplye frame  
Of his affaires, as all the while,  
Since he forsooke Calypos Ile.

Another.

**H**ie. The honor'd minds,  
And welcome things,  
Vlysses finds,  
In Scherias King.



Hec fuit illus  
scroli specifi-  
ca:nam vel tra-  
temus quoque  
Amor, tanquam  
fatuus libenter  
hunc redemini  
charissime fo-  
ron, operam  
præstacionis.  
Spond.

Hus praid the wise, and God-obseruing Man.  
The Maid, by free force of her Palfreys, wan  
Access to Towne; and the renowned Court,  
Reacht of her Father, where, within the Port,  
She staid her Coach; and round about her came  
Her Brothers, (made as of immortall frame.)  
Who yet disdaind not, for her loue, meane deeds;  
But tooke from \*Coach her Mules, brought in her weeds.  
And she ascends her chamber; where puruaid  
A quicke fire was, by her old chamber-maid  
*Eurymedusa*, th' *Operas* borne;  
And brought by sea, from *Apes*, adorne  
The Cour of great *Alcinous*; because  
He gave to all, the blest *Phaeacians* lawes;  
And, like a heauen-borne Powre in speech, acquir'd  
The peoples cares. To one then so admir'd,  
*Eurymedusa* was esteem'd no worse,  
Then worth the gift: yet now growne old, was Nurse  
To Ivory-arm'd *Nausicaa*; gaue heate  
To all her fires, and dreit her priuie meate.  
Then rose *Vlysses*, and made way to Towne;  
Which ere he reacht, a mightie mist was throwne  
By *Pallas* round about him; in her Care,  
Left in the sway of enuies popular,  
Some proud *Phaeacians* might foul language passe,  
Iustle him vp, and aske him what he was.

Enter

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

Enter the louely Towne yet: through the cloud  
*Pallas* appear'd; and like a yong wench shrowd  
Bearing a pitchter; Stood before him so,  
As if obiect'd purposedly to know  
What there he needed; whom he question'd thus:

Know you not (daughter) where *Alcinous*,  
That rules this Towne, dwels? I, a poore distrest  
Meere stranger here, know none I may request,  
To make this Court knowne to me. She replied:

Strange Father, I will see you satistred  
In that request: my Father dwels, just by  
The houise you seek for; but go silently;  
Nor aske, nor speake to any other; I  
Shall be enough to shew your way: the men  
That here inhabite, do not entertain  
With ready kindnesse, strangers; of what worth'  
Or state soe uer: nor haue taken forth  
Leffons of ciuill vsage, or respect  
To men beyond them. They (vpon their powres  
Of swift ships building) top the watry towres:  
And *Ione* hath giuen them ships, for failes so wrought,  
They cut a fether, and command a thought.

This said, she vsher'd him; and after, he  
Trod in the swift steps of the Deitie.  
The free-sail'd sea-men could not get a sight  
Of our *Vlysses*, yet: though he foreight,  
Both by their houises and their perfons paſt:  
*Pallas* about him, such a darknesse cast,  
By her diuine powre, and her reverent care,  
She would not giue the Towne-borne, caule to stare.

He wonder'd, as he paſt, to see the Ports;  
The shipping in them; and for all reſorts,  
The goodly market steds; and Iles beside  
For the *Heroes*; walls so large and wide;  
Rampires so high, and of such strength withall;  
It would with wonder, any eye appall.

At laſt they reaſt the Court; and *Pallas* ſaid:  
Now, honour'd stranger, I will ſee obaid  
Your will, to ſhew our Rulers houſe, tis here;  
Where you ſhall find, Kings celebrating cheare:  
Enter amongst them; nor admit a feare;  
More bold a man is, he preuailes the more;  
Though man nor place, he euer ſaw before.

You first ſhall find the Queene in Court, whose name  
Is *Arete*: of parents borne, the fame  
That was the King her Spouse: their Pedigree  
I can report: the great Earth-shaker, he  
Of *Peribea*, (that her ſex out-shone,

Vlyſſes. à Mi-  
ueria in zedes  
Alcinor perdu-  
citur, leptus ne-  
buia,

mea maturitas,  
natus veloceſ  
relata penna,  
aque cogitatio.

*Arete* the wife  
of *Alcinous*.

K 2

And

And yongest daughter was, *Eurymedon*,  
Who of th'vnarm'd-minded Giants, twaid  
Th'Imperial Scepter, and the pride allaid  
Of men so impious, with cold death, and died  
Himselfe soone after) got the magnified  
In mind, *Anthonie*, who the kingdome flate  
First held in supreme rule. *Nasthous* gat  
*Rhexenor*, and *Alcinous*, now King;  
*Rhexenor* (whose seed did no male fruite spring,  
And whom the siluer-bow-glac't *Phebeallue*  
Yong in the Court) his shed blood did renew  
In onely *Arete*, who now is Spouse  
To him that rules the kingdome, in this house,  
And is her Vnkle, King *Alcinous*.  
Who honours her, past equal. She may boast  
More honor of him, then the honord most  
Of any wife in earth, can of her Lord;  
How many more souer, Realmes afford,  
That keep house under husbands. Yet no more  
Her husband honours her, then her best store  
Of gracious chilidren. All the Citie cast  
Eyes on her, as a Goddesse, and give taste  
Of their affections to her, in their prairies,  
Still as she decks the streets. For all affaires,  
Wrapt in contention, she dissolues to men.  
Whom she affects, she wants no mind to deigne  
Goodnesse enough. If her heart stand inclin'd  
To your dispatch, hope all you wish to find;  
Your friends, your longing family, and all,  
That can within your most affections fall.

This said, away the grey-cyd Goddesse flew  
Along th'vnarmed sea. Left the louely hew,  
*Scheris* presented. Out flew *Marathon*,  
And ample-strected *Athens* lighted on.  
Where, to the house that casts so 'thicke a shade,  
Of *Eretheus*, she ingresson made.

*Vesper*, to the lofite-builded Court  
Of King *Alcinous*, made bold report;

Yet in his heart call many a thought, before  
The brazen paument of the rich Court, bore:  
His entred person, like heavens two maine Light  
The roomes illustrated, both daies and nights.  
On every side flood firme a wall of brasie,  
Euen from the threshold to the inmost passe;  
Which bore a roofe vp, that all Saphire was;  
The brazen thresholds both sides, did enfold  
Siluer Pilasters, hung with gates of gold,  
Whose Portall was of sylver; over which

**A** golden Cornish did the front enrich,  
On each side, Dogs of gold and silver fram'd,  
**T**he houls Guard stood; which the Deitic ('lam'd)  
With knowing inwards had inspir'd; and made,  
**T**hat Death nor Age, should their estates invade.

Along the wall, stood ev'ry way a throne;  
From th' entry to the Lobbie; ev'ry one,  
Cast ouer with a rich-wrought cloth of state,  
Beneath which, the Phæcian Princes sat  
At wine and food, and feasted all the yere.  
Yon'st fong'd of gold, at ev'ry table there,  
Stood holding flaming torches; that, in night  
Gae through the house, each honour'd Guest his light.

And (to encounter feast with houlyfry)  
In one roome fiftie women did apply  
Thei severall tasks. Some apple-colourd corne  
Ground in faire Quernes; and some did spindles turne.  
Some wroke in loomes: no hand, leafe ret receuies;  
But all had motion, apt, as Aspen leaves.  
And from the weeds they woue, (so fast they laid,  
And so thicke thrust together, thred by thred)  
That th' oile (of which the wooll had drunke his fill)  
Did with his moisture, in light dewes distill.

As much as the Phœnix men exceld]  
All other countermen, in Art to build  
A swift-sail'd ship : so much the women there,  
For worke of webs, past other women were.  
Past meane, by Pallas meanes, they understood  
The grace of good works; and had wits as good.

Without the Hall, and cloe vpon the Gate,  
A goodly Orchard ground was sittuate,  
Of neare ten Acres; about which, was led  
A lonic Quickfer. In it flourished  
High and broad frui trees, that Pomegranates bore;  
Sweet Figs, Peares, Oliues, and a number more  
Most vefull Plants, did there produce their store.  
Whose fruits, the hardest Winter could not kill,  
Nor hotest Summer wither. There was still  
Fruite in his proper season, all the year.  
Sweet Zephire breath'd vpon them, blasts that were  
Of varied tempes; thefe, he made to beare  
Ripe fruities: thefe blossomes: Peare grew after Peare;  
Apple succeeded apple; Grape, the Grape;  
Fig after Fig came; Time made never rape,  
Or any daintie there. A spritle vine  
Spred here his roote; whose fruite, a hote sun-shine  
Made ripe betimes. Here grew another, greene.  
Here, some were gathering; here, some pressing scene.

Vulcan

Hortus Alcinoi  
memorabilis.

A large-allotted feuerall, each fruite had;  
And all th'adorned grounds, their apparence made,  
In flowre and fruite, at which the King did aime,  
To the precipit order he could claime.  
Two Fountaines grac't the garden; of which, one  
Powrd out a winding streame, that ouer-rumme  
The grounds for their vse chiefly: th'other went  
Cloe by the loftie Pallace gate, and lent  
The Citie his sweet benefit: and thus  
The Gods the Court deckt of *Alcinous*.  
*Mercutio.*  
Patient *Vlysses* stood a while at gaze;  
But (having all ob(cru'd) made instant pace  
Into the Court, where all the Peeres he found,  
And Capitanes of *Phaeacia*; with Cups crownd,  
Offering to sharp-eyed *Hermes*: to whom, last  
They vide to sacrifice, when *Sleepe* had cast  
His inclination through their thoughts. But these,  
*Vlysses* past; and forth went, nor their eies  
Tooke note of him: for *Pallas* stopt the light  
With misf about him; that, vnfaid, he might  
First to *Alcinous*, and *Arete*,  
Present his person; and, of both them, she  
(By *Pallas* couns'il) was to haue the grace  
Of foremost greeting. Therefore his embrase,  
He cast about her knee. And then off flew  
The heavenly aire that hid him. When his view,  
With silence and with *Admiracion* strooke  
The Court quite through: but thus he silence broake:  
*Artegen. Vlysses*  
*supplex orat.*

Divine *Rhexenos* offspring, *Arete*;  
To thy most honourd husband, and to thee,  
A man whom many labours haue diffret,  
Is come for comfort, and to every guest:  
To all whom, heauen vouchsafe delightsome lies;  
And after, to your issue that furuites,  
A good resignement of the Goods ye leave;  
With all the honor that your felues receiuie  
Amongst your people. Only this of me,  
Is the Ambition; that I may but fe  
(By your vouchsafte meanes; and betimes vouchsafte)  
My country earth; since I haue long bin left  
To labors, and to errors, bard from ends;  
And farre from benefit of any friend.  
He said no more; but left them dumbe with that;  
Went to the harth, and in the ashes sat,  
Aside the fire. At last their silence brake;  
And *Echinous*, th'old Heroe spake.  
A man that *Phaeacians* past in years,  
And in perswasive eloquence, all the Peeres;

Knew much, and vnde it well; and thus spake he:  
*Alcinous*: it shewes not decently,  
Nor doth your honor, what you fee, admitt;  
That this your guest, shoud thus abieably sit:  
His chaire the earth; the harth his cushion;  
Athes, as if appofde for food: a Throne  
Adorned with due rites, stands you more in hand  
To see his person plac't in, and command  
That instantly your Heralds fill in wine;  
That to the God that doth in lightnings shine,  
We may do sacrifice: for he is there,  
Where these his reverend suppliants appeare.  
Let what you haue within, be brought abroad,  
To lye the stranger. All these would haue show'd  
This fit respect to him; but that they stay  
For your precedence, that should grace the way.

When this had added to the well-inclin'd,  
And sacred order of *Alcinous* mind;  
Then, of the great in wit, the hand he seif'd;  
And from the ashes, his fair person raiſ'd;  
Aduane't him to a well-adorned Throne;  
And from his seat raiſ'd his most loued sonne,  
(*Laudamus*, that next himselfe was set)  
To give him place. The handmaid then did get  
An Ewe of gold, with water fild; which plact  
Vpon a Caldron, all with silver gracie  
She powrd out on their hands. And then was spred  
A Table, which the Butler set with bread;  
As others seru'd with other food, the boord;  
In all the choise, the present could affoord.  
*Vlysses*, meat and wine tooke; and then thus;  
The King the Herald calld: *Pontonous*!  
Serue wine through all the house; that all may pay  
Rites to the Lightner, who is still in way  
With humble suppliants; and them pursues,  
With all benigne, and hospitable dutie.

*Pontonous*, gave act to all he will'd,  
And hony-sweetnesse-giving-minds-\*wine fild;  
Disposing it in cups for all to drinke.  
All hauing drunke, what either's heart could thinke  
Fit for due sacrifice; *Alcinous* said:  
Hear me, ye Dukes, that the *Phaeacians* leade;  
And you our Counsellors; that I may now  
Discharge the charge, my mind suggestes to you,  
For this our guest: Feast past, and this nights sleepe;  
Next morn (our Senate summond) we will keepe  
Iusts, sacred to the Gods; and this our Guest  
Receiuie in solemne Court, with fitting Feast:

*Echinous to Alcinous.*

The word that  
haers the long  
Epithet, is trans-  
lated only dub-  
iously signi-  
ficative,  
paragon a-  
nd exalte:  
Vicus quod  
mellis dulce,  
dine, amicium  
perfundit, &  
oblectat.

Then thinke of his retorne; that vnder hand  
Of our deduction, his naturall land  
(Without more toile or care, and with delight;  
And that soone giuen him, how faire hence dissite  
Socur it can be) he may ascend  
And in the meane time, without wrong attend,  
*Afcent to his Countries boore.*  
Or other want, fit meanes to that afcent.  
What, after, austere Fates, shall make th'ent  
Of his lifes thred (now spinning, and began  
When his paind mother, freed his roote of man)  
He must endure in all kinds. If some God,  
Perhaps abides with vs, in his abode;  
And other things will thinke vpon then we;  
The Gods wils stands who euer yet were free  
Of their appearance to vs; when to them  
We offred Hecatombs, of fit esteem.  
And would at feast sit with vs, even where we  
Orderd our Session. They would likewise be  
Encounters of vs, when in way, alone  
About his fit affaires, went any one.  
Nor let them cloke themselves in any care,  
To do vs comfort; we as neare them are,  
As are the Cyclops; or the impious race,  
Of earthly Giants, that would heauen outface.  
*Plysser answerd:* Let some other doubt  
Employ your thoughts, then what your words give out;  
Which intimate a kind of doubt, that I  
Should shadow in this shape, a Dritic.  
I beare no such leasf semblance, or in wit,  
Vertue, or person. What may well befit  
One of those mortals, whom you chiefly know,  
Becres vp and downe, the burthen of the woe  
Appropiate to poore man; give that to me;  
Of whose mones I sit, in the most degree;  
And might say more, sustaining grieves that all  
The Gods consent to: no one twixt their fall  
And my vnpitied shoulders, letting downe  
The least diversion. Be the grace then showne,  
I bound the rift To let me taste your free-giuen food, in peace:  
In humbleness, they graced that  
Through greatest grieve, the belly must haue ease.  
Cyclop with Worse then an envious belly, nothing is.  
their open app-  
earance that shalp  
descended from  
them, durst yet  
denie them; they  
smile much more  
do them the honor  
of their counte-  
fesse that ad-  
red them.  
It will command his strik Neccesities,  
Of men most grieu'd in body or in mind,  
That are in health, and will not give their kind,  
A desperate wound. When most with cause I grieue,  
It bids me still, Eat man, and drinke, and liue;  
And this makes all forgot. What euer ill  
I euer bear, it euer bids me fill.

But

But this case is but forc't, and will not last,  
Till what the mind likes, be as well embrac't;  
And therefore let me with you would partake  
In your late purpose, when the Morne shall make  
Her next appearance; daigne me but the grace,  
(Unhappie man) that I may once embrace  
My country earth: though I be still thrust at,  
By ancient ills; yet make me but see that;  
And then let life go. When (withall) I see  
My high-roof large house, lands and family.

This, all approu'd; and each, willd every one;  
Since he hath said so fairly, set him gone.

Feast past, and sacrifice; to sleepe, all vow  
Their eies at either's house. *Plysser now,*  
Was left here with *Aclown*, and his *Queene*,  
The a'l-loud' *Arete*. The handmaids then  
The vessell of the Banquet, tooke away.

When *Arete* set eye on his array;  
Knew both his out, and vnderweede, which she  
Made with her maids; and mifde by what meanes he  
Obaind their wearing: which she made request  
To know, and wings gave to thefe speeches: Guest!  
First let me aske, what, and from whence you are?  
And then, who grac't you with the weeds you ware?  
Said you not lately, you had err'd at seas?

And thence arriu'd here? *Laertides*  
To this, thus answerd: Tis a paine (O Queene)  
Still to be opening wounds wrought deepe and greene;  
Of which, the Gods haue opened store in me;  
Yet your will must be seru'd: Farre hence, at sea,  
There lies an Ile, that beares *Ogygia* her name;  
Where *Atlas* daughter, the ingenuous Dame,  
Faire-haird *Calypho* liues: a Goddess graue,  
And with whom, men, nor Gods, societie haue.  
Yet I (past man vnhappy) liu'd alone,  
By heau'n's wrath forc't) her house companion.  
For *Ioue* had with a feruent lightning cleft  
My ship in twaine; and farre at blacke sea left  
Me and my fouldiers; all whose liues I lost.  
I, in mine armes the keel tooke, and was tost  
Nine dayes together vp from waue to waue.  
The tenth grim Night, the angry Deities draue  
Me and my wracke, on th'Ile, in which doth dwell  
Dreadfull *Calypho*, who exactly well  
Receiu'd and nourisht me; and promise made,  
To make me deathlesse; nor should Age invade  
My powres with his deserts, through all my dayes.  
All mou'd not me; and therefore, on her stayes,

*Arete to Plysser.**Plysser to Arete.*

Scuen

Seuen yeares she made me lie: and there spent I  
The long time; steepling in the miserie  
Of ceaslesse teares, the Garments I did weare  
From her faire hand. The eight reuolued yeare,  
(Or by her chang'd mind; or by charge of *Awe*)  
She gaue prouokt way to my wifht remoue;  
And in a many-ioynted shipp, with wine,  
(Daintie in fauour) bread, and weeds diuine;  
Sign'd with a harmlesse and sweet wind, my passe.  
Then, feuentene dayes at sea, I homeward was;  
And by the eighteenth, the darke hilis apperead,  
That your Earth thrus vp. Much my heart was cheard;  
(Vnhappie man) for that was but a beame;  
To shew I yet, had agonies extreame,  
To put in sufferance: which th'Earth-shaker fent;  
Croſſing my way, with tempests violent;  
Vmmealur'd feas vp-lifting: nor would giue  
The billowes leaue, to let my vesseil liue  
The leaſt time quiet: that euen figh'd to beare  
Their bitter outrage: which, at laſt, did teare  
Her sides in peces, set on by the winds.  
I yet, through-swomme the waues, that your shore binds,  
Till wind and water threw me vp to it;  
When, coming forth, a ruthleſſe billow smit  
Against huge rocks, and an acceleſſe shore  
My mangl'd body. Backe againe I bore,  
And swom till I was faine vpon a flood,  
Whole shores, me thought, on good aduantage stood,  
For my receit: rock-free, and fenc't from wind.  
And this I put for, gathering vp my mind.  
Then the diuine Night came, and tredding Earth,  
Closē by the flood, that had from *Awe* her birth.  
Within a thicket I repolde, when round  
I ruffid vp falne leaues in heape; and found  
(Let fall from heauen) a sleepe interminate.  
And here, my heart (long time excruciate)  
Amongit the leaues I refled all that night;  
Euen till the morning and meridian light.  
The Sunne declining then; delightsome sleepe,  
No longer laid my temples in his steepe;  
But forth I went, and on the shore might see  
Your daughters maid's play. Like a Delitie  
She thin'd aboue them; and I praid to her:  
And she, in disposition did prefer  
*Obleſſe*, and wisedome, no more low then might  
Become the goodnesse of a Goddesse height.  
Nor would you therefore hope (supposeſſe distrefſt  
As I was then, and old) to find the leaſt

Of

Of any Grace from her; being yonger farre.  
*Wink young folke, Wisedome makes her commerce rare.*  
Yet the in all abundance did bestow,  
Both wine (that makes the \*blood in humanes grow)  
And food, and bath'd me in the flood; and gaue  
The weeds to me, which now ye fee me haue.  
This, through my grices I tell you, and tis true.

*Alcinous* answerd: Guest! my daughter knew  
Leaſt of what most you give her; nor became  
The course ſhe tooke, to let, with every Dame,  
Your perſon lackey; nor hath with them brought  
Your ſelfe home to, which firſt you had beſought.  
O blame her not (ſaid he) Heroicall Lord;  
Nor let me heare, againſt her worth, a word.  
She faultleſſe is; and wiſt I would haue gone  
Withall her women home: but I alone  
Would venture my receit here, hauing feare  
And reverend aw of accidents that were  
Of likely iſſue: both your wrath to moue,  
And to inflame the common peoples loue,  
Of ſpeaking ill: to which they ſoone giue place;  
*We men are all a moſt ſafſiſtious race.*

My guest (ſaid he) I vſe not to be ſtrid  
To wrath too rathy, and where are prefred  
To mens conceits, things that may both waies fail;  
The nobleſt euer ſhould the moſt preuaile.  
Would *Ione* our Father, *Pallas*, and the *Sonne*,  
That (were you ſtill as now, and could but runne  
One Fate with me) you would my daughter wed,  
And be my ſon-in-law, ſtill vowed to leade  
Your reſt of life here. I, a house would giue,  
And houſhold goods; ſo freely you would liue,  
Confin'd with vs: but gaſt you will, ſhall none  
Containē you here; ſince that were violence done  
To *Ione* our Father. For your paſſage home,  
That you may well know, we can ouercome  
So great a voyage; thus it (hall ſucceed):  
To morrow ſhall our men take all their heed  
(While you ſecurely ſleepe) to ſet the feas  
In calmest temper; and (if that will pleafe)  
Shew you your Country and your houſe ere night,  
Though farre beyond *Eubea* be that fight.  
And this *Eubea* (as our ſubiects ſay),  
That haue bin there, and ſeenē) is farre away  
Fartheſt from vs, of all the parts they know.  
And made the trial, when they helpt to row  
The gold-lockt *Rhadamanth*; to giue him view  
Of Earth-borne *Tityus*: whom their ſpeeds did ſhew

*etiam amarum  
Vim calefacit  
ciendi vim haebat.*

In

(In that far-off *Eubea*) the same day  
They set from hence; and home made good their way,

With easc againe, and him they did conuay.  
Which, I report to you, to let you see  
How swif my shps are; and how matchelij  
My yong *Phaeian*, with their oares preuale,

To beate the sea through, and assit a fail.

This cheard *Vlysses*; who in priuate praid:  
I would to *tane* our Father, what he said,  
He could performe at all parts; he should then  
Be glorified for euer; and I gaine  
My naturall Country. This discourse they had,  
When faire-arm'd *Aret*, her handmaids bad  
A bed make in the *Portico*, and plie  
With cloathes; the Couring Tapestrie;  
The Blankets purple. Wel-napt Wascoates too,  
To weare for more warmth. What these had todo,  
They torches tooke, and did. The Bed puruaid;  
They mou'd *Vlysses* for his rest; and said:

Come Guest, your Bed is fit; now frame to rest.  
Motion of sleepe, was gracious to their Guest,  
Which now he tooke profoundly, being laid  
Within a loop-hole Towre, where was conuaid  
The fouding *Portico*. The King tooke rest  
In a retir'd part of the house, where drest  
The Queene her selfe, a Bed, and Trundledbed;  
And by her Lord, reposde her severend head.

*Finis libri septimi Hom. Odyss.*

## THE



## THE EIGHTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**T**He Peeres of the Phaeian State,  
A Councell call, to consolate  
*Vlysses*, with all meanes for Home.  
The Councell to a Banquet come,  
Invited by the king: which done,  
Assies for hurling of the stone,  
The Youths make with the stranger king.  
Demoducus, a feast, doth sing  
Th' Adulerie of the God of Armes  
With her that rules, in Amorous charmes.  
And after, singes the entercourse  
Of *Atis* about th' Epzan Horse.

Another.

**G**ala. The Councells frame,  
At feete applied;  
Infristes of Game,  
*Vlysses* tried.

**N**ow when the Rosie-finger'd morne arose;  
The sacred powre *Alcinous* did dispose  
Did likewise rise; and like him, left his Easf,  
The Cittie-racer *Laertides*.  
The Councell at the Nauie was design'd,  
To which *Alcinous*, with the sacred mind,  
Came first of all. On polift stones they face  
Neare to the Nauie. To increase the state,

*Minerva* tooke the herald forme on her  
That seru'd *Alcinous*, studious to prefer  
*Vlysses* Suite for home. About the towne  
She made quicke way; and fild with the renoune  
Of that degigne, the eares of euery man:  
Proclaiming thus; *Pete's Phaeian!*  
And men of Councell: all hafte to the Court,  
To heare the stranger that made late report  
To king *Alcinous*: long time lost at Seas,  
And is in person, like a Deitie.

This, all their powres set vp, and spirit instilled,  
And straight the Court and feasts, with men were fild.  
The whole State wonderdat *Laertes* Son,  
When they beheld him. *Pallas* put him on

*Pallas* is the  
Herald.

L

A

A supernaturall, and heauenly dresse,  
Enlarg'd him with a height, and goodlynesse  
In breast, and shoulders; what he might appeare  
Gracious, and graue, and reverend; and beare  
A perfect hand on his performance there,  
In all the trialls they refolvd campole.  
All met, and gathred in attention close;  
*Alcinous thus belpake them : Dukes, and Lords;*  
*the Phœnix to the helpe of*  
*Vlysses.*  
Hear me digest, my hearty thoughts in words:  
This Stranger here whose trauels found my Court;  
I know not ; nor can tell if his report  
From East or West comes : But his suite is this,  
That to his Countrey earth we would dismiss  
His hither-forced pereson; and doth beare  
The minde to passe it vnder every Peere:  
Whom I prepare, and stirre vp; making knowne  
My free desire of his deducion.  
Nor shall there ever, any other man  
That tries the goodnesse *Phaescian,*  
In me, and my Courts entertainment, stay  
Mourning for passage, vnder least delay.  
Come then; A ship into the sacred seas,  
New-built, now lanch we; and from out our preafe,  
Chuse two and fiftie Youths, of all, the best  
To an eare. All which, see straight imprest,  
And in their Oare-bound seates. Let others hie  
Home to our Court; commanding instantly  
The solemne preparation of a feast;  
In which, prouision may for any guest  
Be made at my charge. Charge of these low things,  
I giue our Youth. You Scepter-bearing kings,  
Confort my home; and helpe with grace to vie  
This guest of ours : no one man shall refuse.  
Some other of you, haste, and call to vs  
The sacred singer, graue *Demodocus;*  
To whom hath God given, song that can excite  
The heart of whom he listeth with delight.  
This said, he led. The Scepter-bearers lent  
Their free attendance; and with all speede, went  
The herald for the sacred man in song.  
Youths two and fiftie chosen from the throng  
Went, as was willd, to the vntam'd seas shore;  
Where come, they lancht the ship : the Maff it bore  
Aduanc't, sailes hoised, every seate, his Ore  
Gave with a lether thong : the deepe moist then  
They further reacht. The drie streets flowd with men;  
That troupp' vp to the kings capacious Court.  
Whose porticoes, were chok't with the reft:

Whose

Whose wals were hung with men : yong, old, thrust there,  
In mighty concourse, for whose promist cheere  
*Alcinous* llue twelue Sheepe; eight white-toothd Swine:  
Two crook-hancht Beues; which dead, and drest, diuine  
The shew was of so many a iocund Guest  
All set together, at so feare a feast.  
To whose accomplisht state, the Herald then  
The louely Singer led; Who past all mean  
The Muse affected; gaue him good, and ill;  
His eies put out, but put in soule at will.  
His place was giuen him, in a chaire, all grac't  
With siluer studs, and gainst a Pillar plac't;  
Where, as the Center to the State, he resis;  
And round about, the circle of the Guests.  
The Herald, on a Pinne, aboue his head  
His soundfull harpe hung : to whose height, he led  
His hand for taking of it downe at will.  
A Boord set by, with food; and forth did fill  
A Bowle of wine, to drinke at his desire.  
The rest then, fell to feast; and when the fire  
Of appetite was quencht : the Muse inflam'd  
The sacred Singer. Of men highliest fam'd,  
He sung the glories; and a Poeme pend,  
That in applaufe, did ample heauen ascend.  
Whose subiect was, the sterne contention  
Betwixt *Vlysses*, and Great *Thetis* Sonne;  
As, at a banke, sacred to the Gods  
In dreadfull language, they exprest their ods.  
When *Agamemnon*, sat reioyc't in soule  
To heare the Grecke Peeres iarte, in termes so soules;  
For *Angus Phœbus*, in presage had told  
The king of men, (distrayous to vnfold  
The wars perplexed end; and being therefore gone  
In heauenly *Pylbia*, to the Porch of stone,)  
That then the end, of all griefes should begin,  
Twixt *Greece*, and *Troy*; when *Greece* (with strife to wiane  
That wiht conclusion) in her kings should iarte,  
And please, if force, or wit must end the warre.

This braue contention did the Poet sing;  
Expressing so the spleene of either king;  
That his large purple weede, *Vlysses* held  
Before his face, and eies, since thence distill'd  
Teares vncertaind; which he obscur'd, in feare  
To let th'obfuring Prefence, note a teare.  
But when his sacred song the meere Divine  
Had giuen an end; a Goblet crownd with wine  
*Vlysses* (dryng his wet eies) did seife;  
And sacrificde to those Gods that would please

*Demodocus*  
*Posta.*

*The contention*  
*of Achilles and*  
*Vlysses.*

*Vlysses inopus*  
*ferens.*

Tin-

L 2

*The continued  
poesie of Pylles  
through all pla-  
ce, times, and oc-  
casions.*

To inspire the Poet with a song so fit  
To do him honour, and renoume his wit.  
His teares then staid. But when againe began  
(By all the kings desires) the moving man;  
Againe *Pylles*, could not chuse but yeeld  
To that soft passion: which againe, withheld  
He kepe so cunningly from fight; that none  
(Except *Aleimus* himselfe, alone)  
Difcimed him wou'd so much. But he sat next;  
And heard him deeply sigh. Whiche, his pretext  
Could not keepe hid from him. Yet he conceal'd  
His vterance of it, and would haue it held  
From all the rest. Brake off the song, and this  
Said to those Ore-affecting Peeres of his:  
Princes, and Peeres! we now are fatiate  
With sacred song, that fits a feast of state:  
With wine, and food. Now then, to field, and try,  
In all kinds our approu'd actiuitie;  
That this our Guest, may give his friends to know  
In his retorne: that we, as little owe  
To fightes, and wrestlings, leaping, speede of race,  
As these our Court-rites; and commend our grace  
In all, to all superior. Foorth he led  
The Peeres and people, trou'p't vp to their head:  
Nor must *Demodocus* be left within;  
Whose harpe, the Herald hung vpon the pinnes;  
His hand, in his tooke, and abroad he brought  
The heauenly Poet: out, the same way wrought  
That did the Princes: and what they would see  
With admiration, with his companie  
They wist to honour. To the place of Game  
Their throng'd, and after, rous'd of other came,  
Of all fort, infinite. Of Youghs that strooke,  
Many, and strong, rose to their trials loue.  
*Since the Phae-*  
*vians were not*  
*only dwellers by*  
*sea, nor studious*  
*also of sea quali-*  
*ties; their names*  
*are to warte*  
*their faculties*  
*therewar.*  
*All confisg. of*  
*sea-faring figues.*  
*In action like the homicide of warre.*  
*peaces, except*  
*Nembolides, that was for perfon fare*  
*Laudamus.*  
*As Arcturus,*  
*Past all the rest: but one he could not passe;*  
*suma tui extre.* Nor any thought improue, *Laudamus.*  
*ma Nasus part.* Vp *Anabesinax* then arose,  
in mari, Elateus. And three sonnes of the Scepter state, and those;  
in or bourn the. Were *Halius*, and fore-praide *Laudamus*;  
*and Remex,* And *Clytemnestra*, like a God in grace.

These

These first the foote-game tride; and from the lists  
Took: start together. Vp the dust, in mist,  
They hord about, as in their spedde, they flew;  
But *Clytemnestra*, first, of all the crew  
A Stiches length in any fallow field  
Made good his pace; when where the Judges yeeld  
The prife, and praise, his glorious speed attiud.  
Next, for the boistrous wrestling Game they striu'd;  
At which, *Euryalus*, the rest outhone.  
At leape, *Amphialus*. At the hollow stone  
*Elatreus* exceld. At buffets, last,  
*Laudamus*, the kings faire sonne surpast.  
When all had striu'd in these assies their fill,  
*Laudamus* said, Come friends; let's proue what skill  
This Stranger hath attaide to, in our sport;  
Me thinks, he must be of the active sort.  
His calues, thighs, hands, and well-knit sholders shew,  
That *Nature* disposition did bestow  
To fit with fact their forme. Nor wants he prime.  
But fowre *Affliction*, made a mate with *Time*,  
Makes *Time* the more scene. Nor imagine I,  
A worke thing to enforce debilitie,  
Then is the Sea: though nature ne're so strong  
Knits one together. Nor conceiue you wrong,  
(Replied *Euryalus*) but proue his blood  
With what you question. In the midſt then stood  
Renown'd *Laudamus*, and proud him thus;

Come (stranger Father) and assaye with vs  
Your powrs in these contentions: If your shew  
Be answere with your worth, tis fit that you  
Should know these conflicts: nor doth glorie stand  
On any worth more, in a mans command,  
Then to be strenuous, both of foote and hand:  
Come then, make proofe with vs; discharge your mind  
Of discontents: for not farre behind  
Comes your deduction. Ship is ready now;  
And men, and all things. Why (said he) dost thou  
Mocke me *Laudamus*? and these strifes bind  
My powrs to answer? I am more inclind  
To cares, then conflict. Much sustaint I haue;  
And still am suffering. I come here to cruce  
In your assemblies, meanees to be dismift,  
And pray, both Kings, and subiects to affiſt.

*Euryalus*, an open brawle began;  
And said: I take you Sir, for no luch man  
As fits these honord strifes. A number more  
Strange men there are, that I would chuse before,  
To one that loues to lie a ship-boord much;

L 3

*Laudamus* vs.  
with *Pylles* to  
their strifes.

*The word is*  
*magnum significans:*  
*deceditque qua-*  
*transfuerendum*  
*curamus cum*  
*qui nobiscum*  
*aliquando est*  
*veritatis.*

*Euryalus* vs.  
braids *Pylles*.

Or

Or is the Prince of tailours; or to such  
As traffique farre and neare, and nothing minde  
But freight, and passage, and a foreight winde;  
Or to a victor of a ship : or men  
That set vp all their powers for rampant Gaine,  
I can compare, or hold you like to be:  
But, for a wretcher, or of qualitie  
Fit for contentions noble, you abhore  
From worth of any such competitor.

*Vlysses* (frowning) answerd, Stranger! faire  
Thy words are from the fashions regular  
Of kinde, or honour. Thou art in thy guise  
Like to a man, that authors iniuries.  
I see, the Gods to all men, giue not all  
Manly addition; wisedome, words that fall  
(Like dice) vpon the square fill. Some man takes  
ill forme from parents, but God often makes  
That fault of forme vp, with obseru'd repaire  
Of pleasing speech: that makes him held for faire;  
That makes him speake furetely: makes him shinc  
In an assembly, with a grace diuine.  
Men take delight, to see how euinely lie  
His words alcepe, in honey modeflie.  
Another then, hath fathion like a God;  
But in his language, he is foule, and broad:  
And such art thou. A perfon faite is giuen;  
But nothing else is in thee, sent from heaven.  
For in thee lurkes, a bafe, and earthy foule  
And t'haſt compell me, with a speech most foule  
To be thus bitter. I am not vnſcene  
In these faire ſtrifes, as thy words ouerweene:  
But in the firſt ranke of the beſt I ſtand.  
At leaſt, I did, when youth and strength of hand  
Made me thus conſident: but now am worne  
With woes, and labours, as a humane borne  
To bear all anguifh. Sufferd much I haue.  
The warre of men, and the inhumane waue  
Haue I druien through at all parts: but with all  
My waſte in ſufferance: what yet may fall  
In my performance, at theſe ſtrifes Ile trie;  
Thy ſpeech hath mou'd, and made my wrath runne hic.  
This ſaid; with robe, and all, he graſpt a ſtone,  
A little grauer then was euer throwne  
By theſe *Pheacian*, in their wretſling rout;  
More firme, more maffie, which (turnd round about)  
He hurried from him, with a hand ſo ſtrong  
It ſung, and flew: and ouer all the throng  
(That at the others markes stood) quite it went:

explicat aperte-

*Vlyſſes*.ambulator  
Damorum  
magis potius  
auctor.

Yet downe fell all beneath it; fearing ſpent  
The force that draue it flying from his hand,  
As it a dart were, or a walking wand.  
And, farre paſt all the markeſ of all the reſt  
His wing ſtole way. When *Pallas* ſtraight impreſt  
A marke at fall of it; reſemblinſ then  
One of the navy-giu'en *Pheacian* men;  
And thus aduantc *Vlyſſes*: One, (thoughe blinde)  
(O stranger!) groping, may thy ſtones fall finde;  
For not amidſt the roue of markeſ it fell,  
But farre before all. Of thy worth, thinke well;  
And ſtand in all ſtrifes: no *Pheacian* here,  
This bound, can either better or come ne're.  
*Vlyſſes* ioyd, to hear that one man yet  
Vſdehim benignly; and would Truth aber  
In thofe contentions. And then, thus ſmooth  
He tooke his ſpeech downe: Reach me that now Youth,  
You ſhall (and ſtraight I thinke) haue one ſuch more;  
And one beyond it too. And now, whose Core  
Stands ſound, and great within him (ſince ye haue  
Thus put my ſplene vp) come againe and braue  
The Guest ye tempted, with ſuch groſſe diſgrace:  
At wretſling, buffets, whirlbar, ſpeed of race.  
Atall, or either, I except at none,  
But vrge the whole State of you; onely one  
I will not challenge, in my forced boaſt,  
And that's *Lodamas*; for hee's mine Host.  
And who will fight, or wrangle with his friend?  
Vnwife he is, and bafe, that will contend  
With him that ſeedes him, in a foreigne place;  
And takes all edge off, from his owne ſought grace.  
None elſe except I here; nor none deſpise;  
But wiſh to know, and proue his faculties,  
That dares appeare now. No ſtrife ye can name  
Am I vnskilld in (reckon any game  
Of all that are, as many as there are  
In wife with men) for Archerie I dare  
Affirme my ſelfe not meane. Of all a troupe  
Ile make the firſt foe with mine arrow ſtoupe;  
Though, with me ne're fo many fellowes bend  
Their bowes at markt men, and affect their end;  
Onely was *Philoctetes* with his bow  
Still my ſuperior; when we Greeks would show  
Our Archerie againſt our foes of *Troy*:  
But all that now by bread, fraile life enioy,  
I farre hold my inferiours. Men of old  
None now aliue, ſhall witneſſe me ſo bold  
To vant equality with ſuch men as theſe;

He names *Lodamas* only for  
all the other  
brotherſ ſince  
in his exception,  
the others en-  
vies were curbd;  
for brotherſ ei-  
ther are or  
ſhould bee of one  
acceptation in  
all thiſ things.  
And *Lodamas*,  
he calleth his host,  
being eldeſt ſon  
to *Alemon*;  
the heire being  
ever the young  
maſter, nor  
mighty he conne-  
niently prefer  
*Alemon* in his  
exception, ſince  
he ſtood not in  
competition at  
theſe contentions.

*Ochalian, Eurytus, Hercules,*  
 Who with their bowes, durst with the Gods contend.  
 And therefore caught *Eurytus* soone his end.  
 Nor did at home, in age, a reverend man,  
 But by the Great incensed *Delphian*  
 Was shot to death, for daring competence  
 With him, in all an Archers excellency.  
 A Speare Ile hurle as farre, as any man  
 Shall shooe a shaft. How at a race I can  
 Bestirre my feete; I lonely yeeld to Feare,  
 And doubt to meeet with my superiour here.  
 So many feare, so too much haue misilde  
 My lime for race; and therefore haue diffusde  
 A dissolution through my loued knces.

*The ingenious  
and roiall speec  
of Alcines to  
Ptyllus.*

This said, he stilled all talking properties;  
*Alcines* onely answerd: O my Guest  
 In good part take we, what you haue bene prest  
 With speech to answere. You would make appeare  
 Your vertues therefore, that will still shine where  
 Your onely looke is. Yet must this man give  
 Your worth ill language; when, he does not live  
 In sort of mortals (whence so ere he springs  
 That judgement hath to speake becoming things)  
 That will deprave your vertues. Note then now  
 My speech, and what, my loue prefents to you;  
 That you may tell *Hercules*, when you come  
 To banquet with your Wife, and birth at home,  
 (Mindfull of our worth) what deseruings *One*  
 Hath put on our parts likewise; in remoue  
 From Sire to Sonne, as an inherent grace  
 Kinde, and perpetuall. We must needs give place  
 To other Countreymen, and freely yeeld  
 We are not blameliffe, in our fights of field;  
 Buffets, nor wrestlings: but in spedee of feete,  
 And all the Equipeage that fits a fleete,  
 We boast vs best. For table euer spred  
 With neighbour feasts, for garments varied;  
 For Poescie, Musique, Dancing, Babbs, and Beds.  
 And now, *Pheacians*, you that beare your heads  
 And feete with beft grace, in enamouring dances;  
 Enflame our guest here; that he may aduance  
 Our worth past all the worlds, to his home friends;  
 As well for the vnmachit grace, that commends  
 Your skills in footing of a dance; as theirs  
 That flie a race best. And so, all affaires,  
 At which we boast vs best; he best may trie;  
 As Sea-race, Land-race, Dance, and Poescie.  
 Some one, with instant spedee to Court retire,

*Apollo.*

And

And fetch *Demodocus*, his soundfull lyre.

This said, the God-grac't king, and quicke resort  
*Pontonous* made, for that faire harpe, to Court.

Nine of the lot-chuse publique Rulers rose,  
 That all in those contentions did dispose;  
 Commanding a most smooth ground, and a wide,  
 And all the people, in faire game, aside.

Then with the rich harpe, came *Pontonous*,  
 And in the midft, tooke place *Demodocus*.

About him then stood forth, the choise yong men,  
 That on mans first youth, made fresh entrie then:

Had Art to make their naturall motion sweete  
 And shooke a most divine dance from their feete;  
 That twincld Star-like; mou'd as swift, and fine,  
 And beat the aire so thinne, they made it shine.

*Vlysses* wonderd at it; but amazd

He stood in minde, to heare the dance so phras'd.

For, as they danc't, *Demodocus* did sing,  
 The bright-crownd *Venus* loue, with Battails king;

As first they closely mixt, in t'house of fire,  
 What worlds of gifts, wonne her to his desire;

Who then, the night-and-day-bed did desife  
 Of good king *Vulcan*. But in little while

The Sunne their mixture saw, and came, and told.  
 The bitter newes, did by his cares take hold

Of *Vulcans* heart. Then to his Forge he went,  
 And in his shrewd mind, deepe stiffe did invent,

His mighty Anuile, in the stocke he put,  
 And forg'd a net, that none could loose, or cut;

That when it had them, it might hold them fast.  
 Which, hauing finisht, he made vtmost haste

Vp to the deare roome, where his wife he woud:  
 And (madly wrath with *Mars*) he all besfrowd

The bed, and bed posts: all the beame aboue  
 That croft the chamber, and a circle stroue,

Of his deuice, to wrap in all the roome.  
 And twas as pure, as of a Spiders loome,

The woofc before tis wounen. No man nor God  
 Could fet his eie on it: a sleight so odde,

His Art shewd in it. All his craft bespent  
 About the bed: he faid, as if he went

To well-built *Lemnos*; his most loued towne,  
 Of all townes earthly. Nor left this vnkowne

To golden-bridle-vling *Mars*, who kept  
 No blonde watch ouer him: but, seeing stept

His riuall so aside, he hasted home  
 With faire-wreath'd *Venus* loue stung; who was come

New from the Court of her most mighty Sire.

μετανοεσθαι. τι  
 μετανοη γίγνε-  
 φεις splendor  
 vibrania  
 twincld/plen-  
 dor μετεπειν  
 Vibranie velut  
 radios latores,  
 Ayre rarefied  
 turri p. β.

The Matter  
 vnbefit vnbene  
 can see.

24 volume A's ps.

*Mars*

Vulcans  
com-  
plains.

*Mars* entered; wrung her hand; and the retire  
Her husband made to *Lame* told; and said;  
Now (*Lame*) is *Vulcan* gone; let vs to bed,  
Hee's for the barbarous *Sintians*. Wellappaid  
Was *Venus* with it; and afreh afraid  
Their old encounter. Downe they went; and straight  
About them 'clinged, the artificial sleight  
Of most wife *Vulcan*; and were so ensnar'd,  
That neither they could stire their course prepar'd,  
In any lim about them; nor arife.  
And then they knew, they could no more disguise  
Their close conuiance; but lay, forc't, stone still.  
Backe rusht the Both foote cook't; but straight in skill,  
From his neare skour-hole turnd; nor ever went  
To any *Lame*; but the sure cuene  
Left *Phebus* to discouer, who told all.  
Then, home hopt *Vulcan*, full of griefe, and gall;  
Stood in the Portall, and cried out so hic;  
That all the Gods heard. Father of the skie  
And every other deathlesse God (said he)  
Come all, and a ridiculous obiect see;  
And yet not sufferable neither; Come,  
And wienselfe, how when still I step from home,  
(Lame that I am) *Iones* daughter doth professe  
To do me all the shamefull offices;  
Indignities, despites, that can be thought;  
And loues this all-things-making come to nought  
Since he is faire forsooth; foote-found, and I  
Tooke in my braine a little; leg'd awrie;  
And no fault mine; but all my parenes fault,  
Who shoud not get, if mocke me, with my halfe.  
But see how fast they sleepe, while I, in mone,  
Am onely made, an idle looker on.  
One bed their turme serues; and it must be mine;  
I think yet, I haue made their selfe-loues shinc.  
They shal no more wrong me, and none perceue:  
Nor will they sleepe together, I beleue  
With too hote haste againe. Thus both shall lie  
In craft, and force; till the extremitie  
Of all the drowre, I gaue her Sire (to game  
A dogged fer-fact Girle, that will not staine  
Her face with blushing, though she shame her head)  
He paies me backe: She's faire, but was no maide.  
While this long speech was making, all were come  
To *Vulcan*: wholie-brazen-founded home.  
Earth-shaking *Neptune*; viefull *Mercurie*,  
And far-shot *Phebus*. No She Deitie  
For shame, would shew there: all the gree-good Gods

Stood

stood in the Portall; and past periods  
Gau length to laughters; all reioyc't to see  
That which they said; that no impietie  
Finds good successe at th'end. And now (said one)  
The flow outgoes the swift. Lame *Vulcan*, knowne  
To be the slowest of the Gods; outgoes  
*Mars* the most swift; And this is that, which growes  
To greatest iustice; that Adulteries sport  
Obtain'd by craft, by craft of other sort,  
(And lame craft too) is plagu'd, which grieues the more,  
That found lims turning lame; the lame, \* restore.

This speech amongst them selues they entertaind  
When *Phabu*, thus askt *Hermes*: Thus enchaind  
Wouldst thou be *Hermes*, to be thus discloſed?  
Though, with thee, golden *Venus* were repos'de?

He ſoone gaue that an anſwer: O (ſaid he)  
Thou king of Archers) would twere thus with me.  
Though thrice ſo much shame, nay, though infinite  
Were powrd about me; and that every light  
In great heauen shining, witneſt all my hartmes,  
So golden *Venus* ſlumberd in mine Armes.

The Gods againe laugh; even the warty ſlate  
Wrung out a laughter: But propitiate  
Was ſtill for *Mars*, and praid the God of fire  
He would diſſolve him; offering the deſire  
He made to *Lame*, to pay himſelfe; and ſaid,  
All due debits, ſhould be, by the Gods repaid.

Pay me, no words (ſaid he) where deeds lend paine;  
Wretched the words are, giuen for wretched men.  
How ſhall I binde you, in th'immortals fight  
If *Mars* be once loſt; nor will pay his right?

*Vulcan* (ſaid he) if *Mars* ſhould ſlie, nor ſee  
Thy right repaid, it ſhould be paid by me:  
Your word, ſo giuen, I muſt accept (ſaid he)  
Which ſaid; he loſt them: *Mars* then rusht from ſkie  
And ſtoop't cold *Tbrace*. The laughing Deity  
For *Cyprius* was, and tooke her *Paphian* ſtate  
Where, ſhe a *Groue*, ne're cut, hath conſecrate:  
All with *Arabian* odors fum'd; and hath  
An Altar there, at which the *Graces* bathe,  
And with immortall Balms beſmooth her ſkin;  
Fit for the bliſſe, Immortals ſolace in;  
Deckt her in to-be-studied attire,  
And apt to fet beholders hearts on fire.

This fung the ſacred Muſe, whose notes and words  
The dancers feete kept; as his hands his cords.  
*Vlyſſe*, much was pleafeid, and all the crew:

This would the king haue varied with a new.

\* Intending the  
ſound of footes  
when they ouer-  
goe the ſoundes.

This is  
the mo-  
rning &c. Par-  
us magne dice-  
res graueſen-  
ſence out of  
lightlef tactor.

And

And pleasing measure; and performed by  
Two, with whom none would strive in dancerie.  
And those, his sonnes were, that must therefore dance  
Alone; and only to the harp aduance,  
Without the words; And this sweete couple, was  
Yong *Halins*, and diuine *Lodomas*:  
Who danc't a Ball dance. Then the rich-wrought Ball,  
(That *Polybus* had made, of purple all)  
They tooke to hand: one threw it to the skie,  
And then danc't backe; the other (capring hic)  
Would surely catch it, ere his foote toucht ground;  
And vp againe aduanc't it, and so found  
The other, caufe of dance; and then did he  
Dance lofify trickes, till next it came to be  
His turne to catche, and serue the other still.  
When they had kept it vp to eithers will,  
They then danc't ground trickes, or mixt hand in hand,  
And did so gracefully their change command,  
That all the other Youth that stood at paule,  
With deafning shoures, gave them the great applause.

*Epifte to Alcinous.* Then said *Vlysses*; O paſt all men here  
Cleare, not in powre, but in defert as cleare,  
You ſaid your dancers, did the world ſurpaſe;  
And they perfore it, cleare, and to amaze.  
This wonne *Alcinous* heart, and equall prieſte  
He gaue *Vlyſſis*, ſaying; Matchleſſe wife  
(Princes, and Rulers) I perceiue our queſt;  
And therefore let our hoſpitable beſt  
In fitting giſts be giuen him: twelve cheife kings  
There are that order all the glorious things  
Of this our kingdome; and the thirteenth, I  
Exiſt, as Crowne to all: let iſt amanly  
Be thiſſene garments giuen him: and, of gold  
Precious, and fine, a Talent. While we hold  
This our assembly, be all fetche, and giuen;  
That to our queſt prepa'red, as to his heauen  
One queſt may enter. And that nothing be  
Left vnpreformd, that fits his dignitie;  
*Euryalus* ſhall here conciliate  
Himſelfe, with words and giſts; ſince paſt our rate  
He gaue bad language. This did all commend  
And giue in charge, and euery king did ſend  
His Herald for his queſt. *Euryalus*  
(Anſwering for his part) ſaid; *Alcinous!*  
Our cheife of all; ſince you command, I will  
To this our queſt, by all meaneſs reconcile;  
And giue him this entirly mettald ſword:  
The handle maſſie ſiluer, and the bord

That giues it couer, all of Ivorye,  
New, and in all kinds, worth his qualitie.  
This put he ſtraiſt into his hand, and faid:  
Frolicle, O Guest and Father; if words, fled,  
Haue bene offenſue, let ſwift whirlwinds take,  
And rauiſh them from thought. May all Gods make  
Thy wifes ſight good to thee; in quicke retreate  
To all thy friends, and beſt lou'd breeding ſeate;  
Their long miſſe quiting with the greater ioy;  
In whiche ſweet, vaniſh all thy worſt annoy.

And frolicke thou, to all height, Friend (faid he)  
Which heauen conſirme, with wiſt felicitie.  
Nor euer giue againe deſire to thee,  
Of this ſwords wife, which with affeſt ſo free, }  
In my reclaime, thou haſt beſtowd on me. }

This ſaid; athwart his ſhoulders he put on  
The right faire ſword; and then did ſet the Sunne.  
When all the giſts were brought, which baſke againe  
(With King *Alcinous*, in all the trainc)  
Were by the honoured Heralds borne to Court;  
Which his faire ſonnes tooke, and from the reſort  
Laid by their reverend Mother. Each his throne,  
Or all the Peeres (which yet were ouerſhone  
In King *Alcinous* command) aſcended:  
Whom he, to paſſe as much in giſts contended;  
And to his Queene, ſaid: Wife! ſee brought me here  
The faireſt Cabinet I haue; and there  
Impoſe a well-cleans'd, in, and vtter weed;  
A Caldron heate with water, that with ſped  
Our Guest well bath'd, and all his giſts made ſure;  
It may a ioyfull appetiſte procure  
To his ſucceding Feaſt, and make him heare  
The Poets *Hymne*, with the ſecurer eare.  
To all which, I will adde my boll of gold,  
In all frame curioſe, to make him hold  
My memory alwaies deare, and ſacrifice  
With it at home, to all the Deities.

Then *Arte*, her maids charg'd to ſet on  
A well-fiz'd Caldron quickly. Which was done;  
Clear water pou'r'd in, flame made ſo entire,  
It gilt the braſe, and made the water fire.  
In meane ſpace, from her chamber brought the Queene  
A wealthy Cabinet, where (pure and cleane)  
She put the garments, and the gold beſtowd  
By that free State: and then, the other vowed  
By her *Alcinous*, and faid: Now Guest  
Make close and fast your giſts, leſt when you reſt  
A ſhip-boord ſweetly, in your way you meet

## THE EIGHTH BOOKE

Some losse, that lesse may make your next sleepe sweet.  
 This when *Vlysses* heard, all sure he made,  
 Enclosde and bound late; for the fauing trade,  
 The Reuerend for her wifedome (*Circe*) had  
 In forcycares taught him. Then the handmaid bad  
 His worth to bathing, which rejoyc't his heart.  
 For since he did with his *Calypso* part,  
 He had no hote baths. None had fauourd him;  
 Nor bin so tender of his kingly lim.  
 But all the time he spent in her abode,  
 He liu'd respected, as he were a God.

Cleand then and balmd; faire shirt, and robe put on;  
 Fresh come from bath, and to the Feasters gone;  
*Nausicaa*, that from the Gods hands tooke  
 The soueraigne beautie of her blessed looke,  
 Stood by a well-caru'd Columne of the roome,  
 And through her eye, her heart was ouercome  
 With admiration of the Port imprest  
 In his aspect; and said: God saue you Guest!  
 Be chearfull, as in all the future state,  
 Your home will shew you, in your better Fate!  
 But yet, euen then, let this remembred be,  
 Your life price, I lent, and you owe it me.

The varied inall counsels gaue reply:

*Nausicaa*: flowre of all this Emperie!  
 So Junos husband, that the strife for noise  
 Makes in the clouds, blesse me with strife of loyes,  
 In the desir'd day, that my houfe shall shew,  
 As I, as to a Goddess, there shall vow,  
 To thy faire hand, that did my Being giue;  
 Which Ie acknowledge, every hour I liue.

This said; *Aeolus* plac't him by his side;  
 Then tooke they feast, and did in parts diuide  
 The severall dishes, fill'd out wine, and then  
 The striu'd-for, for his worth, of worthy men,  
 And reverend'c of the States, *Demodocus*  
 Was brought in by the good *Pantonus*.  
 In midft of all the guefts, they gaue him place,  
 Against a loftie Pillar, when, this grace  
 The gracie with wifedome did him. From the Chine  
 That stood before him of a white-tooth'd Swine,  
 (Being faire the daintie ioynt) mixt through with fat,  
 He caru'd to him, and sent it where he sat,  
 By his old friend, the Herald; willing thus:  
 Herald, teach this to graue *Demodocus*;  
 Say, I falute him, and his worth embrace.  
 Poets deserue paft all the humane race,  
 Reuerend respect and honor; since the *Queene*

*Nausicaa* wrote  
med with *Vlysses*

*Argonauta*,  
Poem cuius  
bonimbus dig-  
na est fidelis.

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

123  
 Of knowledge, and the supreme worth in men  
 (*The Muse*) informes them; and loues all their race.

This, reach the Herald to him; who, the grace  
 Receiu'd encourag'd: which, when feast was pent,  
*Vlysses* amplified to this ascent:

*Demodocus*: I must preferre you farre,  
 Paft all your sort; if, or the *Muse* of warre,  
*Iones* daughter prompts you; (that the Greeks respects)  
 Or if the Sunne, that those of *Troy* affects.  
 For I haue heard you, since my coming, sing  
 The Fate of *Greece*, to an admird string.  
 How much our sufferance was; how much we wrought;  
 How much the actions rose to, when we fought.  
 So lively forming, as you had bin there;  
 Or to some free relator, lend your eare.  
 Forth then, and sing the wooden horses frame,  
 Built by *Epeus*, by the martiall Dame,  
 Taught the whol Fabricke; which, by force of sleight,  
*Vlysses*: brought into the Cities height;  
 When he had stuft it with as many men,  
 As leueld loftie *Ilion* with the Plaine.  
 With all which, if you can as well enchanke,  
 As with expression quicke and elegant,  
 You sung the rest; I will pronounce you cleare,  
 Inspir'd by God, paft all that euer were.

This said, euen stird by God vp, he began,  
 And to his Song fell, paft the forme of man;  
 Beginning where, the Greeks a ship-boord went,  
 And every Chiefe, had set on fire his Tent.  
 When th'other Kings, in great *Vlysses* guide,  
 In *Troy*s vast market place, the horse did hide:  
 From whence, the *Troians*, vp to *Ilion* drew  
 The dreadfull Engine. Where (late all arew)  
 Their Kings about it: many counsels giuen,  
 How to dispose it. In three waies were driuen  
 Their whole distractions: first, if they should feele  
 The hollow woods heart, (searcht with piercing Steele)  
 Or from the battlements (drawne higher yet)  
 Deic'd it headlong; or, that counterfet,  
 So vaft and nouell, set on sacred fire;  
 Vowd to appease each angerd Godheads ire.  
 On which opinion, they, thereafter, law,  
 They then shoule resolu'd: n'vnalterd law  
 Of Fate presaging; that *Troy* then shoul end,  
 When th'hostile horfe, she shoulde receiue to friends;  
 For therein shoulde the *Grecian* Kings lie hid,  
 To bring the Fate and death, they after did.  
 He fung besides, the Greeks eruption

*Vlysses.*  
*As by the diuine  
fury directly in-  
spred, for v-  
tifying.*

*In that the  
slaughters he  
made were ex-  
preſſively.*

*where O / venus.  
men. Metaph.  
figuring, con-  
taining, tabeſco.*

*Simila.*

From thole their hollow crafts; and horſe forgone;  
And how they made *Depopulation* tried  
Beneath her ſteet, ſo high a Cities head.  
In which affaire, he fung in other place,  
That of that ambuſh, ſome man elſe did race  
The *Ilion* Towres, then \**Lærtiades*;  
But here he \*fung, that he alone did ſcife  
(With *Menelaus*) the ascended rooſe  
Of Prince *Deiphobus*; and *Mars*-like prooſe  
Made of his valour: a moft dreadfull fight,  
Daring againſt him. And thiere vanquift quite,  
In little time (by great *Minerva* aid)  
All ſlions remnaunt, and *Troy* leuell laid.  
This the diuine Exprefſor, did ſo give  
Both act and paſſion, that he made it live;  
And to *Vlyſſes* factes did breathe a fire,  
So \*deadly quickeining, that it did inspire  
Old death with life; and rendred life ſo ſweet,  
And paſſionate, that all there felt it ſleet;  
Which made him pitie his own cruelneſſe,  
And put into that ruth, ſo pure an eie  
Of humane frailtie, that to fee a man  
Could ſo reviuue from Death; yet no way can  
Defend from death; his owne quicke poures it made  
Feele there deaths horrors: and he felt life fade  
In teares, his feeling braine ſweat: for in things  
That moue paſt viettance, teares ope all their ſprings.  
Nor are there in the Powres, that all life beares,  
More true interpreters of all, then teares.  
And as a Ladie mournes her ſole-lou'd Lord,  
That falne before his Citie, by the word,  
Fighting to refcue from a cruell Fate,  
His towne and chilidren; and, in dead estate  
Yet panting, ſeeing him; wraps him in her armes,  
Weeps, ſhrikes, and poures her health into his armes;  
Lieson him, ſtruing to become his shield  
From foes that ſtil affaile him; ſpeares impell  
Through backe and ſhoulders; by whose points embrude,  
They raife and leade him into feruite,  
Labor and languor: for all which, the Dame  
Eates downe her cheekeſ with teares, and feeds liſes flame  
With miſerable ſufferanc: So this King,  
Of teare-ſweat anguſh, op't a boundleſſe ſpring:  
Nor yet was feene to any one man there,  
But King *Alcinous*, who ſate ſo neare,  
He could not ſcape him: ſighs (ſo chok't) ſo brake  
From all his tempers, which the King d dtake  
Both note, and graue reſpect of, and thus ſpake:

Heare

Heare me, *Pheacian* Counſellers and Peeres;  
And caſtle, *Demodocus*; perhaps all eares  
Are not delighted with his ſong; for, euer  
Since the diuine Muſe lung, our Gueſt hath neuer  
Containd from ſecret mournings. It may fall,  
That ſomething lung, he hath bin grieu'd withall,  
As touching his particular. Forbare;

That *Fœtus* may ioynly comfort all hearts here;  
And we may cheare our Gueſt vp; tis our beſt,  
In all due honor, For our reverend Gueſt,  
Is all our celebration, gifts, and all,  
His loue hath added to our Festiuall.

A Gueſt, and ſuſplicant too; we ſhould eſteeme  
Deare at our brother, one that doth but dreame  
He hath a ſoule; or touch but at a mind  
Deathleſſe; and manly; ſhould ſtand fo enclin'd.  
Nor clokeyou, longer, with your curious wit,  
(Lou'd Gueſt) what euer we ſhall aſke of it.  
It now ſtands on your honest ſtate to tell;  
And therefore giue your name; nor more conceale,  
What of your parents, and the Towne that bears  
Name of your nativitie; or of forreigners  
That neare vs border, you are calld in fame.  
There's no man liuing, walkes without a name;  
Noble nor base; but had one from his birth;  
Impofde as fit, as to be borne. What earth,  
People, and citie, owne you? Gue to know:  
Tell but our ſhips all, that your way muſt show;  
For our \*ſhips know th' exprefſed minds of men;  
And will ſo moſt intuitiuely retaine  
Their ſcopes appointed, that they never erre;  
And yet vſe neuer any man to ſtere:  
Nor any Rudders haue, as others need.  
They know men thoughts, and whither tends their ſpeed.  
And therill will ſet them. For you cannot name  
A Citie to them; nor ſat Soile, that *Fame*  
Hath any notice giuen, but well they know,  
And will ſlie to them, though they ebb and flow,  
In blackeſt clouds and nights; and neuer beare  
Of any wracke or rocke, the flendrefte feare.  
But this I heard my Sire *Xanthurus* ſay  
Long ſince, that *Neptune* ſeeing vs conuay  
So safely paſſengers of all degrees,  
Was angry with vs; and vpon our feas,  
A well-build shir we had (neare harbor come,  
From ſafe deduction of ſome ſtranger home)  
Made in his flitting billowes, ſtickle ſtone ſtill;  
And dimm'd our Citie, like a mighty hill,

*This reprobatio  
or affirmation of  
miracles, how  
impoſſible ſoone  
in thefe times af-  
foredayes in theſe  
ages they were  
neither absurd  
nor ſtrange. Thoſe  
unnamable things  
haue (it ſeems)   
certain Genii, iſ  
whole power,   
they ſuſpeded,  
their ſhip, facul-  
ties. As others  
have affirmed  
Okeſ to haue  
ſence of hearing;  
and fo the ſhip of  
*Argos* was ſaid  
to haue a Maſt  
made of *Dodonas*  
an Oke, that was  
veeal, and could  
ſpeak.*

With shade cast round about it. This report,  
 Intending his <sup>to</sup> <sub>over</sub> <sup>the</sup> <sub>Caufitius</sub> old King made; in which miraculous fort,  
 If God had done such things, or left vndone;  
 At his good pleasure be it. But now, on,  
 And truth relate vs; both whence you errd;  
 And to what Clime of men would be transferrd;  
 With all their faire Townes; be they as they are;  
 If rude, vniust, and all irregular;  
 Or hospitable, bearing minds that please  
 The mighty Deitie. Which one of these  
 You would be set at, lay; and you are there;  
 And therefore what affests you? why, to heare  
 The Fate of *Greece* and *Ilion*, mourne you so?  
 The Gods haue done it; as to all, they do  
 Decline destruction; that from thence may rise  
 A Poeme to instruct posterities.  
 Fell any kinsman before *Ilion*?  
 Some worthy Sire-in-law, or like-neare sonne;  
 Whom next our owne blood, and selfe-race we loue;  
 Or any friend perhaps, in whom did moue  
 A knowing soule, and no unpleasing thing:  
 Since such a good one, is no vnderling  
 To any brother: for, what fits true friends,  
 True wisedome is, that blood and birth transcends.

*True wisedome  
fits true friends.*

*Finis libri octani Hom. Odyss.*



## THE

## THE NINTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**V**Ylles here, is first made knowne;  
 Who tells the firme contention,  
 His power did gaunt the Cicons trice;  
 And thence to the Lotophagie  
 Extends his conquest; and from them,  
 Assayes the Cyclop Polyphemus;  
 And by the crafts, his misse apply,  
 He puts him out his onely eye.

Another.

*Illa.* The stranglefed  
 Lotophagie.  
 The Cicons fed.  
 The Cyclops eye.

**V**ylyes thus resolu'd the Kings demands.  
*Aliconus!* (in whom this Empire stands)  
 You shold not of so natural right disherit  
 Your princely feast, as take from it the spirit.  
 To heare a Poet, that in accent brings  
 The Gods brests downe, and breathes them as he sings,  
 Is sweet, and sacred; nor can I conceiue,  
 In any common weale, what more doth giue

*He begins where  
Aliconus com-  
manded Demo-  
acus to end.*

Note of the iust and blessed Emperie,  
 Then to see *Comfor* vniuersally  
 Cheare vp the people. When in euery roofe,  
 She giues obseruers a most humane proofe  
 Of mens contents. To see a neighbours Feast  
 Adorne it through; and thererat, heare the breast  
 Of the diuine Muse; men in order set;  
 A wine-page waiting. Tables crownd with meate;  
 Set close to guests, that are to vfe it skilful;  
 The Cup-boords furnisht, and the cups still fill'd.  
 This shewes (to my mind) most humanelly faire.  
 Nor shoud you, for me, still the heauenly aire,  
 That sturd my soule so, for I loue such teares,  
 As fall from fit notes; beaten through mine eares,  
 With repetitions of what heauen hath done;  
 And breake from heartie apprehension  
 Of God and goodnessse, though they shew my ill.  
 And therefore doth my mind excite me still,

*Immag.*

To tell my bleeding moane; but much more now,  
To serue your pleasure; that, to ouer-flow  
My teares with such cause, may by fighs be driven;  
Though ne're so much plagu'd, I may sceme by heauen.

And now my name; which, way shall leade to all  
My miseries after: that their sounds may fall  
Through your eares also; and shew (having fled  
So much affliction) first, who refts his head  
In your embraces; when (so farre from home)  
I knew not where t'obaine it resting roome.

I am *Vlysses Laertides*,

The fear of all the world for policies;  
For which, my factas high as heauen resound.  
I dwell in *Ithaca*, Earths most renownd:  
All ouer-shadow'd with the \* Shake-leafe hill  
Tree-fam'd *Neritus*; whose neare confines fill  
Illands a number, well inhabited,

That vnder my obseruance taste their bread.  
*Dulichius, Samos*, and the full-of-\* food  
*Zacynthus*, likewise gract with store of wood.  
But *Ithaca*, (though in the seas it lie)

Yet lies she so aloft, she cast her eye  
Quite ouer all the neighbour Continent.  
Farre Norward situate; and (being lent  
But little fauour of the Morne, and Sunne)  
With barren rocks and clifffes is ouer-tunne.  
And yet of hardie youths, a Nurfe of Name.  
Nor could I see a Soile, where ere I came,  
More sweete and wiþfull. Yet, from hence was I  
Withheld with horror, by the Deitic  
Divine *Calypso*, in her cauie house;

Enflam'd to make me her sole Lord and Spouse.  
*Circe* *Eæs* too, (that knowing Dame,  
Whose veines, the like affections did inflame)  
Detaind me like wife. But to neithers loue,  
Could I be tempted, which doth well approue;  
Nothing so sweete is as our countries earth;  
And ioy of those, from whom we claime our birth.  
Though roofes farre richer, we farre off posseſſe,  
Yet (from our natvie) all our more, is lesse.

To which, as I contended, I will tell  
The much-distrust-confering-facts, that fell  
By *Tone*, diuine preuention; since I set,  
From ruin'd *Troy*, my first foote in retreat.

From *Ilio*, ill winds cast me on the Coast  
The *Cicons* hold; where I emploid mine hoaſt  
For *Iſmarus*, a Cite, built iuft by  
My place of landing: of which, *Victory*

*Amor patric.*  
quatenus  
leuigantem  
frondes.

quædam quibus  
corpus a iuri &  
vita iusti: natus  
a*appaſſionis*

Made me expugner. I depeopl'd it,  
Slaue all the men, and did their wiues remit,  
With much spoile taken; which we did diuide,  
That none might need his part. I then applide  
All spced for flight: but my command therein,  
(Fooles that they were) could no obseruance win  
Of many foulidiers, who with spoile fed hic,  
Woulde yet fill higher; and excessively  
Fell to their wine; gaue slaughter on the shore,  
Clouen-footed beeuies and sheepes, in mighty store.  
In meane space, *Cicons* did to *Cicons* crie;  
When, of their nearest dwellers, instantly  
Many and better foulidiers made strong head,  
That held the Continent, and managed  
Their horse with high skill: on which they would fight,  
When fittest cause seru'd; and againe alight,  
(With foone ferme vantage) and on foote contend.  
Their concourse swift was, and had never end;  
At thicke and sodeaine twas, as flowres and leaues  
Darke Spring discouers, when the \*Light receaues.  
And then began the bitter Fate of *Tone*  
To alter vs vnhappie, which, even stroue  
To giue vs suffrance. At our Fleet we made  
Enforced stand; and there did they inuade  
Our thrut-vp Forces: darts encountring darts,  
With blowes on both sides: either making parts  
Good vpon either, while the Morning shone,  
And sacred *Day* her bright increafe held on;  
Though much out-machti in number. But as soone  
As *Phabus* Well-fell, the *Cicons* wonne  
Much hand of vs; sixe proued foulidiers fell  
(Of euery ship) the rest they did compell  
To fecke of Flight escape from Death and Fate.

Thence (sad in heart) we said: and yet our State  
Was something chear'd; that (being ouer-matcht so much  
In violent number) our retreate was such,  
As sau'd so many. Our deare losse the leſſe,  
That they furui'd; so like for like successe.  
Yet left we not the Coast, before we calld  
Home to our country earth, the soules exhal'd,  
Of all the friends, the *Cicons* ouercame.  
Thrice calld we on them, by their severall name,  
And then tooke leauue. Then from the angry *North*,  
Cloud-gathering *Tone*, a dreadfull storme calld forth  
Againt our Nauie, couerd shore and all,  
With gloomy vapors. *Night* did headlong fall  
From frowning Heaven. And then hurlid here and there  
Was all our Nauie; the rude winds did teare,

After Night, in  
the first of the  
Morning.

*The ancients en-  
fleme of calling  
home the dead.*

## THE NINTH BOOKE

In three, in four parts, all their failles; and downe  
Driuen vnder hatches were we, prest to drowne.  
Vp rusht we yet againe; and with tough hand  
(Two daies, two nights entoild) we gat nere landes,  
Labours and sorrowes, eating vp our minds.  
The third cleare day yet, to more friendly winds  
We maist aduanct, we white failles spred, and late,  
Forewinds, and guides, againe did iterate,  
Our easse and home-hopes; which we cleare had reache;  
Had not, by chance, a lodaine North-wind fetcht,  
With an extreame sea, quite about againe,  
Our whole endeouours; and our course constraine  
To giddie round; and with our bowd failles greate  
Dreadfull *Malicia*; calling backe our flete,  
As farre forth as *Cytherea*. Nine dayes more,  
Aduerse winds tost me, and the tenth, the shore,  
Where dwel'l the blosome-fed *Lophagie*,  
I fetcht; fresh water tooke in; instantly  
Fell to our food, a ship-boord; and then sent  
Two of my choice men to the Continent,  
(Adding a third, a Herald) to discouer,  
What sort of people were the Rulers ouer  
*The Lophagie*. The land next to vs. Where, the first they met,  
Were the *Lophagie*, that made them eate  
Their Country diet; and no ill intent,  
Hid in their hearts to them: and yet th'euent,  
To ill conuerter it; for, hauing eate  
Their daintie viands, they did quite forger  
(As all men else, that did but taste their meat)  
Both country-men and country; nor addrest  
Any returne, iInforme what sort of men  
Made fixt abode there; but would needs maintaine,  
Abode themselves there; and eate that food euer.  
I made out after; and was faine to feuer  
Th'enchanted knot, by forcing their retreate;  
That striu'd, and wept, and would not leauue their meate  
For heauen it selfe. But, dragging them to feete,  
I wrapt in sure bands, both their hands and feete,  
And cast them vnder hatches; and away  
Commanded all the rest, without least stay;  
Left they should taste the *Lote* too sand forget  
With such strange raptures, their despide retreate.  
*All then aboard*, we beat the sea with Ores,  
And stull with sad hearts saild by our-way shores;  
Till th'out-lawd *Cyclops* land we fetcht; a race  
Of proud-liu'd loiterers, that never sow,  
Nor pura plant in earth, nor vse a plow;  
But trust in God for all things; and their earth,

*The idle Cyclop.*

(Vn-

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

(Vnflowne, vnplowd) giues every of spring birth,  
That other lands haue. Wheate, and Barley, Vines  
That beare in goodly Grapes, delicious wines;  
And *sow* sends showeres for all: no counsels there,  
Nor counsellors, nor lawes; but all men beare  
Their heads aloft on mountaines, and those steepe,  
And on their tops too: and there, houses keepe  
In valiue Caues; their households governd all  
By each mans law, imposde in seuerally  
Nor wife, nor child awd; but as he thinks good.  
None for another caring. But there stood  
Another little Ile, well stor'd with wood,  
Betwixt this and the entry; neither nie  
The *Cyclop* Ile, nor yet faire off dorth lie.  
Mens want i fufferd; but the mens supplies,  
The Goates made with their inarticulate cries.  
Goates beyond number, this small Iland breeds,  
So tame, that no accesse disturbs their feeds.  
No hunters (that the tops of mountaines scale,  
And rub through woods with toile) seeke them at all.  
Nor is the foile with flocks fed downe, nor plowd;  
Nor ever in it any seed was sownd.  
Nor place the neighbour *Cyclop* their delights,  
In braue Vermilion prow-deckt shippes, nor wrights  
Viefull and skifull, in such works, as need  
Perfection to those trafficks, that exceed  
Their natural confines: to flic out and see  
Cities of men, and take in, mutually  
The prease of others. To them clue; they liue,  
And to their Iland, that enough would give  
A good inhabitant; and time of yeare  
Obserue to all things. Ait could order there.  
There, close vpon the sea, sweet medowes spring,  
That yet of fresh streames want no watering  
To their soft burthenes: but of speciall yeld,  
Your vnes would be there; and your common field,  
Burgentle worke make for your plows; yet beare  
A lottie haruest when you came to haue.  
For passing fat the soile is. In it lies  
A harbor so opportune, that no ties,  
Halfers, or gables need; nor anchors cast,  
Whom stormes\* put in there, are with stay embrac't;  
Or to their full wils safe, or winds aspire  
To Pilots vses their more quicke desire.  
At entry of the hauen, a siluer foord  
Is from a rock-impricessing fountaine powrd,  
All set with fable Poplars; and this Port  
Were we arriu'd at, by the sweet report

*The descriptions  
of all these communi-  
ties, have admis-  
sible allegories,  
besides their art-  
ful and pleasing  
relation.*

Of

Of some God guiding vs: for twas a night  
 So gasty darke, all Port was past our figh,  
 Clouds hid our shps, and would not let the Moone  
 Afford a beame to vs; the whole Ile wonne,  
 By not an eye of ours. None thought the Blore  
 That then was vp, shou'd waues against the shore,  
 That then to an vimeasur'd hight put on.  
 We stolt at sea estemnd vs, till alone  
 Our fleet put in it selfe. And then were strooke  
 Our gatherd sailes: our rest ashore we tooke,  
 And day expected. When the Morne gave fire,  
 We rose, and walke, and did the Ile admire.  
 The *Nymphs*, *Junes* daughters, putting vp a heard  
 Of mountaine Goates to vs, to render cheard  
 My fellow louldiers. To our Fleet we flew;  
 Our crooked bowes tooke, long-pil'd darts, and drew  
 Our felues in three parts our; when, by the grace  
 That God vouch-saft, we made a gainfull chace.  
 Twelue ships we had, and euery ship had nine  
 Fat Goates allotted; ten onely mine.  
 Thys all that day, even till the Sunne was set,  
 We late and feasted; pleasant wine and meate,  
 Plenteously taking; for we had not spent  
 Our ruddie wine a ship-boord: supplement  
 Of large fort, each man to his vessel drew,  
 When we the sacred Cittie ouerthrew,  
 That held the *Cicons*. Now then saw we neare,  
 The *Cyclops* late-praifd Iland; and might heare  
 The murmur of their sheepe and goates; and see  
 Their smokes ascend. The Sunne then set, and we  
 (When Night succeeded) tooke our rest ashore.  
 And when the world the Mornings fauour wore,  
 I calld my friends to councell, charging them  
 To make stay there, while I tooke ship and streme,  
 With some associates; and explor'd what men  
 The neighbour Ile held: if of rude diddaine,  
 Churlish and tyrannous, or minds bewraid  
 Pious and hospitable. Thus much faid,  
 I boorded, and commanded to ascend  
 My friends and souldiers, to put off, and lend  
 Way to our ship. They boorded, late, and beate  
 The old sea forth, till we migh se the streate,  
 The greatest *Cyclop* held for his abode;  
 Which was a deepe Caue, neare the common rode  
 Of shps that toucht there, thicke with Lawcirs spred,  
 Where many sheepe and goates lay shadowed:  
 And neare to this, a Hall of torn-e-vp stone,  
 High built with Pines, that heaven and earth attone;

And

And lofrie-fronted Okes: in which kept house,  
 A man in shpe, i humane, and monstorous,  
 Fed all his flocks alone; nor would affoord  
 Commerce with men; but had a wit abhord,  
 His mind, his body answering. Nor was he  
 Like any man, that food could possibly  
 Enhance so hugely; but (beheld alone)  
 Shev'd like a steepe hil top, all ouergrownne  
 With trees and brambles; little thought had I  
 Of such vast obiects. When arriu'd no nic;  
 Some of my lou'd friends, I made stay aboard,  
 To guard my shps, and twelue with me I shor'd,  
 The choice of all. I tooke besides along,  
 A Goat-skin flagon of wine, blake and strong,  
 That *Maro* did present; *Euantheus* sonne,  
 And Priest to *Phabuſ*; who had mansion  
 In *Thracian Ifmarus* (the Towne I tooke)  
 He gaue it me; since I (with reverence strooke,  
 Of his graue place, his wife, and childrens good)  
 Freed all of violence. Amidst a wood  
 Sacred to *Phabuſ*, stood his house; from whence  
 He fetche me gifts of varied excellency;  
 Seuen talents of fine gold; a boll all fram'd  
 Of mastis siluer. But his gift, most fam'd,  
 Was twelue great vefels, filld with such rich wine,  
 As was incorruptible, and diuine.  
 He kept it as his iewell, which none knew  
 But he himselfe, his wife, and he that drew.  
 It was so strong, that never any filld  
 A cup, where that was but by drops instilld,  
 And drunke it off; but twas before allaid  
 With twentie parts in water; yet so swaid  
 The spirit of that litle, that the whole,  
 A sacred odour breath'd about the boll.  
 Had you the odour smelt, and sent it cast,  
 It would haue vexed you to forbear the taste.  
 But then (the taste gaide too) the spirit it wrought,  
 To dare things high, set vp an end my thought.

Of this, a huge great flagon full I bore,  
 And in a good lirge knapfacke, viſtles store;  
 And longd to see this heape of fortitude,  
 That so illiterate was, and upland rude,  
 That lawes diuine nor humane he had leard.  
 With speed we reacht the Cauerne, nor discernd  
 His presence there. His flocks he fed at field.

Enterin his den; each thing beheld, did yeeld  
 Our admiration: shuelus with cheeves heapt;  
 Sheds stuft with Lambs and Goates, distinctly kept;

N

Vinum Maro-  
neum memo-  
rable.

Distinct

Distincte the biggest; the more meane distinct;  
 Distincte the yongest. And in their precinct  
 (Proper and placefull) stood the troughs and pales,  
 In which he milkt; and what was giuen at meales,  
 Set vp a creaming: in the Euening full,  
 All scouring bright, as deaw vpon the hill.  
 Then were my fellowes instant to conuay  
 Kids, cheefes, lambs, a ship boord, and away  
 Saile the salt billow. I thought best, not so,  
 But better otherwile; and first would know,  
 What guest-gifts he would spare me. Little knew  
 My friends, on whom they would haue prey'd: his view  
 Prou'd after, that his inwards were too rough  
 For such bold vsage: we were bold enough,  
 In what I suffered; which was there to stay;  
 Make fire and feed there, though heare none away.  
 There sat we, till we saw him feeding come,  
 And on his necke a burthen lugging home,  
 Most highly huge of Scree-wood; which the pile  
 That fed his fire, supplide all supper while.  
 Downe by his den he threw it, and vp rose  
 A tumulte with the fall. Afraid, we clost  
 Withdrew our selues, while he into a Caue  
 Of huge receit, his high-fed cattell draue,  
 All that he milkt; the males he left without  
 His loftie roofer, that all betrowd about  
 With Rams and buck-goates were. And then a rocke  
 He lift aloft, that dam'd vp to his flocke,  
 The doore they enterd: twas so hard to wield,  
 That two and twentie Waggons, all foure-wheel'd,  
 (Could they be loaded, and haue teames that were  
 Proportion'd to them) could not stirre it there.  
 Thus, making sure, he kneeld and milkt his Ewes,  
 And braying Goates, with all a milkers dues.  
 Then let in all their yong: then, quicke did dresse,  
 His halfe milke vp for cheese, and in a presse  
 Of wicker prest it; put in bowls the rest,  
 To drinke, and eat, and serue his supping feast.  
 All works dispatcht thus, he began his fire,  
 Which blowne, he saw vs; and did thus enquire:  
 Ho! Guests! what are ye? whence saile ye these seas?  
 Traffike, or rouer yea? and like theeves opprefle  
 Poore strange aduenturers, exposing so  
 You soules to danger, and your liues to wo?  
 This vit'ld he, when Feare from our hearts tooke  
 The very life, to be lo thunder-stroke  
 With such a voice, and such a monstre see.  
 But thus I answerd: Ering Grecians we,

From Troy we're turning homewards, but by force  
 Of aduerse winds, in far-diverted course,  
 Such vnknowne waies tooke, and on rude seas tost,  
 (As some decreed) are cast vpon this Coast.  
 Of Agamemnon (famous Atreas sonne)  
 We boast our selues the soldiery, who hath wonne  
 Renowne that reacheth heauen, to ouerthrow  
 So great a Citie, and to ruine so,  
 So many nations. Yet at thy knees lie  
 Our prostrate bosomes, forc't with praires to trie,  
 If any hospitable right, or Boone  
 Of other nature, (such as haue bin wonne  
 By lawes of other houses) thou wilt gieue.  
 Reuerence the Gods, thou greatest of all that liue.  
 We suppliants are; and hospitable loue  
 Pour's wreake on all, whom praires want powre to moue:  
 And with their plagues, together will prouide,  
 That humble Guests shall haue their wants supplice.  
 He cruelly answرد: O thou foole (said he)  
 To come so farre, and to importune me  
 With any Gods feare, or obserued loue;  
 We Cyclops care not for your Goat-fed loue,  
 Nor other Blestones, we are better farre.  
 To none himselfe, dare I bid open warre,  
 To thee, and all thy fellowes, if I please.  
 But tell me: where's the ship, that by the feas  
 Hath brought thee hither? If farre off, or neare,  
 Informe me quickly. These his temptings were.  
 But I, too much knew, not to know his mind,  
 And craft, with craft paid; telling him the wind  
 (Thrust vp from Sea, by him that shakes the Shore)  
 Had dash't our shipp aginst his rocks, and tore  
 Her ribs in pecces, clost vpon his Coast;  
 And we from high wracke sau'd, the rest were lost.  
 He answرد nothing, but rusht in, and tooke  
 Two of my fellowes vp from earth, and strooke  
 Their braines against it. Like two whelps they flew  
 About his shoulders, and did all embrew  
 The blushing earth. No mountaine Lion tote  
 Two Lambs so sternly; lapt vp all their gore,  
 Gush't from their torn-e-vp bodies, lim by lim,  
 (Trembling with life yet) rauish't into him.  
 Both flesh and marrow-stuffed bones he eat,  
 And even th'uncleaned entrails made his meate.  
 We weeping, cast our hands to heauen, to view,  
 A sight so horrid. Desperation flew  
 With all our after liues, to instant death,  
 In our beleev'd destruction. But when breath,

This his relation  
 of Agamemnon,  
 and his glory &  
 thine for Troyes  
 sake, with the  
 partie of popula-  
 rists recusants,  
 him that was so  
 barbarous and  
 impious, must be  
 intended spoken  
 by Myself, with  
 supposition that  
 his brevers wold  
 make full aske  
 they would new  
 to the Cyclops  
 who respected li-  
 ste Agamemnon,  
 or their valiant  
 exploit against  
 Troy, or the Gods  
 themselves. For  
 otherwise the se-  
 rious obseruation  
 of the words  
 (though good &  
 grave if spoken  
 to another) want  
 their intentionall  
 sharpnesse and  
 bite.

The fury of his appetite had got,  
Because the gulfe his belly, reacht his throte;  
Mans flesh, and Goates milke, laying laire on laire,  
Till neare chokt vp, was all the pase for aere.  
Along his den, amongst his cattell, downe  
He rusht, and streate him. When my mind was growne  
Desperate, to step in; draw my word, and part  
His bosome, where the strings about the heart  
Circle the Liver, and addes strength of hand.  
But that rash thought, More staid, did countermand,  
For we all had perisht, since it past  
Our poures to lift aside a log so vall,  
As bard all outscape; and so figh'd away  
The thought all Night, expecting active Day.  
Whiche come, he first of all, his fire enflames,  
Then milks his Goates and Ewes, then to their dams  
Lets in their yong, and wondrous orderly,  
With manly hafte, dispatcht his houwfery.  
Then to his Breakfast, to which, other two  
Of my poor friends went: which eate, ouer then go  
His beards and fat flockes, lightly putting by  
The churilish barre, and cloilde it infandy;  
For both thosse works, with ease, as much he did,  
As you would ope, and shut your Quiner lid.

With stormes of whistlings then, his flockes he drame  
Vp to the mountaines, and occasion gane  
For me to sic my wits, which to their height,  
I striu'd to skew vp; that a vengeance might  
By some meanes fall from thence; and *Pallas* now  
Afoord a full eare to my neediest vow.  
This then, my thoughts preferd: a huge club lay  
Close by his milk-house, which was now in way  
To drie, and feaston, being an Olive tree  
Which late he felde, and being greene, must be  
Made lighter for his manage. T was so vast,  
That we resembl'd it to some fit Mast,  
To serue a ship of burthen, that was driven  
With twentie Ores; and had a bignesse giuen,  
To beare a huge sea. Full so thicke, so tall  
We iudg'd this club, which I, in part, hewd small,  
And cut a fathome off. The pece I gau  
Amongst my souldiers, to take downe, and shause,  
Which done, I sharnd' it at top, and then  
(Hardn'd in fire) I hid it in the den,  
Within a nautie dunghill reeking there,  
Thicke, and so moist, it issude every where.  
Then made I lots cast, by my friends to trie,  
Whose fortune seru'd to dare the bordour cie

Of that man-eater: and the lot did fall  
On foure I wisht to make my aid, of all;  
And I, the fist made, chosen like the rest.  
Then came the Eueng, and he came from the feast  
Of his fat cattell, draue in all, nor kept  
One male abroad: if, or his memory slept  
By Gods dire & will; or of purpose was  
His drivning in of all then, doth surpassee  
My comprehension. But he clostde againe  
The mighty barre milke, and did still maintaine  
All other obseruation, as before.  
His worke, all done; two of my souldiers more,  
At once he snatcht vp; and to supper went.  
Then dar'd I words to him, and did present  
A boll of wine, with these words: *Cylop!* take  
A boll of wine from my hand, that may make  
Way for the mans flesh thou hast eate, and show  
What drinke our shipp held; which in facred vow,  
I offer to thee, to take ruth on me  
In my dismission home. Thy rages be  
Now no more sufferable. How shall men  
(Mad and inhumane that thou art) againe  
Greet thy abode, and get thy actions grace,  
If thus thou rages, and castt vp their race.  
He tooke, and drunke; and vehemently loyd  
To taste the sweet cup; and againe employd  
My flagons powre, entreating more, and said:  
Good Guest, againe affoord my taste thy aid;  
And let me know thy name; and quickly now,  
That in thy recompence I may bestow  
A hospitable gift on thy defert;  
And such a one as shall reioyce thy heart;  
For to the *Cylops* too, the gentle Earth  
Bares generous wine; and *Jove* augments her birth,  
In store of such, with shoures. But this rich wine,  
Fell from the riuier that is meere diuine,  
Of *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*. This againe  
I gaue him; and againe, nor could the foole abstaine,  
But drunke as often. When the noble Iuyce  
Had wrought vpon his spirit, I then gaue vse  
To fairer language, saying: *Cylop!* now  
As thou demandst, Ile tell thee my name, do thou  
Make good thy hospitable gift to me;  
My name is *No-Man*, *No-Man*, each degree  
Of friends, as well as parents, call my name.  
He answred, as his cruel soule became:  
*No-Man!* Ile eate thee last of all thy friends;  
And this is that, in which so much amends

I vowed to thy deffensions; thus shall be  
My hospitable gift, made good to thee.  
This said, he vpwards fell; but then bent round  
His fleslie necke; and *Sleepe* (withall crownes, crown'd)  
Subdu'd the Savage. From his throte brake out  
My wine, with mans flesh gobbers, like a spout;  
When loded with his cups, he lay and snor'd.  
And then tooke I the clubs end vp, and gor'd  
The burning cole-heape, that the point might hense.  
Confirm'd my fellowes minds, lest *Fear* should let  
Their vowd assay, and make them die my aid.  
Strait was the Oline Lener, I had laid  
Amidst the huge site, to get hardning, hot;  
And glowd extremely, though twas greene, (which got  
From forth the cinders) close about me hood  
My hardie friends: but that which did the good,  
Was Gods good inspiration, that gave  
A spirit beyond the spint they vide to haue:  
Who tooke the Olyue sparre, made keene before,  
And plung'd it in his eye: and vp I bore,  
Bent to the top clofe; and helpe poure it in,  
With all my forces: And as you haue *Cene*  
A ship-wright bore a nauall beame; he oft  
Thrusts at the *Angers* Froofe, works still aloft;  
And at the shanke, helpe others, with a cord  
Wound round about, to make it soone bor'd;  
All plying the round still: So into his eye,  
The firre stake, we laboured to imploy.  
Out gush't the blood that scalded; his eye-ball  
Thrust out a flaming vapour, that scorcht all  
His browes and eye-lids; his eye-strings did cracke,  
As in the sharpe and burning aftert brake.  
And as a Smith to harden any toole,  
(Broad Axe, or Mattocke) in his Trough doth coole  
The red-hote substance, that so feruent is,  
It makes the cold wauue strait to seethe and hisse:  
So sod, and hizd his eye about the stake.  
He roar'd withall; and all his Cauerne brake  
In claps like thunder. We, did frighted sicc,  
Disperl'd in corners. He from forth his eie,  
The fixed stake pluckt: after which, the blood  
Flow'd freshly forth; and, mad, he huf'd the wood  
About his houill. Out he then did crie  
For other *Cellops*, that in Caernes by,  
Vpon a windie Promontorie dwelld;  
Who hearing how impetuously he yell'd,  
Rush't every way about him, and enquir'd,  
What ill afflicted him, that he expir'd.

*Simile.**Simile.*

Such

Such horrid clamors; and in sacred Night,  
To break their sleepes for. Ask him, if his frigh  
Came from some mortall, that his flockes had driuen?  
Or if by craft, or might, his death were giuen?  
He answred from his den, By craft, not might,  
No man hath giuen me death. They then laid right,  
If no man hurt thee, and thy selfe alone;  
That which is done to thee, by *Lwe* is done.  
And what great *Lwe* inflicts, no man can flee;  
Pray to thy Father yet, \*a Deities,  
And proue, from him, if thou canst helpe acquire.  
Thus spake they, leauing him. When all on fire,  
My heart with ioy was; that so wel my wit,  
And name deceiu'd him; whom now paine did split;  
And groning vp and downe, he groping triide,  
To find the stome, which found, he put aside,  
But in the doore late, feeling if he could  
(As his sheepe issude) on some man lay hold;  
Esteeming me a foole, that could devise  
No stratageme to scape his grosse surprize.  
But I, contending what I could invent,  
My friends and me, from death so imminent,  
To get deliuerd: all my wiles I wroue,  
(Life being the subiect) and did this approue;  
Fat fleecie Rams, most faire, and great, lay there,  
That did a \*burthen like a Violet-beare.  
These (while this learn'd in villanie did sleepe),  
I yoke with Ossiers cut there, sheepe to sheepe;  
Three in a ranke; and still the mid sheepe bore  
A man about his belly: the two more,  
Marcht on his each side for defence. I then,  
Chusing my selfe the fairest of the den,  
His fleecie belly vnder-crept; embrac't  
His backe, and in his rich wooll wrapt me fast  
With both my hands, arm'd with as fast a mind.  
And thus each man hung, till the Morning shin'd;  
Which come, he knew the houre, and let abroad  
His male-flockes first: the females, vnmilkt stood  
Bleating and braying; their full bags so sore,  
With being vngempted; but their shepheard more,  
With being vnsighted; which was cause, his mind  
Went not a milking. He (to wreake enclind)  
The backs felt as they past, of those male dams:  
(Grosse foole) beleeving, we would ride his Rams,  
Nor euer knew, that any of them bore  
Vpon his belly, any man before.  
The last Ram came to passe him, with his wooll,  
And me together, joded to the full:

*Xijijam.**Wool of a riales  
cutter.*

For there did I hang: and that Ram he staid,  
And me withall had in his hands; my head  
Troubl'd the while, not candlefly, nor least.  
This Ram he grop't, and talkt to: Laxie beast!  
Why last art thou now? thou haft neuer vnde  
To lag thus hindmost: hor full first haft brude  
The tender blossom of a flowre; and held  
State in thy steps, both to the flood and field:  
First still at Fold, at Euen; now last remaine:  
Doest thou not wish I had mine eye againe,  
Which that abhord man *Nec-Mas* did pur our,  
Assisted by his execrable rout,  
When he had wrought me downe with wine: but he  
Must not escape my wreake so cunningly.  
I would to heauen thou knewst, and could but speake,  
To tell me where he lurks now; I would breake  
His braine about my Cau, strewd here and there,  
To ease my heart of those soule ill, that were  
Th'inflictions of a man, I pride at noughe.

Thus let he him abroad: when I (once brought  
A little from his hold) my selfe first losde,  
And next, my friends. Then draue we, and disposede,  
His strai-leggd fat fleece-bearers ouer land,  
Euen till they all were in my shipp command,  
And to our lou'd friends, shewd our praid-for fight,  
Escap' fro death. But for our losse, outright  
They brake in teares, which with a looke I staid,  
And bad them take our Boote in. They obaid;  
And vp we all went, fate, and vnde our Ores,  
But hating leſt as farre the lauge shores,  
As one might heare a voice, we then might see  
The Cyclop at the hauen, when instantly  
I staid our Ores, and this insultance vde:  
*Cyclop!* thou shouldest not haue so much abusde  
Thy montrous forces, to oppoſe their leſt,  
Against a man immortall, and a guest;  
And eate his fellowes: thou mightſt know there were  
Some ſils behind (rude swaine) for thee to beare;  
That feard not to deuoure thy gueſt, and breake  
All lawes of humanes: *hwe* fends therefore wreake,  
And all the Gods, by me. This blew the more  
His burning furie, when the top he tore  
From off a huge Rocke; and fo right a throw  
Made at our ſhip, that iuft before the Prow,  
It overſlew and fell: miſt Maſt and all  
Exceeding liſte, but about the fall,  
So fierce a waue it raiſed, that backe it bore  
Our ſhip ſo farre, it almoſt toucht the ſhore.

*Phyllis infates  
over the Cyclop.*

A bead-booke then (a far-extended one)  
I snatcht vp, thrust hard, and ſo ſet vs gone  
Some little way, and ſtrai commanded all  
To helpe me with their Ores, on paine to fall  
Againe on our conuulfion. But a ſigne,  
I with my head made; and their Ores were mine,  
In all performance. When we off were ſet,  
(Then firſt, twice further) my heart was ſo great,  
It wou'd againe prouoke him: but my men  
On all ſides ruſt about me, to containe;  
And ſaid: Vnhappy! why will you prouoke  
A man ſo rude, that with ſo dead a ſtroke,  
Gien with his Rock-dart, made the ſea thrust backe  
Our ſhip ſo farre, and neare hand forc't our wracke?  
Should he againe, but heare your voice reſound,  
And any word reach, thereby wou'd be found  
His Darts direction; which wou'd, in his fall,  
Crush pece-meale vs, quite ſplit our ſhip and all;  
So much dart weilds the monſter. Thus vrg'd they  
Imposſible things, in feare; but I gaue way  
To that wrath, which ſo long I held depreſt,  
(By great *Necessite* conquerd) in my breſt.

*Cyclop!* if any askē thee, who imposde  
Thiſlightly blemiſh that thine eye encloſde;  
Say that *Vlyſſes* (old Laertesfonne,  
Whose ſeat is *Ithace*; and who hath wonne  
Surname of *Citie-racer*) bor'd it our.

At thiſ, he braide ſo loud, that round about  
He draue affrighted Ecchoes through the Aire;  
And ſaid: O beaſt! I was premoniſt faire,  
By aged Prophecie, in one that was  
A great, and good man; thiſ ſhould come to paſſe;  
And how thiſ prou'd now? *Augur Telemus*,  
Sumand' *Eurymedes* (that ſpent with vs  
His age in *Augurie*, and did exceed  
In all prefage of *Truth*) ſaid all thiſ deed,  
Should thiſ event take; author'd by the hand  
Of one *Vlyſſes*, who I thought was mand  
With great and goodly perfonage; and bore  
A vertue anſwerable: and thiſ ſhore  
Should ſhake with weight of thiſ a conqueror,  
When now a weakling came, a dwarfie thing,  
A thing of nothing, who yet wit did bring,  
That brought ſupply to all, and with his wine,  
Put out the flame, where all my light did ſhine.  
Come, land againe, *Vlyſſes*! that my hand,  
May Gueſt-rites give thee, and the great command,  
That *Neptune* hathat fea, I may conuernt

*Vlyſſes* continued  
Injolice, no more  
to reprobate what  
beſaid to the Cy-  
clop, then to let  
his hearers know  
Epithets, and  
ſtatim in the  
world.

To the dedu<sup>c</sup>tion, where abides thy heart,  
With my solliciting; whose Sonne I am;  
And whose fame boasts to bear my Fathers name.  
Nor thinke my hurt offendes me; for my Site  
Can soone repose in it the visuall fire,  
At his free pleasure; which no powre beside  
Can boast of men, or of the Deuide.

I answerd: Would to God I could compell  
Both life and soule from thee; and send to hell  
Those spoiles of nature. Hardly *Neptune* then  
Could cure thy hurt, and give thee all again.

*Polyphemus im-  
pression a-  
gainst Ulysses.*

Then flew fierce vowed to *Nepturne*; both his hands  
To starre-borne heaven cast: O thou that all lands  
Girdst in thy ambient Circle, and in aire  
Shak'st the curld Tresses of thy Saphire haire;  
If I be thine, or thou maist iulily vant,  
Thou art my Father: heare me now, and grant  
That this *Vlysses* (old *Laertes* sonne,  
That dwels in *Ithace*, and name hath wonne  
Of Citie-ruiner) may never reach  
His naturall region. Or if to fetch,  
That, and the sight of his faire rooses and friends,  
Be fatal to him; let him that *Amends*  
For all his miseries, long time and ill,  
Smart for, and failfe of: nor that *Fate* fulfill,  
Till all his fouldiers quite are cast away  
In others ships. And when, at last, the day  
Of his sole-landing, shall his dwelling shew,  
Let *Detriment* prepare him wrongs enow.  
Thus praid he *Nepturne*; who, his Site appears;  
And all his pрайe, to every syllable heard,  
But then a Rocke, in size more amplified  
Then first, he raiseth to him; and implied  
A dismal strength in it; when (wheel'd about)  
He sent it after vs; nor flew it out  
From any blind alme; for a litle passe  
Beyond our Fore-decke, from the fall there was:  
With which the sea, our ship gave backe vpon,  
And shrunke vp into billowes from the stome;  
Our ship againe repelling, neare as neare  
The shore as first. But then our Rowers were  
(Being want<sup>d</sup>, more arm'd) and stronger stend the flood  
That bore backe on vs, till our ship made good  
The other Iland, where our whole Fleet lay;  
In which our friends lay mourning for our stay;  
And every minute lookt when we shold land.  
Where (now arriu'd) we drew vp to the sand,  
The *Cyclops* sheope diuiding, that none there

(Of

(Of all our priuates) might be wrung, and beare  
Too much on powre. The Ram yet was alone,  
By all my friends, made all my portion,  
Aboue all others; and I made him then,  
A sacrifice for me, and all my men,  
To cloud-compelling *Jove*, that all commands.  
To whom I burn'd the Thighs: but my sad hands,  
Receu'd no grace from him; who studied how  
To offer, men and fleete to *Ouerthrow*.

All day, till Sun-set yet, we sate and eat;  
And liberal store tooke in, of wine and meat.  
The Sunne then downe, and place resign'd to shad,  
We slept; Morne came, my men I raid, and made  
All go aboord; weigh Anker, and away.  
They boorded, fate and beathe the aged seas,  
And forth we made saile; sad for losse before,  
And yet had comfort, since we lost no more.

*Finis libri noni Hom.Odyssej.*

THE



No occasion let  
pass to *Vlysses*  
privie in our Po-  
ems, singular wit  
and wifdom.

# THE TENTH BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**V**YLYSSES now relates to vs,  
The grace he had with AEOLUS,  
Great Guardian of the hollow winds:  
Which in a leather bag he binds,  
And gines Vlysses; all bus one,  
Which Zephyrus was; who sild alone  
Vlysses sailes. The Bag once scene  
(While he slept) by Vlysses men;  
They thimling it did gold meteles;  
To find st all the winds did loſe.  
Who backs flew to their guard againe,  
Forth said he; and did next attaine  
To where the Læstrigoniens dwell.  
Where he eleven shps loſt; and fell  
On the AEean coast; whose shore  
He sends Eurylochus t' explore,  
Dimidg with him halfe his men:  
Who go, and turne no more againe;  
(All save Eurylochus, to swime  
By Circe turn'd.) Their fleyes entine  
Vlysses to their search; who got  
Of Mercurie an Autidote,  
(Which Moly was) gainst Circes charmes,  
And so avoids his souldiers harmes.  
A year with Circe abremaine,  
And then their natiue forme regaine.  
On uther shores, a time they dwell,  
While Ithacus descends to hell.

Another.

**KASSA.** Great AEOLUS  
And Circe, friends,  
Finds Ithacus;  
And Hell descends.

**O** the AEolian land we attaind,  
That swumme about still on the sea; where reign'd  
The God-lou'd AEOLUS Hippotydes.  
A wall of Steele it had; and in the seas,  
A wave-beat smooth-rocke, moud about the wall.  
Twelue children, in his houſe imperiall,  
Were borne to him: of which, five daughters were,  
And ſixe were ſonnes, that youths sweet flowre did bear.

His

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

His daughters, to his ſonnes he gaue, as wiues;  
Who ſpent in feaſfull comforts all their liues;  
Cloſe feated by their Sire, and his graue Spouse.  
Paf number were the diſhes, that the houſe  
Made euer fauour; and ſtill full the Hall;  
As long as day ſhin'd; in the night-time, all  
Slept with their chaſte wiues. Each his faire caru'd bed  
Moſt richly furniſhed; and this lifethey led.

We reacht the Cittie, and faire rooſes of theſe;  
Where, a whole moneths time, all things that might please  
The King vouchlaſt vs. Ofgreat Troy enquir'd,  
The Grecian fleete, and how the Grekes retur'd:  
To all which, I gaue anſwer, as behou'd.

The fit time comes; when I diſmission mou'd;  
He nothing would denie me, but addreſt  
My paſſe with ſuch a bountie, as might beſt  
Teach me contentment. For he did enfold  
Within an Oxē hide, dead at nine yeares old,  
All th'arie blaſts, that were of stormie kinds.  
*Saturnius* made him ſteward of his winds;  
And gaue him poure, to raife and to affwage;  
And theſe he gaue me, curbd thus of their rage.  
Which in a glittering filuer band I bound  
And hung vp in my ſhip: encloſd fo round,  
That no egression, any breath could find.  
Only he left abroad the Weſterne wind,  
To ſpeede our ſhips and vs, with blaſts ſecure.  
But our ſecuritieſ, made all vnsure:  
Nor could he conſummat our courſe alone,  
When all the reſt had got egression.  
Which thus ſucceeded. Nine whole daies and nights  
We ſailed in ſafetie, and the tenth, the lights  
Borne on our Countrey earth, we might deſcrie:  
So neare we drew, and yet euen then fell I  
(Being ouerwatcht) into a fatal ſleepe:  
For I would ſuffer no man elſe to keepe  
The foote that ful'd my veſſels courſe; to leade  
The laſter home. My friendſ then Envy fed,  
About the bag I hung vp; and ſuppoſde,  
That gold, and filuer, I had there encloſd,  
As gift from AEOLUS. And ſaid, O heauen!  
What grace, and graue price, is by all men giuen  
To our Commander! What fouer coat  
Or towne, he comes to, how much he engroſt  
Of faire and preciuſ prey, and brought from Troy?  
We the ſame voiage went, and yet enjoy  
In our returne, theſe empic hands for all.

This bag now, AEOLUS was to liberall

O

Jupiter.

*midnights*  
He calleſ the  
Sterne, the  
foote of the ſhip.

To

To make a Guest gift to him. Let vs trie  
Of what confis, the faire-bound Treasurie;  
And how much gold, and siluer it contains.  
*ill confide, present approbation gains.*  
They op't the bag, and out the vapours brake;  
When instant tempest did our vefell take,  
That bore vs backe to Sea; to mourne anew  
Our absent Countrey. Vp amazd I flew,  
And desperate things discouf; if I should cast  
My selfe to ruine in the seas; or taste  
Amoght the liuing more mone, and sustaine?  
Silent, I did so; and lay hid againe  
Beneath the hatches: while an ill winde tooke  
My shippes, backe to *Aeolia*: my men strooke  
With woe enough. We paump't and landed then;  
Tooke foode, for all this; and (of all my men,)  
I tooke a Herald to me, and away  
Went to the Court of *Aeolus*; Where they  
Were feasting still: he, wife and children set  
Together close. We would not (at their meate)  
Thrust in; but humbly on the threshold sat.  
He then, amazd, my prefence wonderd at;  
And calld to me: *Vijffis!* how, thus backe  
Art thou arriu'd here? what foul spirit brake  
Into thy bosome to retire thee thus?  
We thought we had deduacion, curious  
Giuen thee befor; to reach thy shore and home:  
Did it not like thee? I (even ouercome  
With worthy sorrow) answerd: My ill men  
Haue done me mischiefe; and to them hath bene  
My sleepe th'vnhappy motiue. But do you  
(Dearest of friends) daigne succour to my vow:  
Your poures command it. Thus endeword I  
With soft speech to repaire my misery.  
The refl, with ruth, sat dumbe: but thus spake he;  
Avant; and quickly quy my land of thee,  
Thou wort of all that breathe, it fits not me  
To conuoy, and take in, whom heauens expos'e.  
Away, and with thee go, the worst of woes,  
That seek't my friendship, and the Godshy foes.  
Thus he diuinit me, fighing, foorth we fald,  
At heart affliccted: and now wholy fald  
The minds my men sustaint: so spent they were  
With toiling at their oares; and worse did beate  
Their growing labours, that they caulf their grough,  
By felte-wild follies; nor now, euer thought  
To see their Countrey more. Six nighes and daies  
We fald; the seuenth, we saw faire *Lemnos* raise

Her

Herlofie Towres (The *Leſtriganian State*)  
That bears her Ports, so fare disterniate.  
Where \* Shepheard, Shepheard calls out; he at home  
Is calld out by the other that doth come  
From charge abroad; and then goes he to sleepe,  
The other issuing. He whose turne doth keepe  
The Night obleruance, hath his double hire;  
Since Day and Night, in equall length expire,  
About that Region; and the Nights watch weigh'd  
At twice the Daies ward; since the charge that's laid  
Vpon the Nights-man (besides breach of sleepe)  
Exceeds the Daies-mans: for one, oxen keepe  
The other sleepe. But when the haue we found,  
(Exceeding famous, and enuirond round  
With one continuete rocke: which, so much bent,  
That both ends almost met; so promisht  
They were; and made, the haunes mouth passing streight)  
Our whole fletete, i we got, in whole receipt  
Our Ships lay anchor'd close: nor needed we  
Fear harme on any \* staines; *Tranquillite*  
So purely fete there: that waues great, nor small  
Did euer rise to any height at all.  
And yet would I, no entrie make; but staid  
Alone without the hauen; and thence suruaid  
From out a lofie watch-towre raised there,  
The Countrie round about: nor any where  
The woike of man or beast, appeard to me;  
Only a smoke from earth breake, I might see.  
I then made choice of two; and added more,  
A Herald for associate, to explore  
What sort of men liu'd there. They went, and saw  
A beaten way, through which, carts vde to draw  
Wood from the high hills, to the Towne; and met  
A maid without the Port; about to get  
Some neare spring-water. She, the daughter was  
Of mightie *Leſtriganian*, *Antiphæ*:  
And to the cleare spring, cald *Artacia*, went;  
To which the whole Towne, for their water sent.  
To her they came, and askt who gouernd there?  
And what the people, whom he ordred were?  
She answerd not, but led them through the Port,  
As making hafte, to fhev her fathers Court.  
Where, entred; they beheld (to their affright)  
A woman like a mountaine top, in height.  
Who rusht abroad; and from the Counfaile place  
Cald home her horrid husband *Antiphæ*.  
Who (deadly minded) straight he fatcht vp one,  
And fell to supper. Both the rest were gone;

O 2

*Antiphæ* was  
king there.

And

This place suf-  
fers different  
conſtruction, in  
all the Commu-  
nities, (for which  
all erre from the  
mindfull Po-  
et: as is a hun-  
dred other pla-  
ces, (which is I  
mean time to ap-  
prove) especially  
about *Leſtrigons*,  
the *Leſtrigons*, &c.  
Prope enim  
noctis & diei  
lunt viae; (or si-  
militur which  
ijs pro figura)   
which they will  
have to be rea-  
der/food, that  
the daies in that  
region are long  
and the nightis  
short; where  
Hom. intends,  
that the Equi-  
noctiall is there  
(for how else is  
the course of day  
and night near  
or equal?) but  
therefore the  
nightis man  
trash his double  
hire, being as  
long about his  
charge as the o-  
ther; and the  
nightis being more  
dangerous, &c.  
And if the day  
were so long,  
why should the  
nightis man be  
prefered in  
wages?  
• For being eas-  
on the flats, as  
ships are by  
weather.

And to the flete came, *Anipha*, a cric  
Draue through the Cite; (which heard,) instantly  
This way, and that, innumerable sort,  
Not men, but Gyants, issed through the Ports;  
And mightie flints from rocks tote, which they threw  
Amongst our shippes, through which, an ill noise flew,  
Of shiuert shippes, and life-exiting men,  
That were, like fishes, by the monsters slaine,  
And borne to sad seaf. While they slaughtered these,  
That were engag'd in all th'advantages,  
The clofe-mouth'd, and most dead-calm hauen could give,  
I (that without lay) made some meanes to live;  
My sword drew, cut my gables, and to oares  
Set all my men, and, from the plagues, those shores  
Let fli amongst vs, we made haste so flic,  
My men, clofe working, as men loth to die.  
My ship flew freely off, but theirs that lay  
On heapes in harbors, could enforce no way  
Through these sterne fates, that had engag'd them there.  
Forth our sad remnant fald; yet still retain'd,  
The ioyes of men, that our poore few remaind,

Then to the Ile *Aeas* we attain'd;  
Where faire-haired, dreadfull, eloquent *Circe* raignd,  
*Aeas* sister, both by Dame and Sire;  
Both daughters to heauens man-enlightning fire,  
And *Percé*, whom *Oceanus* begat.  
The ship-fit Port here, loone we landed at:  
Some God directing vs. Two daies; two nights,  
We lay here pining in the fatall fights  
Of toile and forrow. But the next third day  
When faire *Aurora* had informd; quicke way  
I made out of my shipp; my sword and lance  
Tooke for my surer guide; and made aduance  
Vp to a prospect, I affay to see  
The works of men; or heare mortallitie  
Expira a voice. When I had climb'd a height  
Rough and right hardly accessible, I might  
Behold from *Circes* house (that in a groue  
Set thicke with trees, stood; a bright vapor mone.  
I then grew \* curious in my thought to trie  
Some fit enquierie; when so spritely die  
I law the yellow smoke. But my discoure,  
A first returing to my shipp gave force  
Togive my men their dinner, and to fend,  
(Before th'aduenture of my selfe) some friend.  
Being neare my shipp, of one so defolate  
Some God had pitie, and would recreate  
My woes a little, putting vp to me

*\* perquisire  
Caroile cogito.  
\*\* aurora seruit.  
\*\*\* alius figurans  
rutilas: by rea-  
son of fire  
mixt with it.  
Fumus qui si-  
dam aliquid  
accidens.*

A great and high-palmd Hart; that (fatallie,  
lutt in my way it felte, to taſte a flood)  
Was then defcending: the Sunne heate had ſure  
Importun'd him, beſides the temperature  
His naturall heate gaue. Howſoever, I  
Made vp to him, and let my Iauelin flic,  
That strooke him through the mid-part of his chine,  
And made him (braying) in the duff confine  
His flying forces. Forth his ſpirit flew;  
When I ſtept in, and from the deaths wound drew  
My ſhrewdly-bitten lance; there let him lie  
Till I, of cut-vp Oficers, did imply,  
A With, a fathome long, with which, his ſeete  
I made together, in a ure league meeete;  
Stoop't vnder him, and to my necke, I heau'd  
The mighty burthen; of which, I receau'd  
A good part on my lance: for elſe I could  
By no meanes, with one hand alone, vphould  
(loynd with one ſhoulder) ſucha deathfull lode.  
And ſo, to both my ſhoulders, both hands stood  
Needfull aſſitants: for it was a Deare  
Goodly-wel-grownne: when (coming ſomething neare  
Where rode my ſhipps) I caſt it downe, and re'd  
My friends with kind words, whom, by name I cheer'd,  
In note particular, and ſaid; See friends,  
We will not yet to *Platos* houſe, our ends  
Shall not be haſtend, though we be declin'd  
In caufe of comfort, till the day deſign'd  
By Fates firſt finger. Come, as long as food  
Or wine laſts in our ſhip, let's ſpirit our blood  
And quit our care and hunger, both in one.

This ſaid, they frolikt, came, and lookt vpon  
With admiration, the huge bodied beast;  
And when their firſt ſeru'd eyes, had done their feaſt;  
They waſht, and made a to-be-ſtru'd-for meale,  
In \* point of honour. On which all did dwell  
The whole day long. And, to our venzons ſtore,  
We adde wine till we could wiſh no more.  
Sunne ſet, and darkneſſe vp; we ſlept, till light  
Put darkneſſe downe: and then did I excite  
My friends to \* counſaile, vttering this: Now, friends,  
Afford vnpaffionate eare, though ill Fate lends,  
So good caufe to your paſſion; no man knowes  
The reaſon whence, and how, the darkneſſe growes;  
The reaſon, how the Morne is thus begunne:  
The reaſon, how the Man-enlightning Sunne  
Diuſe vnder earth: the reaſon how againe  
He reres his golden head. Thoſe counſailes then

*\* agere, Ha. duim.  
The whole end of  
this counſaile  
was to perfide  
his ſoldiers to  
explore ſhole  
parts: which he  
kn w. would  
proe a moſt un-  
pleaſing motion  
to ſeize for their  
fellowes terrible  
entertainment  
with Aniphas,  
and Poliph, and  
therefore he pre-  
pares the little  
he has to ſay,  
with this long  
circumſtance:  
implying a re-  
effice of that  
ſervice, and ne-  
ceſſary reſolution  
to addre the triall  
of the event, to  
their other ad-  
uentures;*

That passe our comprehension, we must leue  
 To him that knowes their causes; and receave  
 Direction from him, in our acts, as faire  
 As he shal please to make them regular;  
 And stoope them to our reson. In our state,  
 What then behoues vs? Can we estimate  
 With all our counfailes, where we are: or know  
 (Without instruction, past our owne skils) how  
 (Put off from hence) to stree our course the more?  
 I thinke we can not. We must then explore  
 These parts for information; in which way  
 We thus faire are: last Morn I might display  
 (From off a high-raifd cliffe) an land lie  
 Girt with th'vnmeasur'd Seazand is so nie  
 That in the midif I saw the smoke arife  
 Through tufts of trees. This refis then to aduise,  
 Who shall explore this. This strooke dead their hearts,  
 Remembraing the most execrable parts  
 That *Lastrigonian Antiphæ* had plaid:  
 And that foul Cyclop, that their fellowes braid  
 Betwix his iawes, which mou'd them so; they cried.  
 But idle tears, had never wants supplied.  
 I, in two parts diuided all, and gaue  
 To either part his Captaine: I must haue  
 The charge of one; and one of God-like looke,  
*Eurylochus*, the other. Lots we shooke,  
 (Pur in a cask together,) which of vs  
 Should leadeth attempt; and twas *Eurylochus*.  
 He freely went; with two and twenty more:  
 All which, tooke leaue with teares; and our eyes wote  
 The fame wet badge, of weake humanity.  
Circles house.  
 These, in a dale, did Circæs house deserie;  
 Of bright stone built, in a confiuous way:  
 Before her gates, hill-wolues, and Lyons lay;  
 Which with her virtuous drugs, so tame the made;  
 That Wolfe, nor Lyon, would one man inuade  
 With any violence, but all arose;  
 Their huge long tales wagd; and in fawnes would close,  
 As louing dogs, when masters bring them home  
 Relicks of feaft; in all obseruance, come  
 And sooth their entries, with their fawnes and bounds;  
 All guests, still bringing, some scraps for their hounds:  
 So, on these men, the Wolues, and Lyons rampit;  
 Their horrid paws set vp. Their spirits were dampit  
 To see such monstrous kindnesse, staid at gate,  
 And heard within, the Goddessē eleuate  
 A voicedivine, as at her web, she wrought,  
 Subtle, and glorious, and past earthly thought;

Simplis.

As

As all the houwfieries of Deities are.  
 To heare a voice, so rauifhing rare;  
*Polites* (one exceeding deare to me,  
 A Prince of men, and of no meane degree  
 In knowing vertue; in all Acts, whole mind  
 Discreete cares all wayes, vnde to turne, and wind)  
 Was yet surpryde with it; and said; O friends,  
 Some one abides within here, that commands  
 The place to vs; and breathes a voice diuine;  
 As she some web wrought; or her spindles twine  
 She cherisht with her song: the paument rings  
 With imitation of the tunes she sings;  
 Some woman, or some Goddessē tis; Assay  
 To see with knocking. Thus said he; and they  
 Both knockt, and calld; and straight her shining gates  
 She opened, iſſuing: bade them in, to cates.  
 Led, and (vnwile) they follow'd; all, but one  
 Which was *Eurylochus*, who stood alone  
 Without the gates; suspicioſ of a sleight;  
 They enterd, she made ſit; and her deceit  
 She cloakt with Thrones, and goodly chaires of State;  
 Set hearby honey, and the delicate  
 Wine brought from *Smyrna*, to them; meale and cheeſe;  
 But harmefull venoms, ſhe commixt with theſe;  
 That made their Country vanish from their thought.  
 Which, eat, ſhe touchthem, with a rod that wrought  
 Their transformation, fare past humane wunts;  
 Swines ſnowts, swines bodies, tooke they, briftles, grunts;  
 But ſtill retaind the foules they had before;  
 Which mad them mourne their bodies change the more.  
 She ſhu them ſtraight in ſties, and gaue them meate  
 Oke-maff, and beech, and Cornell fruite, they eat,  
 Groueling like ſwinc on earth, in fowleſt fort.  
*Eurylochus*, ſtraight hasted the report  
 Of this his fellowes moft remorcefull fate.  
 Came to the ſhips; but ſo exacuteate  
 Was with his woe; he could not ſpeak a word:  
 His eyes stood full ofteares; which ſhew'd how stor'd,  
 His mind with moñe remained. We all admir'd;  
 Ask what had chanc't him, earnestly defir'd  
 He would refolute vs. At the laſt, our eyes,  
 Enflam'd in him, his fellowes memories:  
 And out his griefe burst thus; You willd; we went  
 Through thoſe thickie woods you ſaw; when, a deſcent  
 Shew'd vs a faire houſe, in a lightsome ground,  
 Where (at ſome worke) we heard a heavenly ſound  
 Breath'd from a Goddessē, or a womans breſt;  
 They knockt, ſhe op't her bright gates; each, her guest

*Publis  
Cuius animus  
curas prudenter  
veritat.*

*Seeing them, he  
thought of his  
fellowes.*

## THE TENTH BOOKE

Her faire iuinentment made : nor would they stay,  
(Fooles that they were) when she once led the way.  
I enterd not, suspecting some deceipt  
When all together vanisht, nor the fight  
Of any one, (though long I lookt) mine eye  
Could any way discouer. Infandy,  
(My sword, and bow reacht) I bad shew the place,  
When, downe he fell; did both my knees embrace,  
And praid with teares thus; O thou kept of God,  
Do not thy selfe losse, nor to that aboard  
Leade others rashly, both thy selfe, and all  
Thou ventur'st thither, I know well, must fall  
In one sure ruine : with these few then fie;  
We yet may shunne the others destinee.

I answerd him: *Eurylochus!* stay thou  
And keepe the shipp then; eat and drinke: I now  
Will vndertake th adventure; there is cause  
In great *Necessities* vnalterd lawes.  
This said, I left both ship and seas; and on  
Along the sacred valies all alone  
Went in discouery: till at last I came  
Wher, of the maine medicine-making Dame  
I saw the great houle: where, encounterd me,  
The golden-rod-sustaining *Mercurie*,  
Euen entring *Circes* doores. He met me in  
A yong mans likeness, of the first-flow'd chin,  
Whose forme hath all the grace, of one so yong:  
He first cald to me: then my hand, he wrung,  
And said; Thouno-place-finding for repose;  
Whither, alone, by these hill-confines, goes  
Thy erring foote? Th' art entring *Circes* houle,  
Where, (by her medicines, blacke, and forceous)  
Thy fouldiers all are slutt, in well-arm'd sties,  
And turnd to swine. Art thou arriu'd with pris  
Fit for their ransomes? Thou com'st out no more  
If once thou enterf. Like thy men before  
Made to remaine here; But ile guard thee free;  
And saue thee in her spise: receive of me  
This faire and good receipt; with which, once arm'd;  
Enter her roothes, for th'art to all prooofe charm'd  
Against the ill day: I will tell thee all  
Her banfull counsaile. With a festiuall  
Sheele first receiue thee; but will spise thy bread  
With flowrie paysons: yet vnalterd  
Shall thy firme forme be; for this remedy  
Stands most approu'd, aginst all her Sorcery.  
Which, thus particularly shunne: When she  
Shall with her long rod strike thee, instantly

*Mysteries manid  
for his fouldiers.  
Eurylochus.*

Draw

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

Draw from thy thigh thy swords, and sic on her  
As to her slaughter. She, (surprise with feare  
And loue) at first, will bid thee to her bed;  
Nor say the Goddess nay, that welcomed  
Thou maist with all respect be, and procure  
Thy fellowes freedomes. But before, make sure  
Her fauours to thee; and the great oath take  
With which the blessed Gods, assurance make  
Of all they promise: that no prejudice  
(By stripping thee of forme, and faculties)  
She may so much as once attempt on thee.  
This said, he gaue his *Antidote* to me;  
Which from the earth he pluckt, and told me all  
The vertue of it: With what Deities call  
The name it beares. And *Moly* they impose  
For name to it. The root is hard to looke  
From hold of earth, by mortals: but Gods powre  
Can all things do. Tis blacke, but beares a flowre  
As white as milke. And thus flew *Mercurie*  
Up to immense *Olympus*, gliding by  
The syluan Iland, I, made backe my way  
To *Circes* houle: my mind, of my assay  
Much thought reuoluing. At her gates I staid  
And cald: she heard, and her bright doores displaid;  
Invited, led; I followed in: but tract  
With forme distractio[n]. In a Throne she plac't  
My welcome person. Of a curious frame  
Twas, and so bright; I fate as in a flame.  
A foote-stoole added. In a golden boule  
She then subornd a potion: in her soule,  
Deform'd things thinking: for amidst the wine  
She mixt her man-transforming medicin[e]:  
Which when she saw I had deuoured, she then,  
No more obseru'd me with her soothing vaines;  
But strooke me with her rod, and, To her Sty,  
Bad, out, away, and with thy fellowes lie.  
I drew my sword, and charg'd her, as I ment  
To take her life. When out she cri'd, and bent  
Beneath my sword, her knees; embracing mine;  
And (full of teares) said, Who's of what high line  
Art thou the issue? whence? what shires sustaine  
Thy natvie Cittie? I amaz'd remaine  
That drinking these my venomes, th'art not turnd.  
Neuer drunke any this cup; but he mournd  
In other likeness; if it once had past  
The iuorie bounders of his tongue, and taste.  
All but thy selfe, are brutifly declind:  
Thy breast holds firme yet, and vnchang'd thy mind:

*The herbe Moly  
which with P-  
effe while  
Narration, hath  
in chiffe an Al-  
legoricall expof-  
ition. Quicunq[ue]  
standing I say  
with our Spou-  
danus. Credo in  
hoc valsumundi  
ambitu extra-  
re res inumne-  
ramur andis fa-  
cultatis; adeo  
ut ne quidam illa  
qua ad trans-  
formanda cor-  
pora pertinet,  
sive e mundo  
eximi possit, &c*

Thou

Thou canst be therefore, none else but the man  
 Of many virtues : *Ithacensias*,  
 Deep-foul'd *Vlysses* : who, I oft was told,  
 By that fie God, that bears the rod of gold,  
 Was to arrive here, in retreat from *Troy*.  
 Sheath then thy sword, and let my bed enjoy  
 So much a man; that when the bed we prove,  
 We may belieue in one another's loue.  
 I then : O *Circe*, why entreat'st thou me  
 To mixe in any humane league with thee;  
 When thou, my friends haft beaten turn'd? and thy bed  
 Tenderst to me, that I might likewise leade  
 A beasts life with thee, lofn'd, naked stript,  
 That in my blood, thy banes, may more be steep't.  
 I never will ascend thy bed, before  
 I may affirme, that in heauens fight you swore  
 The great oath of the Gods, that all attempt  
 To do me ill, is from your thoughts exempt.  
 I said, she swore : when, all the oath-rites faid,  
 I then ascended her adorned bed;  
 But thus prepar'd: four handmaids seru'd her there;  
 That daughters to her filier fountaines were,  
 To her bright-sea-obseruing sacred floods;  
 And to her vneut confecrated woods.  
 One deckt the Throne-tops, with rich clothes of state;  
 And did, with filles, the foote-pace, consecrate.  
 Another, filier tables set before  
 The pompous Throne; and golden dishes store  
 Seru'd in with severall feast. A third fild wine;  
 The fourth brought water, and made fewell shane  
 In ruddy fires, beneath a wombe of braffe.  
 Which heat, I bath'd, and odorous water was  
 Disperfed lightly, on my head, and necke;  
 That might my late, heart-hurting sorowes checke  
 With the refreshing sweetnesse; and, for that,  
 Men sometimes, may be something delicate.  
 Bath'd, and adorn'd, she led me to a Throne  
 Of massie filier, and of fashion  
 Exceeding curious. A faire foote-stoole set;  
 Water appoide, and every sort of meat  
 Set on th' elaborately polisht boord.  
 She wist my taste emploid; but not a word  
 Would my cares taste, of taste : my mind had food  
 That must digest; eye meate would do me good.  
*Circe* (obseruing, that I put no hand  
 To any banquet, hating counterman  
 From weightier cares; the light cares could excuse)  
 Bowing her neare me, these wing'd words did vise:

Why

Why fin *Vlysses*, like one dumber? his mind  
 Lessening with languors? Not to food enclind;  
 Nor wine? Whence comes it, out of any feare  
 Of more illusion? You must needs forbear  
 That wrongfull doubt, since you haue heard me sware.

O *Circe*! (I replied) what man is he,  
 Awd with'the rights of true humanitie,  
 That dares taste food or wine; before he sees  
 His friends redemp'd from their deformities?  
 If you be gentle, and indeed incline  
 To let me taste the comfort of your wine;  
 Dissolue the charmes, that their forc't formes encheine  
 And shew me here, my honord friends, like men.

This said, she left her Throne, and tooke her rod,  
 Went to her Stie, and let my men abroad,  
 Like swine of nine yeares old. They oppofite stood,  
 Obſeru'd their brutifh forme, and lookt for food;  
 When, with another medicine, (euery one  
 All ouer (meer'd) their briftles all were gone,  
 Produc't by malice of the other bane;  
 And euery one, afresh, lookt vp a man.  
 Both yonger then they were; of stature more;  
 And all their formes, much goodlier then before.  
 All knew me; clinged about me, and a cry  
 Of pleasing mournaing, flew about so hic,  
 The horrid roofe resounding; and the Queene  
 Her ſelfe, was mou'd, to ſee our kinde ſo keene.  
 V'ho bad me now; bring ſhip and men aforo;  
 Our armes, and goods, in caues hid; and restore  
 My ſelfe to her, with all my other men.  
 I granted, went, and op't the weeping veine  
 In all my men; whose violent ioy to fee  
 My ſafe returne, was paſſing kindly ſee  
 Of friendly teares, and miserably wept.  
 You haue not ſcene yong Heifers (highly kept);  
 Fill'd full of daisies at the field, and druen  
 Home to their houſels; all ſo ſprightly giuen  
 That no roome can containe them; but about,  
 Bace by the Dams, and let their ſpirits out  
 In ceafeleſſe bleating) of more iocund plignt  
 Then my kind friends, even crying out with ſight  
 Of my returne ſo doubted. Circ'd me  
 With all their welcomes, and as cheerfully  
 Disposde their rapt minds, as if they therewere  
 Their naturall Countrie, cliffe *Ithaca*,  
 And even the roofes where they were bred and borne.  
 And vowed as much, with teares : O your returne  
 As much delights vs; as in you had come

Our

Our Countrie to vs, and our natural home.  
 But what vnhappy fate hath left our friende  
 I gave valoock for answer; That amends  
 Made for their mourning, bad them first of all,  
 Our ship ashore draw, then in Cauens stall  
 Our foodie cattell, hide our mutuall pride;  
 And then (faid I) attend me, that your eies,  
 In *Circes* sacred house, may see each friend,  
 Eating and drinking, banquets out of end.

They soone obeyd; all but *Eurylochus*,  
 Who needs would stay them all; and counseled thus,  
 O wretches! whither will yee why are you  
 Fond of your mischiefs: and such gladnesse show  
 For *Circes* house, that will tranforme ye all  
 To Swine, or Wolves, or Lions? Neuer shall  
 Our heads ger out; if once within we be,  
 But stay compell'd by strong *Necessities*.  
 So wrought the *Cylop*, when tis caue, our friends  
 This bold one, led on, and brought all their ends  
 By his one indiscretion. I, for this  
 Thought with my sword (that desperate head of his  
 Hewne from his necke) to gath vpon the ground  
 His mangld bodie, though my blood was bound  
 In neare alliance to him. But the rest  
 With humble suite containd me, and request,  
 That I would leave him, with my ship alone;  
 And to the sacred Pallace leade them on.

I led them; nor *Eurylochus* would stay,  
 From their attendance on me: Our late fray  
 Strooke to his heart so. But meane time, my men,  
 In *Circes* house, were all, in seuerall baine  
 Studioously sweetn'd, smugd with oile, and deckt  
 With, in, and outweeds: and a feast secret  
 Seru'd in before them: at which, close we found  
 They all were fet, cheer'd, and carousing round.  
 When (mutuall sight had, and all thought on) then  
 Feast was forgotten; and the mone againe  
 About the houle flew, driven with wings of toy.  
 But then spake *Circe*; Now, no more annoy:  
 I know my selfe, what woes by sea, and shore,  
 And men vniust, haue plagid enough before  
 Your iniur'd vertues: her then, feast as long,  
 And be as cheerfull, till ye grow as strong,  
 As when ye first forsooke your Countrie earth.  
 Ye now fare all, like exiles; nor a mirth  
 Flasht in amongst ye, but a quenchtagaine  
 With still-renewd teares: though the beaten vaine  
 Of your distresses, should (me thinke) be now

*spears in war*  
*te.*  
*Commemora-*  
*banqueonnia*  
*Intending all*  
*their majesties,*  
*expates, and*  
*meetings:*

Benumb with lufferrance. We did well allow  
 Her kind perwasions; and the whole yeare staid  
 In varied feast with her. When, now arraid  
 The world was with the Spring, and orbie houres  
 Had gone the round againe, through herbs and flowries,  
 The moneths abfolud in order; till the daies  
 Had runne their full race, in *Apollo's* ryes;  
 My friends rememberd me of home, and said,  
 It euer Fate would signe my passe, delaid  
 It shoule be now no more. I heard them well,  
 Yet that day, spent in feast, till dñeke fell;  
 And sleepe, his virtus, through our vapours shed.  
 When I ascended, sacred *Circes* bed;  
 Implor'd my passe, and her performed vow  
 Which now, my soule vrg'd, and my fouldiers now  
 Affisid me with tears to get them gone.  
 All these I told her; and she answred these;  
 Much-skilled *Vlysses Laertes!*  
 Remaine no more, against your wils with me:  
 But take your free way: onely this must be  
 Perform'd before you stere your course for homes,  
 You must the way to *Platos* ouercomes  
 And sterne *Persephone*, to forme your passe,  
 By th'aged *Teban Soule Tiresias*;  
 The dark-browd Prophet: whose foule yet can see  
 Clearly, and firmly: graue *Persephone*,  
 (Euen dead) gaue him a mind; that he alone  
 Might sing *Tristis* folide wisedome, and not one  
 Proue more then shade, in his comparison.

This broke my heart; I funke into my bed;  
 Mournd, and would never more be comforted  
 With light, nor life. But haung now exprest  
 My paines enough to her, in my vniess,  
 That so I might prepare her ruth, and get  
 All I held fit, for an affaire so great;  
 I said, O *Circe*, who shall stere my course  
 To *Platos* kingdome? Neuer ship had force  
 To make that voiage. The diuine in voice,  
 Said, Seeke no guide, raife you your Mast, and hoice  
 Your ships white sailes; and then, set you at peace;  
 The fresh North spirit, shall waft ye through the seas.  
 But, haung past th'*Ocean*, you shall fee;  
 A little shore, that to *Persephone*  
 Puts vp a consecrated wood, where growes,  
 Tall Firres, and Sallowes, that their fruits soone loose:  
 Cast anchor in the gulphes: and go alone  
 To *Platos* darke house, where, to *Acheron*  
*Cyclym* runnes, and *Pyriphlegton*.

*Cocytus* borne of Styx, and where a Rocke  
Of both the met floods, beares the torting shooke,  
The darke Heret, (great *Tiresias*)  
Now coming neare, (to gaine propitious passe)  
Dig (of a cubit euery way) a pit;  
And powre (to all that are deceast) in it  
A solemne sacrifice. For which, first take  
Honey and wine, and their commixtion make:  
Then sweete wine, heate; and thirdly, water powre;  
And lastly, adde to thefe, the whitest flore:  
Then vow to all the weake necks of the dead,  
Offerings a number: and when thou shalt tread  
The Ithacian shore, to sacrifice  
A Heifer never tam'd, and most of pride;  
A pyle of all thy most esteemeed goods  
Enflaming to the deare stremes of their bloods:  
And, in secret Rites, to *Tiresias* vow  
A Ram cole blacke, at all parts, that doth flow  
With fat, and fleeces; and all thy flockes doth leade:  
When the all-calling nation of the dead  
*Whch u ex.*  
*pounded Inclyta*  
*examina mor-*  
*tuum. But*  
*uere in the*  
*Ephes. of Pla-*  
*to by Ane-*  
*log. belongs to*  
*the dead, quod*  
*ad se omnes ad-*  
*uocet.*  
Thou thus haft praid to; offer on the place,  
A Ram and Ewe all blacke: being turn'd in face  
To dreadfull Erebus; thy selfe afide  
The floods shore walking. And then, gratified  
With flocks of Soules, of Men, and Dames deceast,  
Shall all thy pious Rites be. Straight, addrest  
See then the offering that thy fellowes slew;  
Flayd, and imposde in fire; and all thy Crew,  
Pray to the state of either Deitie,  
*Grave Plato*, and feuerie *Persephone*.  
Then draw thy sword, stand firme; nor suffer one  
Of all the faint shades, of the dead and gone,  
T'approch the blood, till thou haft heard their king,  
The wife *Tiresias*: who, thy offering  
Will instantly do honour: thy home wayes,  
And all the measure of them, by the feas  
Amply unfoldeing. This the Goddesse told;  
And then, the morning in her Throne of gold,  
Suruaid the vast world; by whose orient light,  
The *Nymph* adorn'd me with attires as bright,  
Her owne hands putting on, both thirt and weede,  
Robes fine, and curios; and vpon my head,  
An ornament that gliterd like a flame:  
Girt me in gold, and forth betimes I came  
Amongst my souldiers; roud them all from sleepe;  
And bad them now; no more obfervance keepe  
Of ease, and feast; but straight, a shipboard fall,  
For now the Goddesse had inform'd me all:

Their noble spirits agree'd; nor yet so cleare  
Could I bring all off; but *Elpenor* there  
His heedlesse life left: he was yongest man  
Of all my company, and one that wanne  
Leafe fame for armes; as little for his braine;  
Who (too much slept in wine, and so made faine;  
To get refresching by the coole of sleepe;  
Apart his fellowes; plung'd in vapors deepe;  
And they as high in tumult of their way)  
Sodainly wak't, and (quite out of the stay  
A sober mind had given him) would defend  
A huge long Ladder, forward; and an end  
Fell from the very roofe; full pitching on  
The dearest ioynt, his head was plac't vpon;  
Which (quite disolu'd,) let loose his soule to hell.  
I, to the rest; and *Circe* meanes did tell  
Of our retурne (as crossing cleane the hope  
I gaue them first) and said, You thinke the scope  
Of our endeouours now, is straight for home,  
No: *Circe* otherwise desighnd; whose doome  
Enioynd vs first, to greet the dreadfull house  
Of *Auster Plato*, and his glorious spouse;  
To take the counaile of *Tiresias*,  
(The reverend *Teban*) to dire & our passe.

This brake their hearts, and grieve made teare their haire  
But grieve was never good, at great affaire.  
It would haue way yet. We went wofull on  
To ship and shore, where, was arriu'd as soone  
*Circe* vnseene, a blacke Ewe , and a Ram,  
Binding for sacrifice; and as she came  
Vanifir againe, vnvitnest by our eyes;  
Whch grieu'd not vs, nor checkt our sacrifice;  
For who would see God, loath to let vs see?  
This way, or that bent; still his waies are free.

*Finis decimi libri Hom. Odys.*

# THE XI. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Vlysses way to Hell appears;  
Where he, the grave Tiresias beare,  
Enquires his owne, and others fates.  
His mother seen, and th' after seates,  
In which, were held, by sad Decease  
Heroes, and Heroicless;  
A number, that at Troy wroght warrs;  
At Ajax that was still at iorre,  
With Ithacus, for th' armes he left;  
And with the great Achilles Ghost.

Another.

Aphrodite. Vlysses here  
Inuokes the dead;  
The lynes appear,  
Hereafter led.

*They measured the  
ocean before  
they knew it.*

Riu'd now at our ship; we lancht, and set  
Our Mast vp, purforth faile; and in did get  
Our late-got Cattell. Vp our failles, we went;  
My wayward fellowes mourning now th' event.  
A good companion yet, a foreight wind;  
Circe, (the excellent viteler of her mind)  
Supplied our munnuring consorts with, that was  
Both speed, and guide to our adventurous pale.  
All day our failes stood to the winds; and made  
Our voyage prosperous. Sunne then set, and shade  
All wayes obcuring: on the bounds we fell  
Of deepe Oceane, where people dwelle  
Whom a perpetuall cloud obscures outright:  
To whom the cheerfull Sunne lends never light;  
Nor when he mounts the star-sustaining heauens;  
Nor when he stoopes earth, and sets vp the Euen:  
But Night holds fixt wings, featherd all with Banes,  
Aboue those most vblett Cimmerianes.  
Here drew we vp our ship: our sheepe with-drew;  
And walk the shore till we attain the view  
Of that sad region Circe had foreshow'd;  
And then the sacred offerings, to be vow'd,  
Eurylochus, and Persemedes bore.  
When I, my iword drew, and earths wombe did gore

Till

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

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Till I, a pit digg'd of a cubite round;  
Which with the liquid sacrifice, we crownd  
First, honey mixt with wine; then, sweete wine neare;  
Then water powr'd in, last the flowre of wheate,  
Much I importun'd then, the weake-neckt dead,  
And vowed, when I the barren soile should tread  
Of cliffe Isbace, amideft my hall  
To kill a Heifer, my cleare best of all,  
And glue in offering: on a Pile compos'd  
Of all the choise goods, my whole house enclos'd.  
And to Tiresias, himselfe, alone  
A sheepe cole-blacke, and the selec'test one  
Of all my flockes. When to the powres beneath,  
The sacred nation, that suruiue with Death,  
My prayrs, and vowed, had done deuotions fit,  
I tooke the offrings, and vpon the pit  
Bereft their liues. Our gush't the sable blood;  
And round about me, fled out of the flood,  
The Soules of the deceast. Therecluster'd then,  
Youths, and their wiues, much suffering aged men,  
Soft tender virgins, that but new came there,  
By timelesse death, and greene their sorrowes were.  
There, men at Armes, with armors all embrew'd,  
Wounded with lances, and with faulchions hew'd:  
In numbers, vp and downe the ditch, did stalk;  
And threw vnmeasur'd cries, about their walke;  
So horrid that a bloodlesse feare surprisde,  
My daunted spirits. Straight then, I aduise  
My friends to slay the slaughter'd sacrifices;  
Put them in fire, and to the Deities,  
Sterne Pluto, and Persephone, apply  
Excitfull prayrs. Then drew I from my Thy,  
My well-edg'd sword; stept in, and firmly stood  
Betwix the preafe of shadowes, and the blood;  
And would not suffer any one to dip  
Within our offring, his vnsoleilde lip;  
Before Tiresias, that did all controule.  
The first that prest in, was Elpenors soule,  
His body, in the broad-waid earth, as yet  
Vnmournd, vnburied by vs; since we swet  
With other vrgent labours. Yet his smart,  
I wept to see, and ru'd it from my heart,  
Enquiring how, he could before me be,  
That came by ship? He mourning, answred me:  
In Circes house, the spite some Spirit did bear,  
And the vnspakable good licour there  
Hath bene my bane. For being to descend  
A ladder much in height, I did nottend

P 3

My

My way well downe, but forwards made a proesse  
To tread the rounds; and from the very roofe  
Fell on my necke, and brake it. And this made  
My soule thus vifite this internall shade.  
And here, by them that next thy ſelfe are deafe,  
Thy Wife, and Father, that a little one  
Gave food to thee; and by thy onely Sonne  
At home behind thee left, (*Telemachus*)  
Do not depart by stealth, and leaue me thus,  
Vnmour'd, vnburied: leſt neglected I  
Bring on thy ſelfe, th' incensed Deitie.  
I know, that ſaide from hence, thy ſhip muſt touch  
On th Ille *Aeaea*, where vouchafe thus much  
(Good king) that, landed, thou wilt instantly,  
Beſtow on me, thy roiall memory;  
To this grace, that my body, armes and all,  
May reſt conſum'd in firie funerall.  
And on the fomic ſhore, a Sepulchre  
Ereſt to me; that after times may hear  
Ofone ſo hapleſſe. Let me theſe implore,  
And fixe upon my Sepulcher, the Ore  
With which aliu, I ſhooke the aged ſeas;  
And had, of friends, the deare ſocietieſ.

I told the wretched Soule, I would fulfill  
And execute to th' vtmoſt point, his will;  
And, all the time, we fadly talkt, I ſtill  
My ſword about the blood held; when aſide  
The Idoll of my friend, ſtill amplified  
His plaint, as vp and downe, the ſhades he cri'd.  
Then, my deceafeed mothers Soule appears,  
Faire daughter of *Anteles*, the Great;  
Graue *Anteles*, Whom, when forth I ſet  
For ſacred *Ilion*, I had leſt aliu.  
Her ſight, much mou'd me; and to teares did draine  
My note of her deceafe: and yet, not ſhe  
(Though in my ruth, ſhe held the highest degree)  
Would I admit to touch the ſacred blood;  
Till from *Tiresias*, I had vnderſtood  
What *Circles* told me. At the length did land,  
*Theban Tiresias* ſoule, and in his hand  
Sustained a golden Scepter, knew me well;  
And ſaid, O man vnhappy, why to hell  
Admitſt thou darke arruall; and the light  
The Sunne giues, leau't, to haue the horrid ſight  
Of this blacke region, and the shadowes here.  
Now ſheathe thy ſharpe ſword; and the pit forbare.  
That I the blood may taste; and then relate  
The truth of thoſe acts, that affect thy Fate.

*Misericordia apud  
Virgulum, in  
genou mole, &c.*

*Tiresias to P.*  
*his ſon.*

I heath'd my ſword; and left the pit, till he  
The blacke blood taſting, thus inſtruceed me;  
Renoun'd *Vlyſſer*! all vnaſkt, I know  
That all the caute of thy arruall now,  
Is to enquire thy wiſt retreate, for home:  
Which hardly God will let thee overcome;  
Since *Neptune* ſtill will his oppofure trie,  
With all his laid vp anger, for the eye  
His lou'd Sonne loſt to thee. And yet through all  
Thy ſuffering course, (which muſt be capitall)  
If both thine owne affections, and thy friends  
Thou wilt containe; when thy acceſſe ascends  
The three-forc't land, hauing ſcap't the ſeaſ;  
(Where ye ſhall find fed, on the flowrie leaſ,  
Fat flockes, and Oxen, which the Sunne doth owne;  
To whom are all things, as well heard as ſhowne:  
And neuer dare, one head of thoſe to flay;  
But hold, vnharnefull on, your wiſhed way)  
Through enough affliction; yet ſecure  
Your Fates ſhall land ye. But *Prefage* ſaies ſure,  
If once ye ſpoile them, ſpoile to all thy friends  
Spoile to thy Fleete; and if the iuſtice ends  
Short of thy ſelfe, it ſhall be long before,  
And that length, forc't out, with iñflictions ſtore:  
When, loſing all thy fellowes, in a faile  
Of forreigne built (when moſt thy Fates preuale  
In thy deliuernace) thuſt' even't ſhall fort;  
Thou ſhalt find ſhipwracke, raging in thy Port:  
Proud men, thy goods conſuming; and thy Wiffe  
Virging with gifts; giue charge vpon thy life.  
But all theſe wrongs, *Reuenge* ſhall end to thee;  
And force, or cumming, ſet with slaughter, free  
Thy houſe of all thy spoilers. Yet againe,  
Thou ſhalt a voyage make; and come to men  
That know no ſea; nor ſhips, nor oares, that are  
Wings to a ſhip; nor mixe with any fare,  
Salts fauorit vapor. Where thou firſt thalit land,  
This cleare giuen ſigne, ſhall let thee vnderſtand,  
That there thoſe men remaine: affume aʃore,  
Up to thy roiall ſhoulder, a ſhip oare;  
With which, when thou ſhalt meeete one on the way,  
That will, in Countey admiration, ſay  
Whar doſt thou with that wanne, vpon thy necke?  
There, fixe (that wanne) thy oare; and that ſhore decke  
With ſacred Rites to *Neptune*: ſlaughter there  
A Ram, a Bull, and, (who for strength doth bear  
The name of husband to a herd) a Boore.  
And, coming home, vpon thy natuall ſhore,

*Men that never  
ate ſale with  
their ſoode.*

Give pious *Hecatomb*, to all the Gods  
(Degrees obseru'd). And then the *Periods*  
Of all thy labors, in the peace shall end  
Of easie death, which shall the lese extend  
His passion to thee; that thy foe, the Sea  
Shall not enforce it, but *Deabs* victory,  
where all trans-  
late ienechus  
sub molli. The  
Epistles Novem.  
not of xviij.  
viz. pugnare, or  
venerare. pug-  
nare. But now  
per se pugnare  
figuratur o-  
rando. To which,  
pugnare is  
more altogether  
admitted.  
Shall chance in onely-earnest-pray-vow dage:  
Obtaing at home, quite emptied of his rage;  
Thy subiects round about thee, rich and blest:  
And here hath *Tribus* summ'd vp, thy vital rest.  
I answerd him, We will suppose all these  
Decreed in Deity; let it likewife please  
*Tiresias* to refolue me, why so neare  
The blood and me, my mothers Soule doth bear;  
And yet, nor word, nor looke, vouchsafe her Sonne:  
Doth she not know me? No (said he) nor none  
Of all these spirits, but my selfe alone;  
Knowes any thing, till he shall taste the bloods;  
But whomfoever, you shall do that good,  
He will the truth, of all you wish, vnfold;  
Who, you enuy it to, will all withhold.  
Thus said the kingly foule, and made reteate,  
Amidst the inner parts of *platos* Seate,  
When he had spoke thus, by diuine instinct:  
Still I stood firme, till to the bloods precinct  
My mother came, and drunke, and then she knew,  
I was her Sonne; had passion to renew  
Her naturall plaints, which thus she did pursw:  
How is it, (O my Sonne) that you aliae,  
This deadly-darksome region vnderdue?  
Twixt which, and earth, so many mighty feas,  
And horrid currents, interpose their preafe?  
*Oceano*, in chiefe, which none (vnlesse  
More helpt then you) on foote now can transgresse.  
A well built ship he needs, that ventures there:  
Com'st thou from *Troy* but now? enforc't to ere  
All this time with thy foulidiers? Nor haſt ſcene,  
Ere this long day, thy Country, and thy Queene?  
I answerd; That a necessary end  
To this infernal state, made me contend;  
That from the wife *Tiresias* *Theban* Soule,  
I might, an Oracle, involu'd, vnrowle:  
For I came nothing neare *Achilles* yet;  
Nor on our lou'd earth, happy foote had fet;  
But (mifhaps ſuffering) err'd from Coast to Coast;  
Euer ſince firſt, the mighty *Grecian* hoaſt  
Divine *Atrides*, led to *Ilion*,  
And I, his follower, to ſet warre vpon

The rafefull *Treyans*: and ſo praid ſhe would  
The Fate of that vngentle death vnſouled;  
That ſorc' her thither: if ſome long diſease,  
Or that the Splen, of her that arrowes pleafe,  
(*Diana*, eniuious of moſt eminent Dames)  
Had made her th' obieſt of her deadly aimes:  
My Fathers ſtate, and fonnes, I fought; if they  
Kept ſtill my goods: or they became the prey  
Of any other, holding me no more  
In poure of ſafe returne, or if my ſtore  
My wife had kept together, with her Sonne:  
It ſhe, her firſt mind held, or had bene wonne  
By ſome cheefe *Grecian*, from my loue, and bed:  
All this ſhe answerd; that *Affliction* fed  
On her blood ſtill at home; and that to grieſe,  
She all the dayes, and darkneſſe, of her life,  
In teares, had conſecrate. That none poſſeſſ  
My famous kingdomes Throne; but th' iſteſt  
My ſonne had in it; ſtill he held in peace.  
A Court kept, like a Prince; and his increafe  
Spent in his subiects good; adminiſtring lawes  
With iuſtice, and the generall applaue  
A king ſhould merit; and all calld him king.  
My Father, kept the vpland, labouring;  
And ſhund the Cittie: vſed no ſumptuous beds;  
Wonderd at furnitures; nor wealthy weeds;  
But, in the Winter, ſtrew'd about the fire  
Lay with his ſlaues in ashes, his attire  
Like to a beggers. When the Sommer came;  
And Autumnne all fruits ripend with his flame;  
Where Grape-charg'd vines, made shadows moſt abound,  
His couch with falte leaues, made vpon the ground:  
And here lay he, his Sorrowes fruitfull ſtate,  
Increasing, as he faded, for my Fate.  
And now, the part of age, that irksome is  
Lay ſadly on him. And that life of his,  
She led, and perifht in: not slaughtered by  
The Dame, that darts lou'd, and her archerie;  
Nor, by diſease inuaded, vaf, and foule  
That waſts the body, and ſends out the ſoule  
With shame and horror: onely in her mone,  
For me, and my life, ſhe conſun'd her owne.  
She thus, when I, had great deſire to proue  
My armes, the circle, where her foule did moue;  
Thrice prou'd I, thrice ſhe vaniſh'd, like a ſleepe;  
Or fleeting shadow, which strooke much more deepe  
The wounds, my woes made, and made, aſke her why  
She would my Loue to her embraces ſlie;

*Persephone or  
Prophesies.*

And not vouchsafe, that even in hell we might,  
Pay pious Nature, her vnalterd right,  
And givē *Vestation* here, her cruell fill?  
Should not the Queene here, to angument the ill  
Of every sufferance (which her office is)  
Enforce thy idoll, to afford me this?

O Sonne (the answerd) of the race of men  
The most vnhappy; our most equall Queene,  
Will mocke no folide armes, with empty shadē;  
Nor suffer empty shades, againe t'made  
Flesh, bones, and nerues: nor will defraud the fire  
Of his last dues; that, loone as spirits expire,  
And leue the white bone, are his natu're right;  
When, like a dreame, the soule assumes her flight.  
The light then, of the living, with most haste  
(O Sonne) contend to: that thy little taste  
Of this state is enough; and all this life,  
Will make a tale, fit, to be told thy wife.

*The old Heroe  
often appears in  
Tylus.*

This speech we had, when now repai'd to me  
More female spirits, by *Persephone*,  
Driuen on before her. All the heroes wiues  
And daughters, that led there their second liues,  
About the blacke blood strondg. Of whom, yet more  
My mind impell'd me to enquire, before  
I let them altogether taste the gore;  
For then would all haue bene dispert, and gone,  
Thicke as they came. I therefore, one by one  
Let taste the pit: my sword drawne from my Thy  
And stand betwixt them made; when, scuerally  
All told their stokces. The first that quencht her fire,  
Was *Tyre*, issu'd of a noble Sire.  
She said the sprong from pure, *Salmoneus* bed,  
And *Cretens*; Sonne of *Aesop* did wed.  
Yet the diuine flood *Enipeus*, lou'd,  
Who much the most faire stremme, of all floods mou'd.  
Neare whose stremmes, *Tyre* walking: *Nepptune* came,  
Like *Enipeus*, and enyoyd the Dame:  
Liketo a hill, the blew, and Snakie flood  
Above th'immortall, and the mortall flood;  
And hid them both, as both together lay,  
Iust where his current, falleth into the Sea.  
Her virgine wif, disfoli'd, she flumberd then;  
But when the God had done the wooke of men,  
Her faire hand gently wringings; thus he said;  
Woman! Reioyce in our combined bed;  
For when the yeare hath runn his circle, round  
(Because the Gods loues, must in fruite abound)  
My loue shall make (to cheere thy teeming wones)

720.

Thy

Thy one deare burthen, beare two famous Sonnes;  
Loue well, and bring them vp: go home, and see  
That, though of more ioy yet, I shall be free;  
Thou dost not tell, to gloriſe thy birth:  
Thy Loue is *Nepipton* shaker of the earth.  
This laid, he plung'd into the sea, and the  
(Begor with child by him) the lighter ſee  
*Great Pelias*, and *Neleus*; that became  
In *Ioue*'s great miniftre, of mighty fame.  
*Pelias*, in broad *Ioleus*, held his Throne,  
Wealthy in cattell; th'other roiall Sonne  
Rul'd sandy *Pylos*. To these, issue more  
This Queene of women, to her husband bore:  
*Aeson*, and *Pheres*, and *Amythaon*,  
That for his fight on horsebacke, stoopt to none.

Next her, I ſaw admir'd *Antiope*  
*Aipus* daughter, who (as much as ſhe  
Boasted attraction, of great *Nepipton* loue)  
Boasted to flumber in the armes of *Ioue*:  
And two Sonnes likewife, at one burthen bore,  
To that, her all-controlling Paramore;  
*Amphion*, and faire *Zethus*, that first laid  
Great *Thebes* foundations; and ſtrong wals conuaide  
About her turrets, that ſeven Ports encloſde.  
For though the *Thebani*, much in strength reſpoſde,  
Yet had not they, the strength to hold their owne,  
Without the added aides, of wood, and ſtone.

*Alcmena*, next I ſaw; that famous wife  
Was to *Amphytrit*; and honor'd life  
Gae to the Lyon-hearted *Hercules*,  
That was, of *Ioue*'s embrace, the great increase.

I law beſides, proud *Creas* daughter there,  
Bright *Megara*; that nuptiall yoke did weare  
With *Ioue*'s great Sonne; who never field did try,  
But bore to him, the flore of victory.

The mother then, of *Oedipus*, I ſaw,  
Fair *Epicasta*; that beyond all law,  
Her owne Sonne marid, ignorant of kind;  
And, he (as darkly taken, in his mind)  
His mother wedded, and his father ſlew,  
Whose blind act, heauen expoſde at length to view:  
And he, in all-lou'd *Thebes*, the ſupreme ſlate  
With much mone manag'd, for the heauy Fate  
The Gods laid on him. She made violent flight  
To *Pluton* darke houſe, from the lothed lights;  
Beneath a ſteepē beame, strangl'd with a cord;  
And left her Sonne, in life, paines as abhord,  
As all the furys powr'd on her in hell.

*Antiope like Ty-*  
167.

*Alcmena.*

*Megara.*

*Epicasta the mo-  
ther of Oedipus.*

Then

Then saw I *Coloris*, that did so excell  
Inanwering beauties, that each part had all,  
Great *Nelus* married her, when gifts not small,  
Had wonne her fauour; term'd by name of dowre.  
She was of all *Ambition* feed, the flowre:  
(*Ambition*, calld *Iaphates*, that them  
Ruled strongly, *Mynias* Orboros)  
And now his daughter rul'd the *Pylas* Throne;  
Because her beauties Empire overshone.  
She brought her wife-awd husband, *Nelus*,  
*Nefos*, much honord; *Peryclimenes*,  
And *Chromius*, Sonnes, with foueraigne vertues graci;  
But after, bought a daughter that surpast;  
Rare beautied *Pero*, so forme exact;  
That *Nature*, to a miracle, was racket,  
In her perfections, blaz'd with th'eyes of men.  
That made of all the Countries hearts, a chaine,  
And drew them suiters to her. Which her Sire  
Tooke vantage of; and (since he did aspire  
To nothing more, then to the broad-browd herd  
Of *Oxen*, which the commoon fame so red,  
Own'd by *Iaphetes*) not a man shoulde be  
His *Pero*'s husband, that from *Pbylos*,  
Those neuer-yet -driven Oxen, could not drue:  
Yet these, a strong hope held him to achiue;  
Because a Prophet that had never err'd,  
Had said, that onely he shoulde be prefer'd  
To their possestion. But the equall Fate  
Of God, withstood his stealth: extricte  
Imprifoning Bands, and sturdy chaylif Swaines  
That were the Heardmen; who withheld with chaines  
The stealth attempter: which was onely he  
That durst abet the Act with Prophecie;  
None else would undertake it; and he must:  
The king would needs, a Prophet shoulde be inst,  
But when some daies and moneths, expired were,  
And all the *Houres* had brought about the yeare,  
The Prophet, did so satisfie the king  
(*Iaphetes*, all his cumming questioning)  
That he enfranchise him; and (all worst done)  
*Iones* counfaile made, th'all-safe conclusion.  
Then saw I *Leda*; (link in nuptiall chaine  
With *Tyndarus*) to whom, she did sustaine  
Sonnes much renown'd for wifedome; *Castor* one,  
That past, for vfe of horse, companion;  
And *Pollux*, that excedd, in whitbat fight;  
Both thefe, the fruitfull Earth bore; while the light  
Of life inspir'd them; After which, they found

Such grace with *Jove*, that both liu'd vnder ground,  
By change of daies: life still did one suffaine,  
While th'other died; the dead then, liu'd againe,  
The living dying; both, of one selfe date,  
Their liues and deaths made, by the Gods and Fate.

*Iphimedia*, after *Leda* came,

That did deriu from *Nepenthe* too, the name  
Of Father to two admirsble Sonnes:  
Life yet made short their admirations;  
Who God-opposed *Otus* had to name,  
And *Ephialtes*, faire in sound of Fame.  
The prodigall Earth so fed them, that they grew  
To most huge stature; and had fairest hew  
Of all men, but *Orion*, vnder heauen;  
At nine yeares old, nine cubits they were driven  
Abroad in breadth, and sprung nine fathomes hie.  
They threatn'd to gue battell to the skie,  
And all th'Immortals. They were setting on  
*Offa* vpon *Olympus*; and vpon  
Steepc *Offa*, leauic *Pelion*, that euen  
They might a high-way make, with lostie heauen.  
And had perhaps perform'd it, had they liu'd  
Till they were Striplings. But *Iones* Sonne depriu'd  
Their lims of life; before th'age that begins  
The flowre of youth; and should adorne their chins.

*Phadra* and *Procris*, with wife *Minos* flame,  
(Bright *Triadne*) to the offring came.  
Whom whilom *Theseus* made his pris from *Crete*;  
That *Athens* facred foile, might kiffe her feete.  
But neuer could obtaine her virgin Flowre;  
Till, in the Sea-girt *Dia*, *Dians* powre  
Detain'd his homeward halfe; where (in her Phane,  
By *Bacchus* witned) was the fatal wane  
Of her prime Glorie. *Mera*, *Clymene*,  
I witnest there; and loth'd *Eryphile*,  
That honoui'd "gold more, then the lou'd her Spouse."

But all th'*Heroes* in *Pluto's* house,  
That then encounterd me, exceeds my might  
To name or number; and *Ambrosian* Night  
Would quite be spent, when now the formall houres,  
Present to *Sleepe*, our all-disposed powres.  
If at my ship, or here, my home-made vow,  
I leave for fit grace, to the Gods and you.

This said; the silence his discourse had made,  
With pleasure held still, through the houses shade.  
When, white-arm'd *Arete* this speech began:  
*Phaeacians*! how appears to you this man?  
So goodly person'd, and so matcht with mind?

*Iphimedia*.

*Phadra* and  
*Procris*.

*Mera* and *Cly-  
mene*.

*Ambrosian* was  
her husband, who  
she burried to his  
grave on *Thebes*,  
for gold taken of  
Adrastus her  
brother.

M; guest he is; but all you stand combin'd,  
In the renowne he doth vs. Do no then  
With carelesse haste dismisse him: nor the maine  
Of his dispatch, to one so needie, maine;  
The Gods free bountie, gives vs all iust claire  
To goods know. This speech, the oldest man  
Of any other Phaecean,  
The graue Hroe, Echinenus gave  
All approbation, saying: Friends ly have  
The motion of the wife Queen, in such words,  
As haue no mist the marke; with which, accords  
My cleare opinion. But *Alcinous*,  
In word and worke, must be our rule. He thus;  
And then *Alcinous* said: This then must stand,  
If while I liue, I rule in the command  
Of this well-skild-in-Nauigation State.  
Endure then (Guest) though most importunate  
Be your affects for home. A litle stay  
If your expeciance bear; perhaps it may  
Our gifts make more complete. The cares of all,  
Your due deducion asks; but Principall  
I am therein, the ruler. He replied:  
*Alcmous*: the most duly glorified,  
With rule of all; of all men; if you lay  
Commandment on me, of a whole yeares stay;  
Soall the while, your preparations rife,  
As well in gifts, as \*time: ye can deuise  
No better wifh for me; for I shall come  
Much fuller handed, and more honoured homes;  
And dearer to my people: in whole loues,  
The richer cuermore the better proues.

*Venust & false dictum.*

He answered: There is arguē in your sight,  
A worth that works not men for benefit,  
Like Prolers or Impostors; of which crew,  
The gentle blake Earth feeds not vnp a few;  
Here and there wanderers, blanching tales and lies,  
Of neither prafe, nor vfe: you moue our cies  
With forme; our minds with matter, and our eares  
With elegant oration; such as beares,  
A musickē in the ordred historie  
It layes before vs. Not *Demodocus*,  
With sweeter straines hath vnde to sing to vs,  
All the *Greece* forrowes, wept out in your owne.  
But lay, of all your worthy friends, were none  
Obiected to your eyes; that *Conforts* were  
To *Ilion* with you; and seru'd definic there?  
This Night is passing long, vnmeasur'd: none  
Of all my houeshold would to bed yet: On,

Relate these wondrous things. Were I with you;  
If you would tell me but your woes, as now,  
Till the divine Aurora shewd her head,  
I shoud in no nighte relish thought of bed.

Most eminent King, (said he) *Times*, all must keepe;

There's time to speake much, time as much to sleape.  
But would you haere still, I will tell you still,

And vtter more, more miserable ill,  
Of Friends then yet, that scap't the dismall warres,

And perisht homewards, and in householde iarrs.  
Wag'd by a wicked woman. The chatte\* *Queen*,

No sooner made these Ladie-ghosts vñseenē,  
(Here and there flitting) but mine eie-sight wonne

The Soule of *Agamemnon*, *Atrœus sonne*)

Sad; and about him, all his traine of friends,

That in *Egyptius* house, endur'd their ends,  
With his sterne Fortune. Hauing drunke the blood,

He knew me instantl; and forth a flood  
Of springing teares gushit. Out he thrust his hands,

With will t'embrace me; but their old commands,  
Flowd not about him; nor their weakest part.

I wept to see; and mon'd him from my heart.

And askt: O *Agamemnon*! King of men!

What sort of cruell death, hath renderd slaine

Thy roiall person? *Nestor*, in thy Fleet?

Heauen, and his hellish billowes making meete,

Rowling the winds? Or haue thy men by land

Done thee this ill, for vsing thy command,

Past their confests, in diminution

Of those full shares, their worths by lot had wonne,

Or sheepe or oxen? or of any towne?

In courteous strife, to make their rights, thine owne,

In men or women prisoners? He replied:

By none of these, in any right, I died;

But by *Egyptius*, and my murtherous wife,

(Bid to a banquet at his houfe) my life

Hath thus bene rett me: to my slaughter led,

Like to an Ox, pretended to be fed.

So miserably fell I; and with me,

My friends lay massacred: As when you see

At any rich mans nuptials, shot, or feast,

About his kitchin, white-tooth'd swine lie dreſt.

The slaughter of a world of men, thine eies,

Both priuate, and in prease of enemies,

Haue personally witness'd; but this one,

Would all thy parts haue broken into mone:

To see how strewd about our Cups and Cates;

As Tables set with Feast, so we with Fates,

Here he begins  
his other relates.  
Prospereus.

All gafht and slaine, lay; all the floore embrude  
With blood and braine. But that which most I ru'd,  
Flew from the heauie voice, that *Priams* feed,  
*Cassandra* breath'd; whom, she that wit doth feed  
With banefull craftis, false *Clytemnestra* slew,  
Close sitting by me, vp my hands I threw  
From earth to heauen, and tumbling on my sword,  
Gave wretched life vp. When the most abhord,  
By all her fexes shame, forsooke the roome;  
Nor daind (though then so neare this heauie home)  
To shut my lips, or close my broken ties.  
Nothing so heapt is with impieties,  
As such a woman, that would kill her Spouse,  
That married her a maid. When to my house  
I brought her, hoping of her loue in heart,  
To children, maids, and slaves. But she (in th' Art  
Of onely mischiefe heartie) not alone  
Cast on her selfe, this oule afterion;  
But louing Dames, hereafter, to their Lords  
Will bear, for good deeds, her bad thoughts and words.

Alas (said I) that *we* should hate the liues  
Of *Atrœus* seed, so highly for their wifes.  
For *Menelaus* wife, a number fell,  
For dangerous absence, thine sent thee to hell.  
For this, (he answerd) Be not thou more kind  
Then wife to thy wife; neuer, all thy mind  
Let words exprefe to her. Of all she knowes,  
Curbs for the worst still, in thy selfe repose.  
But thou by thy wifes wiles, that lose no blood;  
Exceeding wife the is, and wife in good.  
*Icarus* daughter, chaste *Penelope*,  
We left a yong Bride; when for battell, we  
Forsooke the Nupiall peace, and at her brest,  
Her first child sucking. Who, by this houre, blest,  
Sits in the number of furuiung men.  
And his blisse, she hath, that she can containe;  
And her blisse, thou hast, that she is so wife;  
For, by her wisedome, thy returned cies  
Shall see thy sonne; and he shall greete his Site,  
With fitting welcomes. When in my retire,  
My wife denies mine eyes, my sonnes deare sight;  
And, as from me, will take from him the light;  
Before she addes one iust delight to life;  
Or her falfe wit, one truth that fits a wife.  
For her sake therefore, let my harmes aduise;  
That though thy wife be ne'e so chaste and wife,  
Yet come not home to her in "open view,  
With any ship, or any personall shew.

*This aduise he  
followed at his  
coming home.*

But take cloſe ſhore diſguide: nor let her knowſ  
For tis no world, to trut a woman now.  
But what fayes Fame? Doth my Sonne yet ſuruiue,  
In *Orchomen*, or *Pylos*? or doth lieue  
In *Sparta*, with his Vnkle; yet I ſee  
Divine *Oreſtes* is not here with me.

I anſwerd, asking: Whi doth *Atrœus* ſonne:  
Enquire of me who yet artiu'd where none  
Could giue to theſe newes any certaine wings?  
And its abſurd, to tell vncertainte things.

Such fal ſpeech paſt vi; and as thus we ſtood,  
With kind teares rending vnkind fortunes good;  
*Achilles* and *Patreus* ſoole appear'd;  
And his Soule whom never ill was heard,  
The good ſubus: and the Soule of him,  
That all the Greeks past, both for force and lime,  
Excepting the vnmatcht *Axæides*,  
Illuſtrous *Aiax*. But the firſt of theſe,  
That faw acknowledg'd, and faluted me,  
Was \* *Thetis* conqueſting Sonne, who (heavily  
His ſtate here taking) ſaid: Vnworthy breath!

What act, yet mightier, imagineth  
Thy ventrous ſpirite? How doest thou deſcend  
Theſe vnder regions; where the dead mans end,  
Is to be looke on; and his foolish shade?

I anſwerd him: I was induc'd t'inuade  
Theſe vnder parts, (moſt excellent of Greece)  
To viſite wife *Tireſias*, for aduice  
Of vertue to direc't my voyage home

To rugged *Ithaca*; ſince I could come  
To note in no place, where *Achaia* ſtood;  
And lo liu'd euer, tortur'd with the blood  
In mans vaine veines. Thou therefore (*Thetis* ſonne)

Hast equald all, that euer yet haue wonne  
The bliſſe the earth yeelds; or hereafter ſhall.

In life, thy eminence was ador'd of all,  
Euen with the Gods. And now, euen dead, I ſee

Thy vertues propagate thy Emperie,  
To a renew'd life of command beneath;  
So great *Achilles* triumphs o'er death.

This comfort of him, this encounter found;  
Vrge not my death to me, nor rub that wound;

I rather wiſh, to liue in earth a Swaine,  
Or ſerue a Swaine for hire, that ſcarce can gaine

Bread to ſustaine him; then (that life once gone)  
Of all the dead, way the Imperiall thone.

But fay, and of my Sonne, ſome comfort yeelds;  
If he goes on, in firſt fightis of the field;

*Achilles of the  
many life.*

Or lurks for safetie in the obscure Rere:  
 Or of my Father, if thy roiall care  
 Hath bene aduertisde, that the *Phtian* Throne,  
 He still commands, as greatest *Myrmidon*?  
 Or that the *Phtian* and *Theſalian* rage,  
 (Now feete and hands are in the hold of Age)  
 Despise his Empire: Vnder thofe bright rayes,  
 In which, heauens feruour hurles about the dayes;  
 Must I no more shine his revenger now,  
 Such as of old, the *Aeon* ouerthrow  
 Winneſt my anger: th' vniuerſall hoſt,  
 Sending before me, to this ſhadie Coaſt,  
 In fight for *Grecia*. Could I now refor,  
 (But for ſome ſmall time) to my Fathers Court,  
 In ſpirit and powre, as then: thofe men ſhould find  
 My hands inacceſſible, and of fire, my mind,  
 That durft, with all the numbers they are ſtrong,  
 Vnſeathe his honour, and ſuborne his wrong.

This pitch ſtill flew his ſpirit, though ſo low,  
 And this, I anſwerd thus: I do not know,

Of blameleſſe *Pelau*, any leaſt report,  
 But of your ſonne, in all the vtmoff fort,

I can informe your care with truth, and thine:

*Phyſes report of Neoptolemus the Son of Achiles.*

From *Syrus*, princely *Xerxes*,  
 By Fleet, I conuaid to the *Greeks*, where he  
 Was Chiefe, at both parts: when our grauitie  
 Rein'd to councell, and our youth to fight.

In councell ſtill (ſo ſire was *Concilit*,  
 In his quicke apprehencion of a cauſe)  
 That firſt he euer ſpake, nor paſt the lawes  
 Of any graue ſlay, in his greateſt haſt.

None would contend with him, that counſeld laſt;  
 Vnleſſe illuſtrous *Xerxes*, he and I

Would ſometimes put a friendly contrary,  
 On his opinion. In our fights, the preafe

Of great or common, he would neuer ſealeſſe;  
 But farre before fight euer. No man there;

For force, he forced. He was ſlaughterer  
 Of many a braue man, in moſt dreadfull fight.

But one and other, whom he ref't of fight,  
 (In *Grecian* ſuccour) I can neither name,

Nor give in number. The particular fame,  
 Of one mans slaughter yet, I muſt not paſſe;

*Euryalus Telephides* he was,  
 That fell beneath him, and with him, the falls

Of ſuch huge men went, that they ſhewd like \* whales,  
 Rampt' d about him. *Neoptolemus*  
 Set him ſo sharply, for the ſumptuous

*This place (and  
 a number more)  
 is moſt iniuriously  
 miſtaken by all  
 tranſlators and  
 commentators.*

Fauours of Miftrefles, he ſaw him weare;  
 For paſt all doubt, his beauties had no peere,  
 Of all that mine eyes noted; next to one,  
 And that was *Memon*, *Tithon* Sun-like ſonne.  
 Thus farre, for fight in publicke, may a taſt  
 Give of his eminencie. How faire furpaſt  
 His ſpirit in priuate, where he was not ſene,  
 Nor glorie could be laid, to praife his ſpleene,  
 This cloſe note, I excerpted, When we ſate  
 Hid in *Epeus* horſe, no Optimate  
 Of all the *Greeks* there, had the charge to ope  
 And shut the \* Stratageme, but I. My ſcope  
 To note then, each mans ſpirit, in a ſtreight  
 Of ſo much danger, muſt the better might  
 Be hit by me, then others: as, prouokt,  
 I ſhifted place ſtill, when, in ſome I fmoke  
 Both priuie tremblings, and cloſe vent of teares.  
 In him yet, not a ſoft conceit of theiſis,  
 Could all my search ſee, either his wet eies  
 Plied ſtill with wiping; or the goodly guife,  
 His perfon all waies put forth, in leaſt part,  
 By any tremblings, he wud his toucht-at heart.  
 But euer he was vring me to make  
 Way to their fally, by his ſigne to shake  
 His ſword hid in his ſabberd, or his Lance  
 Loded with iron, at me. No good chance,  
 His thoughts to *Troy* intended. In th' event,  
 (High *Troy* depopulate) he made aſcent  
 To his fair ship, with prie and treasure store:  
 Safe, and no touch, away with him he bore,  
 Of fare-off hul'd Lance, or of cloſe-fought ſword,  
 Whofe wounds, for fauours, Warre doth oft afford;  
 Which he (though fought) miſt, in warres cloſeſt wage;

*In cloſe fightes, Mars doth neuer fight, but rage.*

This made the ſoule of (wiſt *Achilles* tried  
 A March of glorie, through the herbie meades;  
 For ioy to hearne me ſo renoume his Sonne;  
 And vaniſh ſtalking. But with paſſion  
 Stood th' other Soules strooke: and each told his bane.

Onely the ſpirit \* *Telamonian*  
 Kep farre off; angry for the victorie  
 I wonne from him at Fleet, though *Aribtric*  
 Of all a Court of warre, pronouc't it mine,  
 And *Pallas* ſelfe. Our prie were th' armes diuine,  
 Of great \* *Aeacides*; propofdet our fames  
 By his bright \* Mother, at his funerall Games.  
 I wiſh to heauen, I ought not to haue wonne,  
 Since for thoſe Armes, ſo high a head, ſo ſoone

*The ſhort ſtroke  
 ſold*

*about the ſoule  
 of Telamon.*

*Achilles  
 Thoſis.*

The base earth couerd. *Ajax*, that of all  
The hoast of *Greece*, had person capitall,  
And acts as eminent; excepting his,  
Wholse armes those were, in whom was wrought amisse.  
I ride the great Soule with soft words, and said:  
*Ajax*: great sonne of *Telamon*, araid  
In all our glories! what? not dead refigne  
Thy wrath for thosse curst Armes? The Powres divine,  
In them fong'd all our banes; in thine owne One;  
In thy graue fall, our Towre was ouerthrowne.  
We mourne (for euer maimd) for thee as much,  
As for *Achilles*: nor thy wrong doth touch,  
In septime, any but *Saturnus* doome;  
In wholse hate, was the hoast of *Greece* become  
A very horror. Who exprest it well,  
In signyngh thy Fate, with this timelesse Hell.  
Approch then (King of all the *Grecian* merit)  
Represe thy great mind, and thy flaminie spirit;  
And give the words I give thee, worthy care.

All this, no word drew from him, but lesse neare  
The steme Soule kept. To other Soulies he fled,  
And glid along the Riuere of the dead.  
Though Anger mou'd him, yet he might have spoke,  
Since I to him. But my defires were strooke  
With fight of other Soulies. And then I saw  
*Mirra*, that ministred to *Death* a law,  
And *Joves* bright lonne was. He was fer, and swaid  
A golden Scepter; and to him did please  
A sort of others, set about his Throne,  
In *Platos* wide-door'd houle; when strait came on,  
Mightie *Orion*, who was hunting there,  
The heards of thole beasts he had laughterd here,  
In desart hilis on earth. A Club he bore,  
Entirly steele, whose vertues never wore.

*Tytus* I saw: to whom the glorious Earth  
Opened her wombbe, and gaue vnhappy birth,  
Vpward; and flat vpon the Pavement lay  
His ample lims, that spred in their display,  
Nine Acres compasse. On his bosome fat  
Two Vultures, digging through his caule of fat,  
Into his Liver, with their crooked Beakes;  
And each by turnes, the concrete entralle breakes,  
(As Smiths their steele beate) set on either side.  
Nor doth he euer labour to diuide  
His Liver and their Beakes; nor with his hand,  
Offer them off: but suffers by command,  
Of th'angrie Thunderer, offring to enforce,  
His loue *Laros* in the close resourcfe,

1 pver.

Mirra.

Ar. an.

Tytus.

She

She vsd to *Pyrho*, through the dancing land,  
Smooth *Pinopaus*. I saw likewise stand,  
Vp to the chin,amidst a liquid lake,  
Tormented *Tantalus*; yet could not flake  
His burning thirst. Oft as his scornfull cup,  
Th'old man would take, so oft twas swallowed vp;  
And all the blacke earth to his feete deserued;  
Divinc powre (plaguing him) the lake still dried.  
About his head, on high trees,clustering,hung  
Pears, Apples, Granets, Olives, euer yong;  
Delicious liggs, and many fruite trees more,  
Of other burthen,whose alluring store,  
When th'old Soule striu'd to pluck, the winds from sight,  
In gloomy vapours,made them vanish quite.

*Syphax*.  
There faw I *Sisyphus*, in infinite mone,  
With both hands heaving vp a massie stone,  
And on his tip-toes, racking all his height,  
To wretch vp to a mountaine top,his freight;  
When prest to rett it there (his nerues quite spent)  
Downe rusht the deadly Quartie: the cuent  
Of all his torture,new to raise againe;  
To which,strait let his neuer-rested paine,  
The sweatе came gushing out from every Pore,  
And on his head a standing mist he wore;  
Recking from thence, as if a cloud of dust  
Were raid about it. Downe with these was thrust,  
The Idoll of the force of *Hercules*.

But his firme selfe,did no such Fate oppresse;  
He fealting liues amongt th'immortal States;  
White-ankled *Hebe*,and himselfe,made mates,  
In heauenly Nuptials. *Hebe*, *Joves* deare race,  
And *Iuno*; whom the golden Sandals grace.  
About him flew the clamors of the dead,  
Like Fowles; and still stoopt cuffing at his head.  
He,with his Bow,like Night, stalkt vp and downe;  
His shaft still rockt; and hurling round his frownes,  
At those vext howters, aiming at them still;  
And still,as shooting out,desire to still.

A horrid Bawdricke,wore he thwart his brest;  
The Thong all gold,in which were formes imprest,  
Where *Art* and *Miracle*,drew equall breaths,  
In Beates,Bores,Lions,Battels,Combats,Deaths.  
Who wrought that worke, did neuer such before;  
Nor so diuinely will do euer more.  
Soone as he saw,he knew me, and gaue speech:  
Sonne of *Laertes*, high in wisedomes reach;  
And yet vnhappy wretch,for in this heart,  
Of all exploits achieu'd by thy deservt,

*Hercules.*

Thy

Thy worth but works out some sinistre Fate.  
As I in earth did, I was generate  
By *me* himselfe; and yet past meane, opprest  
By one my farre inferiour; whose proud heft,  
Imposid abhorred labours, on my hand.  
Of all which, one was, to descend this Strand,  
And hale the dog from thence. He could not think  
An act that *Danger* could make deeper sinke;  
And yet this depth I drew; and fetcht as hie,  
As this was low, the dog. The Deitie,  
Offleight and wifedome, as of downe-right powre,  
Both stoor, and raid, and made me Conquerour.  
This said, he made descent againe as low  
As *Plates* Court; when I stood fime; for shew  
Of more *Herœs*, of the times before;  
And might perhaps haue leene my wish of more;  
(As *Theseus* and *Pirithous*, deriu'd  
From rootes of *Deitie*) but before th'achieu'd  
Rare sight of these; the rank, foul'd multitude  
In infinite flockes rofe; venting fouds so rude,  
That pale *Feare* tooke me, left the *Gorgons* head  
Ruft in amongst them; thrust vp, in my dread,  
By grim *Persephone*. I therefore sent  
My men before to ship; and after went.  
Where, boorded, set, and lanchte, th'*Ocean* wawe,  
Our Ores and forewinds, speedie passage gaue.

*Finis libri undecimi Hom. Odysſ.*

## THE



## THE XII. BOOKE OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

### THE ARGUMENT.

**H**E bnewes from Hell his safe retreate,  
To th'ille Af<sup>z</sup>za, Circes seat.  
And how he scapt the Sirens call,  
With th'erring Rockes, and waters falls,  
That Scylla and Charybdis breake,  
The Sunnes soleine Herde; and his sad wreake,  
Both of Vlystes ship and men,  
His owne head, escaping scarce the paine.

Another.

Mu. *The Rockes that errd;*  
*The Sirens call;*  
*The Sunnes soleine Herd;*  
*The shoulders full.*

  
Vr Ship now past the streights of th'*Ocean* flood,  
She plowd the broad seas billowes; and made good,  
The Ile *Aeæ*, where the *Pallace* stands  
Of th'early Riser, with the rosie hands,  
*Aetna* Aurora, where she loues to dance,  
And where the *Sunne* doth his prime beames aduance.  
When here arriu'd, we drew her vp to land,  
And trod our felues the reslafed sand:

Found on the shore, fit resting for the Night,  
Slept, and expected the celestiall light.

Soone as the white-and-red-mixt-fingered Dame,  
Had guilt the mountaines with her Saffron flame,  
I sent my men to *Circes* house before,  
To fetch deceast *Elpenor* to the shore.

Strait swelld the high banks with feld heapes of trees,  
And (full of teares) we did due Execuies  
To our dead friend. (Whose Corfe consum'd with fire,  
And honourd Armes: whose Sepulcher entrie,  
And ouer that, a Columnē raid) his Ore,  
Curiously caru'd (to his desire before)  
Vpon the top of all his Tombe, we fixt.  
Of all Rites fit, his Funerall Pile was mixt.

Nor was our sife acent from hell, conceald  
From *Circes* knowledge; nor so soone reueald,  
But she was with vs, with her bread and food,  
And ruddie wine, brought by her sacred brood

*Reditur ab in-  
fensi ad Circen.*

*Elpenor tumu-  
latur.*

Of woods and Fountaines. In the midit the stood,  
And thus saluted vs: Vnhappie men,  
That haue (inform'd with all your fences) bene  
In *Platos* dismal manion. You shall die  
Twice now; where others that *Mortalite*,  
In her faire armes, holds; shall but once decease.  
But eate and drinke out all conceit of theſe;  
And this day dedicate to food and wine;  
The following *Night* to *Sleepe*. When next shall ſhine  
The chearfull Morning, you ſhall proue the ſeaſ.  
Your way, and every act ye muſt addreſſe,  
My knowledge of their order ſhall deſigne:  
Left with your owne bad counſels, ye encide  
Euenſt as bad againſt ye; and ſuſtaine  
By ſea and ſhore, the wofull ends that raigne  
In wilfull aſhons. Thus did the aduife,  
And for the time, our Fortunes were fo wife,  
To follow wife direCTIONS. All that day  
We ſeare and feaſhed. When his lower way,  
The Sunne had enterd, and the Euen, the hie:  
My friends ſlept on their Gables; ſhe and I,  
(Led by her faire hand, to a place apart,  
By her well forted) diſto ſleepe conuerte  
Our timid pouers. When all things were let fall  
In our affaire, ſhe aſkē, I told her all.  
To which ſhe anſwerted: Theſe things thus tooke end:  
And now to thoſe that I informe, attend:  
Which (you rememb'reng) God himſelfe ſhall be,  
The bleſſed author of your memorie.

*Circe prefigit  
futura peneſula.*

*Sirenum de-  
ſcriptio.*

First, to the *Sirens* ye shall come, that taint  
The minds of all men, whom they can acquaint  
With their attractions. Whoſoever ſhall  
(For want of knowledge mou'd) but heare the call  
Of any *Siren*: he will fo despifie  
Both wife and children, for their forceries,  
That neuer home turns his affections *backe*;  
Nor they take ioy in him, nor he in them.  
The *Sirens* will fo loſten with their ſong,  
(Shrill, and in ſenſuall appetite fo strong)  
His loſſe affections, that he gives them head.  
And then obſerue: They ſit amide a meade;  
And round about it runnes a hedge or wall  
Of dead mens bones: their witherd ſkins and all,  
Hung all along upon it, and theſe men  
Were ſuch as they had fauored into their Fen,  
And then their ſkins hung on their hedge of bones.  
Sail by them therefore, thy compaſſions  
Before hand cauſing to ſtop euery care

With ſweete ſoft waxe ſo cloſe, that none may hearre  
A note of all their charmings. Yet may you  
(If you affect it) open eare allow  
To tri their motion: but preſume not ſo  
To truſt your iudgement, when your ſenses go  
So loſſe about you; but giue ſtraight command  
To all your men, to bind you foote and hand,  
Sure to the Maſt, that you may ſafe approue  
How ſtrong in iuſtiſation to their loue  
Their raptiſt tunes are. If ſo much they moue,  
That, ſpite of all your reaſon, your will ſtands  
To be enfranclihde, both of ſteete and hands;  
Charge all your men before, to ſleight your charge,  
And reſt fo farre, from fearing to enlarge,  
That much more ſure they bind you. When your friends  
Haue ouſtauld theſe: the danger that tranſcends  
Reſts not in any counſale to prevent;  
Vnleſe your owne mind, finds the tracē and bente  
Oþthat way, that avoids it. I can lay  
That in your course, there lies a twofold way,  
The right of which, your owne, taught, preſent wit  
And grace diuine, muſt prompt. In general yet  
Let this informe you: Neare theſe *Sirens* ſhore  
Moue two ſteep Rockes, at whose ſteete, ſic and rore  
The blacke feas cruell billowes: the bleſt Gods  
Call them the Rourers. Their abhord aboſds  
No bird can paſſe: no not the \*Domes, whose feare  
Sire *Ioue* ſo loues, that they are faid to beare  
*Ambroſia* to him; can their ruaine ſcape;  
But one of them, fulles euer to the rape  
Oþthoſe ſlic rockes. Yet *Ioue*, another ſtill  
Adds to the reſt, that fo may euer fill  
The ſacred number. Neuer ſhip could ſhunne  
The nimble perill wing'd there; but did runne  
With all her bulke, and bodies of her men  
To utter ruine. For the feas retaine  
Not onely their outragious aſture there;  
But fierce aſſiſtants, of particular fear,  
And ſupernaturall miſchiefe, they expire;  
And thoſe are whirlwinds of deuouring fire  
Whiſking about ſtill. Th' *Argive* ſhip, alone

*ed the left one, that ſhe number might be full: Atheneau failes to it, and helps the other out: Interpreting it to be affirmed of their perpetuall ſupernatural number, though there appeared but five. But how lame and laſhy ſome theſe Proverbes ſhoue in their ex-  
celled expofitions of the Poeticall Minde: this and an hundred other, ſpent in mere preuafionary graffis at this inaccessibl  
euer weyming. In the 23. of the Illiads, (being v.) at the Games celebrated at Patroclus funerall, they ſhoued to ſtrike at the Maſt,  
at the Pleiades, timidam Columbam, to ſtrike at for a game: ſo that (by theſe great men: abouſaid expofitions) they ſhoue*

*valens impune,  
Columbat mil-  
de. What thofe  
Domes were, and  
the whole minde  
of thiſſe places: the  
Great Macedon  
aking Chiron  
Amphitrite, he  
anſwerted. They  
were the Pleiades  
or ſeven Stars.  
One of which  
(before his pro-  
per imperfection  
of being emulſed,  
i. ſecund exilis,  
vel ſubobicitus,  
ut in apparet)  
is vifitry obſer-  
ved or let by  
thiſſe Rockes. Why  
then, or how,*

*long ill ſupplie-*

## THE TWELFTH BOOKE

(Which bore the \* care of all men) got her gone,  
Come from *Aets*. Yet perhaps euen the  
Had wrack at those Rocks; if the Deitie  
That lies by *Ioue* side, had not lent her hand  
To their transmission; since the man that mann'd  
our Critiques will  
needs reuinie,  
ourselves heroldes  
Postissimumbus. Against the height of heaven, her pointed brow.  
ve Historianis  
when the care of  
all men prefer-  
nall is affirmed  
to be the freight  
of it; as if Po-  
ets and Histori-  
ans comprehen-  
ded all things,  
when I scarce  
know any that  
makes them any  
part of their  
care, but this  
likewise is gen-  
erall good enough  
for the master.  
Nor will I temp  
our sp[irit]s con-  
sciences with  
expressing the  
dissire mind it  
includes. Yelling  
afraid to affirm  
any good of poore  
Poete, since a  
man gets any  
goods by it. And  
unwilling among  
many of our  
bird-eyd blarers  
at prehension  
are for nothing  
so afraid of it, as  
that left their  
galed confusio-  
nes (scarre below  
the soft re-  
all truth, in approbation of their lies,) should be rubbed with the confirmation of it, even in those contumacious (as their  
vaine infirmitie by which Homo supra humananum naturam erigitur, & in Deum tractat. Plat.  
\* *Ioue* heretique, &c. Caetera vocantur ad, noli translatre it. As they do in the next verfe, these words: *euauan-*  
*tryp*, *Catulli Leonis*. *No* *Loue* being here dreamt of, nor any vicerification, dene nouane, bryfing indegnum, adfumfum, or  
horribilum vocem edens: But in what horribilum? Not for the grauitate or greatness of her voice, but for the unuerbly  
or disproportionable shalelling of it: she being in the wif frame of her body, as the very words wch basic *Scytle*, monstrum  
impedit: whose disproportion and deformitate, is too *Poetically* (and therin elegantly) ordered, for fat and fles Preter to com-  
prehend. Nor could they make the Poets word form their comprehension and therfore they add of their own, *lxx*, from whence  
*Leonis* derived, *figuring* creps, or *striketh* clauso, & *euauan* *ver*, *are*, so to be expounded., *catulli* proper or recent  
nati, not *Leonic*. But that they batch and abafe the incomparabile expressio: Because they knew not how otherwise to be mo-  
tive, nor *Leonic*. But that they batch and abafe the incomparabile expressio: Because they knew not how otherwise to be mo-  
tive, nor *Leonic*. But that they batch and abafe the incomparabile expressio: Because they knew not how otherwise to be mo-  
tive, nor *Leonic*. But that they batch and abafe the incomparabile expressio: Because they knew not how otherwise to be mo-  
tive, nor *Leonic*. But that they batch and abafe the incomparabile expressio: Because they knew not how otherwise to be mo-  
tive, nor *Leonic*. But that they batch and abafe the incomparabile expressio: Because they knew not how otherwise to be mo-  
tive, nor *Leonic*. But that they batch and abafe the incomparabile expressio: Because they knew not how otherwise to be mo-  
tive, nor *Leonic*. But that they batch and abafe the incomparabile expressio: Because they knew not how otherwise to be mo-  
tive, nor *Leonic*. And therefore found our inimitabile mother, a new way to exprefse her monstrous disproportion:  
which may be from poor infirmitie, or profe of my Grecian faculty, as far as old Homer goes in his two simple Poems, but not a fit  
able further will my ffolie spirit profane.

And

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

And vp ruff Dolphins, Dogfish; somwhiles, Whales,  
If got within her, when her rapine feeds;  
For euer-groning *Amphitrite* breeds  
Abou her whiterepole, an vnmeasur'd store;  
No Sea-man euer boasted touch of shore  
That there toucht with his ship; but still she fed  
Of him, and his. A man for every head  
Spoiling his ship of. You shall then descrie  
The other humbler Rocke, that moves so ne,  
Your dart may mete the distance. It receaues  
A huge wilde Fig-tree, curl'd with ample leaues;  
Beneath whose shades, diuine *Charybdis* sits  
Supping the blacked deepes. Thrice a day her pits  
She drinking all dry; and thrice a day againe,  
All, vp she belches, banefull to sustaine.  
When she is drinking, dare not neare her draught,  
For nor the force of *Nepayne*, (if once caught)  
Can force your freedome. Therefore in your strife  
To scape *Charybdis*, labour all, for life  
To row neare *Sylla*, for she will but haue  
For her six heads, sixe men, and better sauage  
The rest, then all, make offerings to the waue.

This Neede she told me of my losse, when I  
Defird to know, if that *Neessite*  
(When I had scap't *Charybdis* outrages)  
My powres might not revenge, though not redresse?  
She answiered: O vnhappy! art thou yet  
Enflam'd with warre? and thirst to drinke thy swete?  
Not to the Gods giue vp, both Armes, and will?  
She, deatheffle is, and that immortall ill  
Graue, harsh, outragious, not to be subdu'd,  
That men must suffer till they be renew'd.  
Nor liues there any virtue that can flee  
The vicious outrage of their cruelleitie.  
Shouldst thou put Armes on, and approch the Rocke,  
I feare, sixe more must expiate the shooke,  
Sixe heads, sixe men ask stille. Hoile faile, and flic;  
And in thy flight, aloud, on *Cratus* crie  
(Great *Scytle* Mother, who, expoide to light  
That bane of men;) and she will do such right  
To thy obfence, that she, downe will tread  
Her daughters rage, nor let her shew a head.

From thenceforth then, for ever past her care;  
Thou shalt ascend, the Ile *Triangulare*,  
Where many Oxen of the Sunne are fed;  
And fattred flockes. Of Oxen, fifty head  
In euery herd feed; and their herds are seuen,  
And of his fat flockes is their number, Euen.

R 2

In

Increase they yeld not, for they never die,  
There every shepherdesse, a Deitie.  
Fair Phœbus, and Lempetie,  
The louely Nymphs are, that their Guardians be.  
Who, to the daylights losy-going flame  
Had gracious birthright, from the heauenly Dame  
Still yong *Nereis*; who (brought forth and bred)  
Fare off diffimit them; to see duly fed  
Their Fathers herds and flocks in *Sicilie*.  
These herds, and flocks, if to the Deitie  
Ye leue, as sacred things, vntoucht; and on  
Goe with all fit care of your home, alone,  
(Though through some sufferance) you yet safe shall land  
In wifhes *Ithaca*. But if impious hand  
You lay on those herds to their hurts: I then  
Prefage sure ruine, to thy ship and men.  
If thou escapst thy selfe, extending home  
Thy long'd for landing, thou shalt loded come  
With store of losses, most exceeding late,  
And not conforstid with a sauad mate.

This said, the golden-thron'd *Aurora* rose;  
She, her way went, and I did mine dispole  
Vp to my ship; weigh'd Anchor, and away.  
When reverend *Circe*, helpt vs to conuaue  
Our vessell safe, by making well inclind  
A Sea mans true companion, a forewind;  
With which she fillid our sailes, when, fitting all  
Our Armes close by vs, I did sadly fall  
To graue relation, what concernd in Fate  
My friends to know, and told them that the state  
Of our affaires suceesse, which *Circe* had  
Prefag'd to me alone, must yet be made  
To one, nor onely two knowne, but to all:  
That since their liues and deaths were left to fall  
In their elections; they might life elect,  
And give what would preferue it, fit effect.

I first inform'd them, that we were to flie  
The heauenly-singing *Sirens* harmony,  
And flowre-adorned Medow. And that I  
Had charge to heare their song; but fenterd fast  
In bands, vnfaor'd, to th'crecked Mast;  
From whence, if I should pray, or vfe command  
To be enlarg'd, they shoud with much more band  
Containe my struglings. This I simply told  
To each particular, nor would withhold  
What most enioyn'd mine owne affections stay,  
That theirs the rather might be taught to obey.  
In meane time, drew our ships; and straight we fetcht

The *Sirens* Ile; a spleenelesse wind, so stretch  
Her wings to waft vs, and so vrg'd our keele.  
But haung reacht this Ile, we could not feele  
The least gaspe of it: it was striken dead,  
And all the Sea, in prostrate flumber spread:  
The *Sirens* diuell charm'd all. Up then flew  
My friends to worke; strooke faile, together drew,  
And vnder hatches stowd them: sat, and plied  
Their polist oares; and did in curs diuide  
The white-head waters. My part then came on;  
A mighty waxen Cake, I set vpon;  
Chopt it in fragments, with my fword; and wrought  
With strong hand, evry pece, till all were soft.  
The great powre of the Sunne, in such a beame  
As then flew burning from his Diademme,  
To liquefaction helpt vs. Orderlie,  
I stopt their eares; and they, as faire did ply  
My feete, and hands with cords; and to the Mast  
With other halfers, made me soundly fast.

Then tooke they seate, and forth our passage strooke;  
The somie Sea, beneath their labour strooke.

Rowd on, in reach of an ere&ted voice;  
The *Sirens* soone tooke note, without our noise;  
Tund' those sweete accents, that made charmes so strong;  
And these learn'd numbers, made the *Sirens* song:

*Come here, thou worthy of a world of praise;*  
*That dost so high, the Grecian glory raises;*  
*Vlysses! stay thy ship; and that song hear;*  
*That none past ever, but it bent his care:*  
*But left him rawish, and instructed more*  
*By vs, then any, ever heard before.*  
*For we know all things: whatsoeuer were*  
*In wide Troy labour'd; whatsoeuer there*  
*The Grecians and the Trojans both sustain'd;*  
*By whose high issues that the Gods ordain'd.*  
*And whatsoeuer, all the earth can shew*  
*To informe a knowledge of deserte, we know.*

This they gaue accent in the sweetest straine  
That ever open'd an enamour'd vaine.  
When, my constrain'd heart, needs would haue mine care  
Yet more delighted, force way forth, and heare.  
To which end I commanded, with all signe  
Steme lookes could make (for not a ioynt of mine  
Had powre to stire) my friends to rise, and giue  
My limbs free way. They freely striu'd to drive  
Their ship full on. When (farre from will to lose)  
*Eurylochus*, and *Perimedes* role  
To wrap me surer, and opprest me more

## THE TWELFTH BOOKE

With many a halfer, then had vfe before.  
 When, rowing on, without the reach of sound,  
 My friends vnloft their ears; and me, vnbound;  
 And, that Ile quite we quittid. But againe  
 Fresh feares emploid vs. I beheld a mane  
 Of mighty billows, and a smoke ascend:  
 A horrid murmure hearing. Every friend  
 Astonishf fat: from every hand, his oare  
 Fell quite forsaken: with the dismal Rore  
 Where all things there made Echoes, stone still stood  
 Our ship it selfe: because the ghastly flood  
 Tooke all mens motions from her, in their owne:  
 I, through the ship went, labouring vp and downe  
 My friends recouerd spirites. One by one  
 I gaue good words, and laid: That well were knownwe  
 These ills to them before: I told them all;  
 And that thef could not proue, more capitall  
 Then those the *Cyclop*, blockt vs vp in; yet  
 My vertue, wit, and heaven-help Counfailes, set  
 Their freedomes open. I could not belieue  
 But they remembred it, and wifht them give  
 My equall care, and meanes, now equal trust:  
 The strength they had, for fluring vp, they must  
 Rouze, and extend, to tric if *lone* had laid  
 His powres in theirs vp, and would adde his aid  
 To scape even that death. In particular then  
 I told our Pylot, that past other men  
 He, most must bear firme spirits; since he swaid  
 The Continent, that all our spirits contaid  
 In his whole guide of her. He saw there boile  
 The fierie whifpooles; that to all our spoile  
 Incloſe a Rocke: without which, he must sterre,  
 Or all our ruines stood concluded there.

All heard me, and obaid; and little knew  
 That, shunning that Rocke, sixe of them should rue  
 The wracke, another hid. For I conceald  
 The heawy wounds that never wou'd be heald,  
 To be by *Scylla* opened; for their feare  
 Would then haue robd all, of all care to sterre;  
 Oſt stirre an oare, and made them hide beneath:  
 When they, and all, had died an idle death.  
 But then, cuen I forgot to shunne the harme  
*Circe* foreward: who willd I shoul not arame,  
 Nor shew my felfe to *Scylla*, left in vain  
 I ventur'd life. Yet could not I containe  
 But arm'd at all parts; and two lances tooke:  
 Vp to the foredecke went, and thence did looke  
 That Rockie *Scylla* would haue first appear'd,

And

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

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 And taken my life, with the friends I feard.  
 From thence yet, no place could afford her fight;  
 Though through the darke rocke, mine eye threw her light,  
 And ransackt all waies. I then tooke a streight  
 That gaue my felfe, and some few more receipt  
 Twixt *Scylla*, and *Charybdis*; whence we saw  
 How horridly *Charybdis* throat did draw  
 The brackifh sea vp, which, when all abroad  
 She spit againe out: neuer Caldron sod  
 With so much feruor, fed with all the store  
 That could enrage it. All the Rocke did rore  
 With troubl'd waters: round about the tops  
 Of all the steepe crags, flew the fomy drops.  
 But, when her draught, the sea and earth disunderd,  
 The troubl'd bottomns turnd vp, and she thunderd;  
 Farte vnder shore, the swart lands naked lay,  
 Whose whole sterne fight, the startl'd blood did fray  
 From all our faces. And while we on her  
 Our eyes bestowd thus, to our ruines feare;  
 Sixe friends had *Scylla* snatched out of our keele,  
 In whom, most losse, did force and virtue feele.  
 When looking to my ship, and lendenig eye  
 To see my friends estates, their heelcs turnd hie,  
 And hands cast vp, I might discerne, and heare  
 Their callcs to me for helpe, when now they were  
 To try me in their last extremities.  
 And as an Angler, medcine for surprise  
 Of little fish, fits pouring from the rocks,  
 From out the crookt horne, of a fold-bred Ox;  
 And then with his long Angle, hoifts them hie  
 Vp to the Aire; then sleighly hurles them by,  
 Whern, helpleſſe sprawling on the land they lie. S  
 So easly *Scylla* to her Rocke had rapt  
 My woſfull friends; and so vnhelpt, entrapt  
 Strugling they lay beneath her violent rape;  
 Who in their tortures, desperate of escape;  
 Shriekt as she tore; and vp; their hands to me  
 Still threw for sweete life. I did neuer fee  
 In all my ſufferance ransacking the feas,  
 A ſpectacle ſo full of miseries.

Thus hauing fled these rocks (theſe cruell dames  
*Scylla*, *Charybdis*. ) where the king of flames  
 Hath offerings burn'd to him; our ſhip put in  
 The Iland, that from all the earth doth winne  
 The Epithete, *Fauſteſſe*: where the broad of head  
 And famous Oxen, for the Sunne are fed,  
 With many fat flockes of that high-gone God.  
 Set in my ſhip, mine eare reaſt, where we rod

R 4

She

## THE TWELFTH BOOKE

The bellowing of Oxen, and the bleate  
Of fleecie sheepe, that in my memories stete  
Put vp the formes, that late had bene imprest  
By dread *Circe*, and the best  
Of Soules, and Prophets, the blind *Theban* Seer;  
The wife *Trefas*, who was graue deccrer  
Of my retumres whole meanes. Of which, this one,  
In chiefe he vrg'd; that I shoul alwaies shunne  
The Iland of the Man-delighting Sunne.  
When, (lad at heart for our late losse) I praid  
My friends to heare fit counsaile, (though dismaid  
With all ill fortunes) which was giuen to me  
By *Circe*, and *Trefas* Prophecie;  
That I shoul flie the Ile, where was ador'd  
The Comfort of the world : for ills, abhor'd  
Were ambusht for vs there, and therefore, willd  
They shoul put off, and leaue the Ile. This kill'd  
Their tender spirits, when *Eurylochus*  
A speech that vext me vter'd, answering thus:  
Cruell *Nysses*! Since thy nercues abound  
In strength, the more spent; and no toyles confound  
Thy able limis, as all beate out of Steele;  
Thou ablest vs to, as vnapt to feele  
The teeth of *Labor*, and the spoile of *Sleepe*,  
And therefore still, wet wast vs in the deepe;  
Nor let vs land to eate; but madly, now;  
In Night, put forth, and leaue firme land to strow  
The Sea with errors. All the rabide flight  
Of winds that ruine ships, are bred in Night.  
Who is it, that can keepe off cruell Death,  
If sudainly should rush out th'angry breath  
Of *Natura*, or the eager-spirited Weft?  
That cuffe ships, dead; and do the Gods their best!  
Scree black Night still, with shore, meate, sleepe, and cafe;  
And offer to the *Morning* for the seas.

This all the rest approu'd; and then knew I  
That past all doubt, the diuell did apply  
His slaughterous works. Nor would they be withheld;  
I was but one; nor yeelded, but compell'd.  
But all that might containe them, I affaid:  
A sacred oath, on all their powres I laid;  
That if with herds, or any richest flocks  
We chanc't t'encounter, neither sheepe, nor Oxe  
We once should touch; nor (for that constant ill  
That follows folly) scorne aduise, and kill:  
But quiet sit vs downe, and take such food  
As the immortall *Circe* had bestow'd.  
They swore all this, in all seuerit for;

And

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

And then we accord, in the winding Port,  
Neare a fresh Riuier, where the longd-for shore  
They all flew out to; tooke in vicles store;  
And, being full, thought of their friends, and wept  
Their losse by *Sylla*; weeping till they slep.

In *Nights* third part, when stars began to stoope;  
The Cloud-assembler, put a Tempt' up.  
A boitrous spirite he gaue it; draue out all  
His flocks of clouds; and let such darknesse fall,  
That Earth, and Seas for feare, to hide were driuen;  
For, with his clouds, he thrift out *Night* from heaven.

At *Morne*, we drew our ships into a caue;  
In which the *Nymphs*, that *Phabus* cattaille draue;  
Faire dancing Roomes had, and their seates of State.  
I vrg'd my friends then, that to shunne their Fate,  
They would obserue their oath; and take the food  
Our ship afforded; nor attempt the blood  
Of thole faire *Herds* and *Flocks*; because they were,  
That dreadfull Gods, that all could see, and heare.

They stood obseruant, and in that good mind  
Had we bene gone: but so aduerse the wind  
Stood to our passage, that we could not go.  
For one whole moneth, perpetually did blow  
Impetuous *Norts*; not a breaths repaire  
But his, and *Eurus*, rul'd in all the Aire.  
As long yet, as their ruddy wine, and bread  
Stood out amongst them; so long, not a head  
Of all those Oxen, fell in any strife  
Amongst those students for the gut, and life.  
But when their vichtles faild, they fell to prey:  
*Necesarie* compell'd them then, to stay  
In rape of fish, and fowle: what euer came  
In reach of hand or hooke; the bellies flame  
Afflicted to it. I then, fell to pрайre;  
And (making to a close *Retreate*, repaire  
Free from, both friends, and winds) I washt my hands,  
And all the Gods besought, that held commands  
In liberal heauen; to yeld some meane to stay  
Their deperate hunger, and set vp the way  
Of our retурne restraint. The Gods, in steed  
Of giving what I prayd for, powre of deed;  
A dedilesse sleepe, did on my lids distill,  
For meane to worke vpon, my friends their fill.  
For, whiles I slept, there wak't no meane to curb  
Their headstrong wants, which he that did distract  
My rule, in chiefe, at all times, and was chiefe  
To all the rest in counsaile to their griefe;  
Knew well, and of, my present absence tooke

R 5

His

## THE TWELFTH BOOKE

His fit aduantage; and their iron strooke  
 At highest heate. For (feeling their desirre  
 In his owne Entrails, to allay the fire  
 That *Famine* blew in them) he thus gaue way  
 To that affection : Hearre what I shall say,  
 (Though words will stanch no hunger) every death  
 To vs poore wretches, that draw temporall breath,  
 You know, is hatefull; but all know, to die  
 The Death of *Famine*, is a miserie  
 Past all Death loathsome. Let vs therefore take  
 The chiefe of this faire herd; and offerings make  
 To all the Deathlesse that in broad heauen liue;  
 And, in particular, vow, if we attiue  
 In naturall *Ithaca*, to strait erect  
 A Temple to the haughtie in aspect;  
 Rich, and magnificent, and all within  
 Decke it with Relicks many, and diuine.  
 If yet, he stands incenst, since we haue slaine  
 His high-browd herd; and therefore will sustaine  
 Desire to wracke our shipp : he is but one;  
 And all the other Gods, that we attone  
 With our diuine Rites, will their luffage giue  
 To our design'd returne, and let vs liue.  
 If not; and all take part, I rather craue  
 To serue with one sole Death, the yawning waue;  
 Then, in a desart Iland, lie and sterue;  
 And, with one pin'd life, many deaths observe.

All cried, He counsailes nobly; and all speed  
 Made to their resolute driving. For the feed  
 Of thise coleblacke, faire, broad-browd, Sun-lou'd Beeues:  
 Had place, close by our shipp. They tooke the liues  
 Of fence, most eminent. About their fall  
 Stood round, and to the States celestiall  
 Made solemne vowed: But, other Rites, their ship  
 Could not afford them; they did therefore strip  
 The curld-head Oke, of fresh yong leaues, to make  
 Supply of feruice for their Barly cake.  
 And, on the sacredly enflam'd, for wine  
 Powrd purest waters; all the parts diuine  
 Spitting, and rosting: all the Rites beside  
 Orderly vsing. Then did light diuide  
 My low, and vpper lids; when, my repaire  
 Made neare my shipp, I met the delicate ayre  
 Their rost exhal'd. Out instantly I cried;  
 And said, O *Iwe*, and all ye Deified,  
 Ye haue opprest me with a cruell sleepe;  
 Whyle ye confest on me, a losse as deepe  
 As *Death* descendes to. To themselves, alone

My

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

My rude men, left vngouernd; they haue done  
 A deed so impious, I stand well astur'd)  
 That you will not forgiue, thoughye procur'd.

Then flew *Lempette*, with the ample Robe,  
 Vp to her Father, with the golden Globe;  
*Ambasidress*, informe him, that my men  
 Had slaine his Oxen. Heart-incenfed then,  
 He cried, Reuenge me (Father, and the rest  
 Both euer living, and for euer blest.)  
*Vlysses* impious men, haue drawne the blood  
 Of thosse my Oxen, that it did me good  
 To looke on, walking, all my starrie round;  
 And when I trod earth, all with medowes crown'd  
 Without your full amends, Ile leaue heauen quite;  
*Da*, and the Dead, adorning with my light.

The Cloud-herd answere, Son! thou shalt be ours,  
 And light those mortals, in that Mine of floweris;  
 My red hote flashe, shall grafe but on their shipp,  
 And eate it, burning, in the boyleng deepe.

This by *Calypso*, I was told, and she  
 Inform'd it, from the verger *Mercurie*.

Come to our shipp; I chud, and told by name  
 Each man, how impiously he was to blame,  
 But chiding got no peace; the Beeues were slaine:  
 When straight the Gods, fore-went their following paine  
 With dire Ostents. The hides, the flesh had lost,  
 Crept, all before them. As the flesh did rost  
 It bellowed like the Oxen it selfe, alive.  
 And yet my soulidiers, did their dead Beeues drieue  
 Through all thiese Prodigies, in daily feasts,  
 Sixe daies they banqueted, and sluc fresh beasts,  
 And when the seventh day, *Iwe* reduc'th the wind  
 That all the moneth rag'd; and so in did bind  
 Our shipp, and vs, was turnd, and calm'd; and we  
 Lanc't, put vp Masts; Sails hoised, and to Sea.

The Iland left so farre; that land no where;  
 But onely sea, and skie, had powre t'appare,  
*Iwe* fixt a cloud aboue our shipp; so blacke  
 That all the sea it darkned. Yet from wracke  
 She ranne a good free time: till from the West  
 Came *Zephry* ruffling forth, and put his breast  
 Our, in a singeing tempest; so moist vast,  
 It burst the Gables, that made sure our Mast;  
 Our Masts came tumbling downe: our cartell downe,  
 Rush't to the Pump: and by our *Pylot's* crowne  
 The maine Mast, past his fall, pasht all his Skull,  
 And all this wracke, but one flaw, made at full.  
 Off from the Sterne, the Sternesman, diuining fell,

And

## THE TWELFTH BOOKE

And from his sinnew, flew his Soule to hell.  
 Together, all this time, *lones* Thunder chid,  
 And through, and through the ship, his lightning glid:  
 Till it embrac't her round : her bulke was fill'd  
 With nasty sulphur ; and her men were kill'd:  
 Tumb'ld to Sea, like Sea-mews swumme about,  
 And there the date of their retурne was out.  
 I tost from side to side still, till all broke  
 Her Ribs were with the storme : and she did choke  
 With let-in Surges, for, the Mast torn downe,  
 Tore her vp pecemeale; and for me to drowne  
 Left little vndissolu'd. But to the Mast  
 There was a lether Thong left, which I cast  
 About it, and the keele, and so far tost  
 With banefull weather, till the West had lost  
 His stormy tyranny. And then arose  
 The South, that bred me more abhorred woes;  
 For backe againe his blasts expell'd me, quite  
 On rauenous *Charybdis*. All that *Night*  
 I totter'd vp and downe, till *Light*, and I  
 At *Syllas* Rocke encountered; and the nie  
 Dreadfull *Charybdis*. As I draue on these,  
 I saw *Charybdis*, supping vp the seas,  
 And had gone vp together, if the tree  
 That bore the wilde figs, had not refcu'd me;  
 To which I leapt, and lef my keele; and hie  
 Chambring vpon it, did as close imly  
 My breft about it, as a Reremouse could:  
 Yet , might my feete, on no stub fasten hold  
 To eas my hands : the roots were crept so low  
 Beneath the earth, and so aloft did grow  
 The far-spred armes, that (though good height I gat)  
 I could not reach them. To the maine Bole, flat  
 I therefore still must cling; till vp againe  
 She belch'd my Mast, and after that, amaine  
 My keele came tumbling : so at length it chanc't,  
 To me, as to a Judge, that long aduanc't  
 To iudge a sort of hote yong fellowes iartes,  
 At length time frees him from their ciuill warres;  
 When, glad, he riseth, and to dinner goes;  
 So time, at length, relaste with ioyes my woes,  
 And from *Charybdis* mouth, appead my keele.  
 To which (my hand, now loofd, and now, my heele  
 I altogether, with a huge noise, dropt;  
 Lust in her midft fell, where the Mast was propt;  
 And then rowd off, with owers of my hands.  
 God, and *Mars* Father, would nor, from her sands  
 Let *Sylla* see me, for I then had died

That

## OF HOMERS ODYSSES.

That bitter death, that my poore friends supplied,  
 Nine Daies at Sea, I houer'd : the tenth Night  
 In th'le *Ogygia*, where about the bright  
 And right renoun'd *Calypso*, I was cast  
 By powre of Deitie; Where I liu'd embrac't  
 With *Lone*, and feasts. But why shoul I relate  
 Those kind occurrents? I should iterate  
 What I in part, to your chaste Queene and you  
 So late imparted. And for me to grow  
 A talker ouer of my tale againe,  
 Were past my free contentment to sustaine.

*Finis duodecimi libri Hom.Odyssej.*

Opus nouem dictum.

Siu. 62.

